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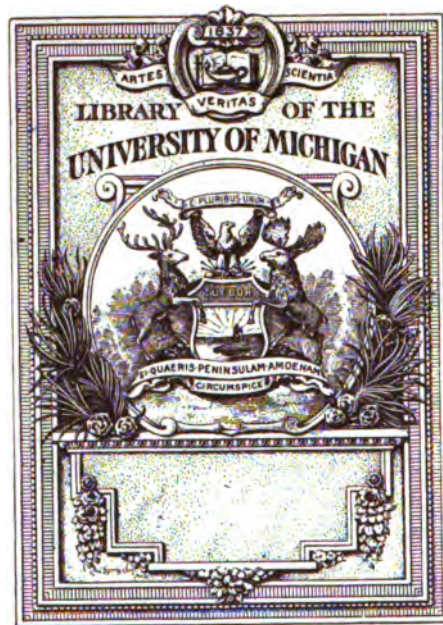
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"A DREAMY PASTEL OF LA VALLIÈRE."

Drawn by Robert Sauter.

THE IDLER

MAGAZINE.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.



VOL. VIII.

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THE IDLER.

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AUGUST, 1895.

No. XLIII.



PASTEL.

AMONG the priceless gems and treasures rare
Old Versailles shelters in its halls sublime,
I can recall one faded image fair,
A girl's sad face, praised once in every clime.
Poets have sung in rich and happy rhyme,
Her violet eyes, the wonder of her hair.
An art-bijou it was, but dimmed by time,
A dreamy pastel of La Vallière!
I, too, remember in my heart a face
Whose charm I deemed would ever with me dwell;
But as the days went by, its peerless grace
Fled like those dreams that blooming dawn dispel,
Till of its beauty there was left no trace,
Time having blurred it like that pale pastel!

FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.



TALES OF OUR COAST.

IV.—“THAT THERE MASON.”

BY OLARK RUSSELL.

I WAS in Ramsgate, in the pier-yard, and noticed the figure of a boatman leaning against the wall of a building used by the Trinity people. I stepped close, and looked at him. He was a little man, curved; his hands were buried to the knuckles' end in his breeches pockets; he wore a yellow sou'wester, and under it was a sour, sneering, wicked face. His eyes were damp and sunk, and seemed to discharge a thin liquor like pale ale, and he would not pull out his hand to wipe them.

“What's your name?” said I.

He looked at me slowly, beginning at my waistcoat, and answered: “What's that got to do with you?”

“Do you want a job?”

“What sorter job?” he replied, continuing to lean against the wall, without any motion of his body, merely looking at me.

“The job of answering a civil question with a civil answer,” said I.

He turned his head, and gazed at the sea without replying.

“What's that obelisk?” said I.

His head came back to its bearings, and he answered: “What's what?”

“That thing in granite, yonder; that tall stone spike. What is it?”

“Can yer read?” said he.

“Better than you, I expect,” I answered.

“Then why don't you go and find out for yourself?” said he, uttering a small, hideous laugh.

“I rather fancy,” said I, “that that spike was erected to commemorate the landing of George IV. He was kind enough to condescend to land at Ramsgate. Wasn't that good of him, Tommy? Blown here, maybe, vomiting to the pier-head, and rejoicing, under his waistcoats, to get ashore anywhere and anyhow. And the snobs of Ramsgate go to the expense of erecting that unwholesome and

shocking memorial of so abject a trifle as the landing of a fat, immoral man at this port on his way to London. Why don't you, and the likes of you, level it—knock the blamed thing into blocks of stone, and build a house with them for a good man to live in?”

His eyes had come to the surface, they were running harder than ever. He was in a rage.

“Look here,” said he; “I don't know who y'are, but don't yer like that there pillar?”

“No,” I answered.

“Then why don't yer go home? There's nothen' to keep yer 'ere, I 'ope? Plenty of trains to all parts, and I'll carry yer bag for nothen', allowin' you've got one, only for the satisfaction of seein' the last of yer.”

I told him I would remember that, and, bursting into uncontrollable laughter at his peculiarly ugly, wicked face, I walked off, scarce knowing but that I should feel the blow of “'arf a brick” in the back of my head as I went.

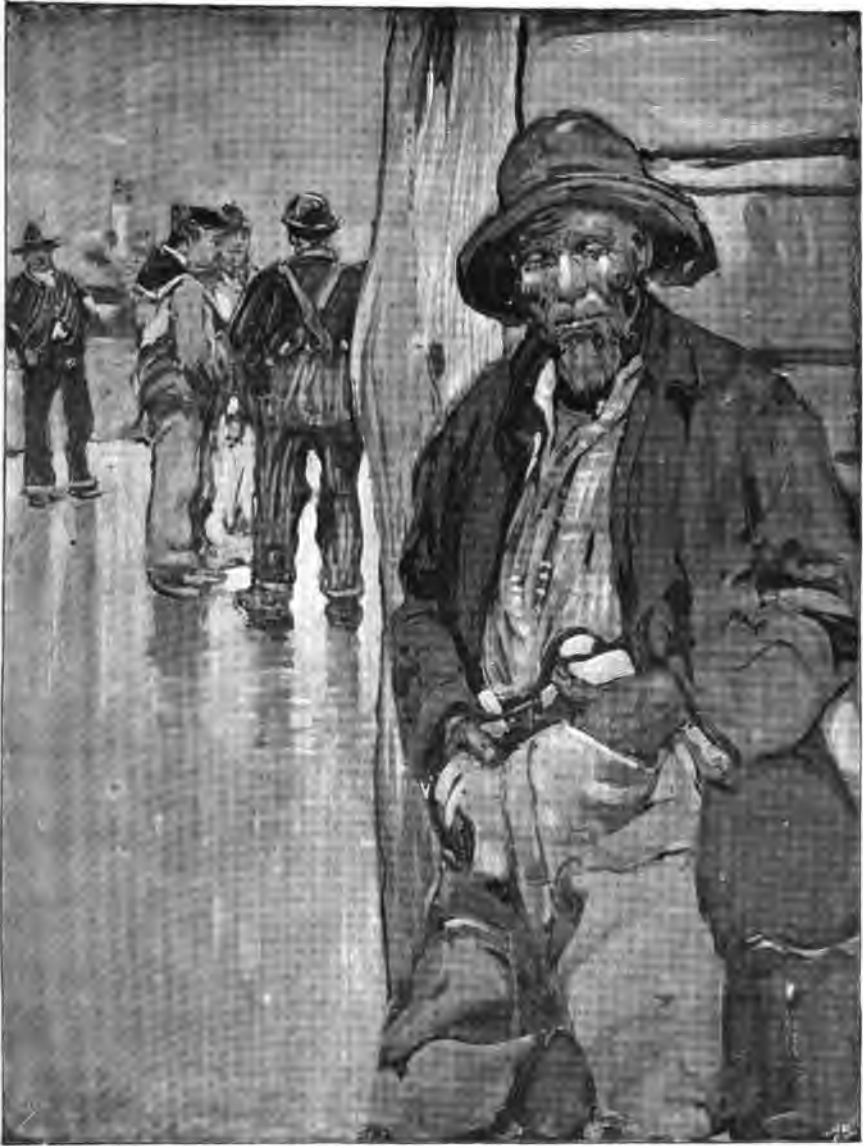
I met a boatman with whom I had gone fishing on some occasions.

“Thomas,” said I, pointing to the leaning figure, “who is that queer little chap?”

“Jimmy Mason,” replied Thomas, with a half glance at the wall-scab, then turning his back upon it.

“Has he ever been hung?” said I.

“Don't think he could have been quite old enough for it,” he replied, turning again to look at the little man. “They cut a man down from the gibbet on the sand hills yonder,” said he, pointing in the direction of Deal, “when my father was a boy, and he used to say that, when the man got sprung, he'd relate, in beautiful language, how he felt when he was turned off.”



MASON.

"A dose of turning-off would do that gent in the sou'wester a great deal of good," said I. "He's a sort of man, you know, to murder you when you're out fishing with him. He's a sort of man to stab you in the back with a great clasp knife, and drag your body into the empty house, which never lets ever after."

"Old Jim Mason's just the worst-tempered man on the coast. His heart was turned black by a disappointment," said Thomas.

"Love?" said I.

"Why, not exactly love," he replied; "it was more in the hovelling line."

"Is it a good yarn?" I asked. "If so,



"MASON PICKED UP A GOLD RING."

I'll stand two drinks; a pint for you and a half pint for me."

"It might be worth recording," said Thomas, taking the time occupied by the harbour clock in striking twelve to reflect. "Anyways, pint or no pint, here it is," and, folding his arms, this intelligent "longshoreman" started thus:

"Some years ago, a gemman and a lady went out for a sail, and, as is not always customary in these 'ere parts—though we've got some thick heads among us, I can tell you—they were capsized. The gemman was drowned, the lady and the boatman saved, and the boat was picked up and towed in—there she lies, '*The Arbour Bud*.'"

"The widder, as was natural, was in dreadful grief; and, in a day or two, police bills was pasted about the walls, offering a reward of £50 to anyone who should recover the body. That there Mason, as you see a-leaning agin that house, was just the party for a job of this sort. He called 'em soft jobs. He was one of them men as would walk about the

rocks and sands arter a breeze of wind, hunting for whatever he might find—be it a corpse that had come ashore to keep him in good spirits, or the 'arf of a shoe. Him and Sam Bowler was a-huntin' arter jewellery down among the rocks one day, and that there Mason picked up a gold ring. He offered it to Bowler, who gave him five shillens for it, and that night, at the sign of the 'Welcome 'Arp,' that there Mason swallowed some of his front teeth, and got both eyes plugged, for Bowler, who weighs fourteen stuns, had discovered that the ring was brass.

"Well, that there Mason takes it into his head to go for a walk one day arter the bills about the body had been pasted on the walls. He walked in the direction of Broadstairs, and, comin' to the coastguard station, he falls in with one of the men, a sort of relation of his. They got yarning. The coastguard had a big telescope under his arm. That there Mason asked leave to have a look, and he levels the glass and begins to work about with it. The line of the Good'in Sands was as plain as the nose

on his face. It was low water, the whole stretch of the shoal was visible, and it was a clear bright afternoon.

"'What's taken yer heye?' says the coastguard presently.

"'Nothen, oh, nothen,' answered that there Mason. 'Sands show oncommon plain to-day.'

"He handed back the glass to the coastguard, and then, instead of continuing his walk, he returned to this here yard, and got into his boat and pulled away out of the harbour.

"Now what do yer think he had seen

in that telescope? A dead man stranded on the Good'in Sands. There could be no mistake. That there Mason belonged to the cocksure lot; *he* never made a blunder in all his life. It mightn't be the body as was advertised for, but, if it was, 'twas a fifty-pound job; and that there Mason, without a word, pulled out o' 'arbour feelin', I daresay, as if he'd got the gold in his pocket, and the heavens was beginnin' to smile upon him.

"'Tis a long pull to the Good'ins, tide or no tide. None took any notice of his goin' out. There was some boats a-fishin'



"'WHAT'S TAKEN YER HEYE?' SAYS THE COASTGUARD PRESENTLY."

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in Pegwell Bay, and if any man looked at that there Mason a-rowing out to sea, he'd expect to see him bring up and drop a line over the side. He rowed and rowed. The body lay upon the edge of the Sand, a long distance away from the Gull lightship. He rowed and rowed. By-and-bye, standin' up, he pulls out a bit of a pocket-glass, and then discovers that what he'd taken to be a man's dead body was nothen but a small balk of timber, black with black seaweed, stretched out on either side, so that at a distance it looked exactly like a corpse on its back with its arms out.

"That there Mason might ha' burst himself with passion if he hadn't been too dead beat with rowing. Even in them times he wasn't no chicken. Well, thinks he to himself, since I've had all this here labour merely to view a balk of timber, I may as well step ashore for a spell of rest, and take a short cruise round, for who knows what I might find? So what does the joker do but head his boat right in for the sand, and then he jumps ashore. He made his boat fast to the balk of timber. It was arter five, and the sun westerin' fast. He drives his 'ands deep into his pockets, and slowly meanders, always a-looking. What was there to find? *He* couldn't tell. There was expectation, yer see, and that was a sort of joy to the 'eart of that there Mason. Y'ud hardly think it of a boatman, but it's true: whilst that bally idiot was a-wandering about them sands searching for whatever there might be, his boat, giving a tug at her painter, frees the rope and drifts away on the tide, with that there man as you are now a-looking at walking about the sands, his 'ands buried deep and his eyes fixed, dreaming of lighting upon a sovereign or a gold chain—you can never tell what passes in such an 'ead. Bym'bye he turns to look for his boat, and, lo and be'old she's gone. There she was half a mile off, quietly floatin' away to the norr'ard. The sun was beginning to sink low; the night was coming along. The people aboard the

Gull lightship didn't see him or take any notice; what was that there Mason going to do? There was no wreck to shelter him. It might be that at Ramsgate they'd see a lonely man a-walking about, and send a boat; but, as I've said, dusk was at 'and, and he knew bloomin' well that if they didn't see him soon they'd never see him again.

"He'd taken notice afore the darkness had drawn down of a cutter bearing about north-east. He watched her now whilst it was light, for it looked to him as if she was making a straight course for the sands. It was plain she wasn't under no government. The wind blew her along, and at eight o'clock that evening, when the moon was rising and the tide making fast all about the sands, I'm blest if that cutter didn't come quietly ashore and lie as sweetly still as if she was a young woman wore out with walkin'.

"I allow that it didn't take that there Mason a lifetime to scramble aboard of her. She was a fine boat, 'bout sixteen or eighteen ton, newly-sheathed, and her sails shone white and new in the moon. When he got aboard he sung out 'anybody here?' and he received no reply. There was a bit of a forehatch; he put his 'ead into it and sung out, and several times he sung out, and got no answer; he then walked aft. I must tell you, it was a very quiet night, with a light breeze and plenty of stars, and a growing moon. He looks through the bit of a skylight, and sees nothen; puts his head in the companion-way and sings out as afore. An abandoned wessel, he thinks to himself, and his 'eart, you may be sure, turns too and rejoices.

"What should he do? Try to kedge her off himself? That was beyond him. Send up a rocket, if he should find such a thing in the vessel? S'elp me, he was that greedy he couldn't make up his mind to ask for 'elp. He took a look round the sea and considered. There was some big lump of shadow out behind



“‘YOU KILLER HIM!’ ROARS ONE.”

the sands, she looked like a French smack; his boat was out of sight in the dark, but the cutter, he noticed, carried a little jolly boat, amidships, right fair in the wake of the gangway, easy to be launched, smack fashion, so that there Mason felt his life was saved.

“He carried some lucifers in his pocket

for lighting his pipe; he stepped into the cabin, and struck a light. A lamp was hung up close against his 'and; it was ready trimmed, and he set the wick afire, and looked round. What did he see? As beautiful a little cabin as the invention of man could figure. The sides of the vessel had been picked out by

artists, and that there Mason swears no man ever saw finer pictures in his life—ladies a-bathin', gentlemen chasin' with hounds, a steamer going along; both sides had been picked out into pictures, and that there Mason looked around him with his mouth opening and opening. There was likewise lookin' glasses, a thick carpet; the lamps seemed to be made of silver, and there was such a twinkling of silver all about, what with the 'andles of doors and a lot of forks and spoons on the table, that Mason's eyes began to dance in his evil old nut, and he reckoned himself a made man for life. Look at him as he leans there.

"But what else did he see? The door of a cabin right aft stood open, and half-way in and half-way out lay the body of a man; his throat was most horribly cut; not by 'is own 'and. No man could nearly cut his own 'ead half-off as that chap's was. He'd been murdered, and there was no man in that beautiful little cutter saving that bleedin' corpse. It was a sight to have thickened the wind-pipe of most men, and set them a-breathin' hard and tight; but *he* saw nothing but a man with his throat cut. He took a look at him, and reckoned him to be a furriner, as, indeed, the whole little ship seemed. It was a very quiet night, and he stood looking at the dead body, considering what he should do. If he brought assistance from the shore, and the cutter was towed into port, his share of the salvage money—for the rewards are small in jobs of this sort when the weather is fine and there is no risk of life—his share, I says, of the money would be scarcely worth talking about. Same time, if he left the cutter to lie, and it came on to blow, she'd go to pieces afore the mornin'. That wasn't his consarn, he thought; he had come to the Good'ins on the look-out for a job, and had got one, and he made up his mind to make the most of his chances.

"So the first thing that there Mason

did was to stoop down and plunder the body. Plenty was on it. I can see in fancy the looks of his face as he 'elped himself; he found a beautiful gold watch and chain, a diamond ring and another ring, a lot of gold coins in French money in one pocket, and French money in silver coin in another. He found a silver tooth-pick, an eye-glass, and I can't tell you what besides. He was in high feather, a very 'appy man; he fills his pockets with the forks and spoons, supposing them silver, tho' they wasn't. He looked into the cabin where the dead body lay, but found nothen but bed-clothes and male wearin' apparel hangin' to the bulkhead. There was a chest of drawers full of good linen shirts and vests and the like of that. But that there Mason thought of Cocky Honour, the customs man, and abandoned the idea of makin' up them shirts into a parcel.

"It was his notion to get away in the cutter's jolly boat or dinghey, and he stood looking about him to see if there was anything else he could put in his pockets. All at once he heard a noise of men's voices alongside, and, immediately arter, the 'eavy tread of fishermen's boots over'ead. Afore he could get on deck, a big chap, with a red night-cap on, came down the little companion-ladder, and instantly roars out something in French. Down comes others—three or four. 'Twas a minute or two afore they took notice of the dead body, all along of starin' round 'em, and at that there Mason, who stared back. They then set up a howl, and fell a-brandishing their arms, as if they were gone stark mad.

"'You killee him!' roars one.

"'No, no,' sings out Mason, 'me no killee, me find him killee.'

"'You killee him,' roars the great man with the cap, lookin' most ferocious, for that there Mason says his face was nearly all hair, besides that he squinted most damnably, beggin' of your pardon. And

then he began to shout to the others, who shouted back at him, all talkin' at the top of their voices, as is the custom in France when excited, and all lookin' at that there Mason.

and boarded the cutter, that was a Frenchman likewise, and they towed her straight to Boulogne, at which place they arrived at about ten o'clock in the morning. Numbers was on the pier to see the



"THEY TOWED HER STRAIGHT TO BOULOGNE."

"Suddenly they all rushed at him, knocked him down, overhauled his pockets, and brought out the spoons and forks and the dead gent's gold watch and chain, and the rest of the plunder.

"'You killee!' roared the big man in the cap, and layin' hold of him, they ran him into the cabin where the corpse was, and locked him up with the body, and presently that there Mason, who was next door to ravin' mad, felt that they was warping the cutter off—that, in short, she was off, and, by the noise of passin' waters, either sailing or in tow.

"And now to end this, sir, what do you think happened to that there Mason? She was a French smack that had sighted

oncommon sight of a smack towing an abandoned cutter. That there Mason was handed over to the authorities, charged with murder and robbery. The British Consul took up the case. When the facts were stated, and inquiries made, his innocence was established; but not afore he'd lain three weeks in a beastly jail, fed on black bread, and denied his pipe. I don't say he came home much changed; but I allow the disappointment sunk as deep as his heart, and blacked it. And to this hour he's not fit company for man nor beast. Look at him as he leans!"

Laughing together, we strolled off for our drinks, and I saw Mason turn his head to watch us as we walked.

THE SHOP-GIRL.

BY M. A. BELLOC.

TILL lately the shop-girl, though a very living entity to most of us, has scarcely played her proper part on the world's stage. No great novelist has dealt with the joys and sorrows of the "shop-assistant," that is to say, on this side of the water, for in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, Emile Zola has left imperishable pictures of the French *demoiselle de magasin* as seen through the crystal of his genius. In the last act of *Patience*, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan introduced, with the happiest effects, a troupe of young ladies dressed in most unæsthetic attire, who announced themselves, if I remember rightly, with a number of verses in which were incorporated the names of the then famous London emporiums.

Years sped by before the shop-girl had once more a chance to make her bow to the public. And yet until the world is "run" on some Socialistic or co-operative basis, we can, none of us, unless inmates of a lunatic asylum or of a prison, avoid being brought into contact with the ubiquitous shop-girl; and I fancy we all cherish secretly the idea of a lady Autolycus whose wares shall be always tempting, whose manners shall be always charming, and who shall bear on her face that evidence of the merry heart which enables her to stand all the day willing to do the bidding of the hundred-and-one customers which fate may bring her.

A good shop-assistant is born, not made, and though experience is of considerable importance, a girl who has only been a month "in business" will often take more money than one who has spent ten years behind the counter.

The shop-girl is recruited from every class. The smart, well-set-up daughter of a farmer or gamekeeper, especially if she

can obtain a letter of recommendation from a country lady who has been a long-honoured customer of one of the great London shops, finds it comparatively easy to get work of the kind in town. Applications are also frequently being received, by the managers of well-known establishments, from the orphan daughters of professional men, who see in the life a pleasanter way of earning a living than in that of becoming a companion or a governess.

Although in small shops a girl will be taken on when only fifteen or sixteen, the large linen-draper and general providers do not care to engage a young lady before she is twenty or after she is thirty. And they naturally prefer employing those who have had some previous experience, and who bring good business references. In such establishments the salary begins at £20 a year, and occasionally rises to £100; but the positions to which these large salaries are attached are the blue ribbons of the shop-girl's career, and are naturally only open to those who show exceptional ability.

Unlike the workers in almost every other branch of commercial life, shop-girls are boarded and generally done for by their employers. In small places of business they are treated like one of the family, but large business houses have elaborate and, on the whole, adequate accommodation for their "young ladies," this including, as often as not, a good library, a music-room, and a sitting-room in which they can spend those hours of recreation when they do not care to be out with their friends.

Appearance, manner, and figure, are all-important, and make a very great difference to the favour with which a would-be shop-assistant's application is

received by those in authority. The average manager would rather engage a beginner possessed of a pretty figure and good address, than a thoroughly experienced hand less gifted by nature; and anything like an unpleasant manner or rudeness to a customer is visited with instant dismissal.

The dress question is all important both in town and country business houses. Now small shops, as, of course, high-class establishments also, make a point of having their young ladies thoroughly neat and well-gowned in some black material. This greatly reduces the shop-girl's salary; the more so that her working dress must be fashionably made, and an increase of salary nearly always means a proportionate increase in what may be called her dress-tax. Few ladies who have to do a morning's shopping have failed to observe with envy, the beautifully-fitting black silk or black satin gown worn by the shop-assistant in the mantle and costume departments.

As regards her salary, the shop-girl, even she who is employed by a small linen-draper, has one great advantage over her other working sisters, for she can always make a considerable amount over and above her regular pay by the percentage given her on her takings. These sums are called "premiums," and not unfrequently, in a good shop, come to as much again as the nominal

salary. In many cases larger "premiums" are given at sale times, and when old stock is being disposed of at a reduction. In some ways this commission system works ill, for it often makes the employees jealous of one another, and a girl frequently has the annoyance of seeing one of her comrades selling many



A REGENT STREET SHOP-GIRL.

pounds' worth of goods, while she is engaged in serving some tiresome customer who, after turning over twenty guineas' worth of wares, ends by buying a length of ribbon for a shilling. Still, competition is so keen, especially in large towns, that the average employer finds it worth his while to stimulate by hope of further gain those engaged in selling what he offers.

The fine system, which is almost gone out in other businesses, is in full force in both large and small shops. Indeed, in some it is carried to extreme lengths; not unfrequently a penny is knocked off for every five minutes that a girl is late or behind time. But in first-class establishments the assistants are only fined if they make serious mistakes in the cash, or business side, of their work.

Like most of us, a shop-girl has, in two senses of the word, a standing grievance. Generally, in the big gooseberry season, a number of letters, signed "Humanitarian," "Shoppy Shopper," and so on, dwelling on the injury to health and appearance caused by the rule which universally obtains, decreeing that no young lady assistant in a shop is ever to sit down during working hours, are published in one or other of our great dailies.

This standing rule, which few of we purchasers realise, is one of the hardest things in the life of even the most prosperous and well-to-do shop-girl. Summer and winter, well or ill, when business is brisk and business is dull, the damsel of the counter can never sit down "for a rest." Several times a modification of this Draconian law has been tried; but finally there has always been a return to the old system, the most obvious reason being the lack of what might be called sitting accommodation in even the largest shops.

Another serious side of the shop-girl question is the long hours. In some six or seven first-class London houses the hours are from eight to six, but all the

smaller shops are kept open till eight, nine ten, and, as often as not, eleven o'clock; indeed, ten on ordinary nights, and twelve on Saturdays, is, in quite small places of business, the rule.

In this connection it is only fair to point out that the work is more or less varied. During the early morning hours the young ladies are comparatively idle; stray customers drop in one by one, transact their business as soon as possible, and go away. Towards eleven the serious labours of the day begin; many idle women consider a day's shopping a great treat, and the purchase of one small article becomes the excuse for a thorough inspection of everything that can be seen, and, in some cases, even tried on.

Some years ago shops emptied from one to three, the luncheon hours; but since refreshment and tea rooms have been opened in every large emporium, and the A.B.C.'s have become a power in the land, the suburban lady finds herself, after twenty minutes or half an hour, once more equipped for the fray, and again the stream of customers begins to set in, and there is no rest for the shop-girl till closing time; and even then, she has to put away and fold up all the wares that belong to her special show-case or shop window before she is free to follow her own devices.

As to the wiles and arts used by the subject of our sketch in the pursuit of her business, there is no need for me to say anything. We can all call instances to mind when we have ourselves fallen victims to her advice and persuasive powers.

As is well known, men make, from the business point of view, far the best customers. They find it more difficult to say no; and when they are choosing a present for a lady, or engaged on a similar kind of errand, fall a hopeless prey to those who have the good fortune to assist them to make their purchase.

"My idea of a shop-girl?" observed a



ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

thoughtful American, who manages what he styles a large London "store." "Well, to begin with, the term is offensive; our assistants are always styled 'young ladies.' But, putting that aside, my idea of a good lady-assistant is one who can persuade a young married man who comes in to purchase a bonnet for his wife, not to leave my store till he has bought each of his sisters a hat, and a good lace shawl, or some other substantial present, for his mother-in-law."

But even in this walk of life the younger generation is knocking at the door; girls make better saleswomen than their older sisters; that this is so has been proved again and again, and, therefore, some scheme of old age pensions should be considered by even the brightest and most up-to-date of shop-girls. Many of the young ladies engaged in the way of life I have attempted to describe make good marriages, and frequently become the life partners of one of the young "gentlemen" with whom they are brought into close and daily contact; and they must find the habits of patience, good temper, courtesy, and self-control learnt by them when in business serve them in good stead in their after married life.

No member of the Society of Friends particularly likes to be called a "Quaker," and the appellations "shop-girl" and "counter-jumper" never pass the lips of those employed in either large or small retail houses; but human nature is much the same everywhere, and the young lady employed by a Bond Street milliner feels herself in a very different position to one whose "boss" dwells in Bayswater. Indeed, a girl who occupies a substantial position in one of those shops whose names have become among us household words, feels her fortune is made; and though the life can scarcely commend itself to most as being a delightful one, hundreds of girls are always ready to become shop assistants, and, what is perhaps even stranger, they rarely leave their work

for any other kind of business or way of earning a living.

Although the waitress in an aerated bread shop, and similar establishments, can scarcely be called a shop-girl in the ordinary term of the word, Londoners see and



A BREAD SHOP GIRL.

hear not a little of her and her grievances and a few words about her may not be out of place.

One of the most striking differences between every-day life in Paris and London, is that regarding eating-houses, and those employed in them. Most people who have paid even a passing visit to the gay city will admit that there the Parisian waitress is nearly always a buxom, pleasant-looking body, who evidently prides herself more on her sense and business faculty than on her looks.

She is almost invariably the possessor of a wedding-ring, which represents the very substantial fact of *mon mari* within a few moments' walk of her place of business, and very often of a bouncing baby, with whom she spends her very few half-holidays in the neighbourhood of Paris. But the fact that she is a wife and mother is not allowed to interfere with her efficiency as a worker, and the ease and despatch with which she gets through all she has to do is a source of astonishment to those who contrast her with the tired, worried-looking, and frequently far from pleasant-mannered, young person who is, possibly from no fault of her own, responsible for the serving of the mid-day meal to many a London brain-worker.

The girl employed in an English eating-house, or, rather, tea and light refreshment establishment, is generally debarred from accepting tips, and, therefore, has no natural incentive to do her work with any special zeal. If general rumour be true, she is habitually neglect-

ful to members of her own sex, and often treats with equal contempt the quiet, well-mannered young man who is not, in her estimation, "a toff." On the other hand, according to her friends and those who take a warm interest in her case, she has a very tiring and hard life.

Girls employed in this kind of work often earn only from six to eight shillings a week; they are not boarded, unless you consider that board means bread and butter and tea. They must, of course, provide their own clothing, that is, the kind of uniform affected in the particular place of business in which they are employed. Their hours are long, the pressure of business almost overpowering during certain times of the day, and, unlike almost all working women, the Saturday half-holiday is their busiest time, spent in serving those happier than themselves. These remarks do not apply to really high-class restaurants where women are employed, or to the old-fashioned confectioners, where the assistants are generally boarded, and where the tipping system is in full force.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move.

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:

The devil take her.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

THE PROFESSOR'S JUMP.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

"I SAW a paragraph this morning," said the Colonel, "in the *Daily Telephone*, which I have been reading about once a year ever since I began to read newspapers. It was that standard old paragraph about the strength of a flea—the one which mentions that he can jump about seven hundred and thirty-two times his own length. I can't understand why that paragraph is so popular. What has the flea ever done for us that we should be for ever advertising him, and calling attention to his superiority in the matter of jumping? It just stimulates his ambition, and sets him to trying to break the record, which is so much the worse for us. However, that isn't what I started out to say."

The Colonel paused, and was evidently waiting for an invitation to pursue his theme, which we promptly gave him.

"You remember my old friend Professor Van Wagener," continued the Colonel. "I was talking with Van Wagener once about this very flea question, and he was mightily enthusiastic about it. He was an electrician by profession, but there is so much in common between fleas and electricity, that he naturally took a good deal of interest in the latter. He told me all the regulation paragraph says about the flea as an athlete, and a great deal besides; and when he had got through with his statements, some of which were tougher than anything I've ever seen in print, he went on to say what a shame it was that such an insignificant insect as a flea should be able to outjump anything else, from men up to kangaroos."

"It's your own fault, Professor," said I. "Why don't you call in the aid of science, and invent some way by which a man can jump seven hundred and thirty-two times his length, and so show the fleas that man is their superior?"

"That's a grand idea, Colonel," says he, "and I'll do it."

"You haven't any doubt that you will succeed, have you?" said I, meaning to do a little sarcasm.

"Of course I haven't," he replied. "There are no limits to what science can do, and I think you'll admit that there are few men who can lay over me in the matter of inventing things." Of course, I don't pretend to give his words exactly, but that was the gist of what he said.

"Yes," says I, "but now and then your inventions don't altogether seem to invent, as you might say. You remember your electric tricycle, and the difficulties that you got into through it."

"Yes, yes," said the Professor, "I admit that it didn't turn out to be all that I, or rather Mrs. Van Wagener, could have desired, but for all that it was a good invention. Now I'm going to set to work to invent a way by which man can show his superiority to the flea, and if betting was not a grossly unscientific thing, I'd be willing to bet you that I will succeed."

"Well, Van Wagener set to work, as he said he would, and he must have spent pretty much the whole of the next two months on that invention, for the greater part of that time he was both lame and black and blue, as any man who tries to jump in competition with a flea would naturally be. One day, however, he came to me and said: 'Colonel, you remember our conversation about fleas? Well, I have kept my promise about that invention, and have got things into such shape that I can jump nine hundred and fifty times my own length, and at least forty times my own height.'"

"Oh, I don't doubt your word, Professor," said I, "but, as you know, seeing is believing, that is to say, with us chaps that don't go in for science. Now with

you scientific fellows it's different. You don't believe anything you see, and you do believe most anything that neither you nor anybody else can see.'



"'IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, PROFESSOR,' SAID I."

"'That's all right,' says he. 'You shall see what my new invention can do, and if you like you shall jump nine hundred and fifty times your own length. You may not like the sensation at first, but you will get used to it after a while, that is, if you don't meet with any serious accident.'

"'When do you propose to exhibit this invention?' said I.

"'I'll exhibit it in any quiet place, where

nobody but you and I are present, just as soon as you please.'

"'Very well,' said I; 'this afternoon I shan't have anything in particular to do, and we can go down to Deacon McFadden's pasture where nobody will see us except the crows, and there you can jump till every flea in New Berlinopolisville, that hears about it, will wish that he had never been born. But hadn't we better get Doctor Sabin to come along with a supply of liniment and things for setting broken legs and such? They might come in very handy.'

"'Colonel,' says he, 'you're a mighty nice man in your way, but you don't know the resources of science. My invention is complete without any medical attachment, and we will dispense with Dr. Sabin's presence, if you please.'

"Well, about two o'clock that afternoon the Professor calls for me with a big bundle under his arm, and a fishing-pole in his hand. He said that people might think it a little strange to see him going down to Deacon McFadden's pasture with me, but if they supposed that we were going fishing it would allay all suspicion, and nobody would think of following us. There was no water within five miles of the pasture, but that didn't strike the Professor as any reason

why we should not pretend that we were going there on a fishing excursion. That's always the way with scientific men. The minute they attempt to reason without a slate and pencil they are no sort of good. To see a man going into McFadden's pasture with a fishing-rod on his shoulder would have been the very thing to induce every man or boy who saw him to follow after him. Luckily no one happened to meet

us, and before long we were in the pasture, and the Professor leaned his fishing-pole up against the fence, and proceeded to get his invention into working order.

"This wonderful invention consisted of four steel springs, that were tremendously powerful. Van Wagener's idea was to fasten a spring on the palm of each hand, and on the bottom of each foot. Then he meant to stand on the top of the fence, or of some middling high rock, and take a big jump, landing on all fours. The springs were expected to get in their work the moment the Professor should strike the ground, and, after giving him a boost that would throw him nine hundred and fifty times his length, the springs would be compressed automatically, by the weight of the Professor and the force of his contact with the ground, and so would start him on a fresh jump. He explained all this to me while he was fastening his springs in position, and admitted that what he had said about being able to jump over nine hundred feet wasn't quite true as yet. 'According to my calculations,' said he, 'I can make and wear springs that will enable me to jump nearly a thousand feet, but in order to do it safely more practice would be required than I have had time to indulge in. I am satisfied that the principle of my invention is all right, but for the present I content myself with springs that will carry me about fifty feet. They will do very well to illustrate the nature of the invention, and I promise you, that just as soon as I can make a set of springs of a thousand-feet jumping power, you shall be the first to use them.'

"'You're very kind, I'm sure,' said I, 'but I'm not in any hurry to convert myself into a flea. That's a queer idea of yours,' I continued, 'to fasten springs on your hands as well as your feet. Do you want to make a quadruped of yourself?'

"'To tell the truth,' said the Professor, 'I tried at first to jump with springs on my feet only, but I couldn't manage to keep right side up. You may notice that I am a little bruised. That came from using only one pair of springs. I found that whenever I jumped with them I landed on my head or on my back, and after trying the thing for a dozen times with the same result, I saw that it wouldn't do. The flea, you will take notice, does his jumping feats with all his legs at once, and it is only reasonable that if we wish to rival him in his own line we should make up for our deficiency in point of legs by using our hands.'

"I admitted that the Professor was logical in his remarks, but my faith in his invention was beginning to be a little shaken. When a man has got to reduce himself to a quadruped before he can accomplish what he sets out to do, it doesn't seem to me that the game is worth the candle. However, the Professor was a mighty clever man, and a truthful one, so far as his devotion to science would allow him to be. So I had no doubt that he would be able to jump a distance of fifty feet, and do it in a way that wouldn't be disastrous to his legs and trousers.

"Van Wagener got his springs into position, after a good deal of trouble, and then I helped him to climb up on the top of the fence, which was an old-fashioned rail fence, about ten feet high. He found it wasn't an easy job to balance himself on the top rail, but he was a mighty persevering man, and he stuck to it, till he was able to stand upright, with the help of a hop-pole that I found for him. Then, when all was ready, he told me to stand aside, and made his jump.

"He landed on his feet, and the minute he struck the ground the springs flung him about ten feet into the air. They didn't, however, send him forward to any great extent, and he came down on his

head only a foot or two in front of the place from which he had started. I picked



"HE TOLD ME TO STAND ASIDE."

him up, and when he had got the mud out of his mouth, and found that his neck wasn't broken, he was as cheerful as ever, saying that he had made a slight mistake in his way of jumping, but that he would try it again, and show me what he could do. This time, when he jumped from the fence, he lit on all fours, and then sailed away, skimming over the ground and keeping about four feet above it, until he

had covered a good thirty feet. Then he lit again, and this time the springs lost a good deal of their power, for his next jump wasn't more than twenty feet in length. He made another little mistake this time, for in doing those twenty feet he somehow turned over, and finally struck the ground on his back, and as there wasn't any spring in it he stopped where he was, and waited for me to help him up. He wasn't hurt, you understand, but he was a little discouraged, for the tail of his coat had got twisted around his head, and for a few minutes he didn't precisely know where he was.

"'Seems to me,' I began to remark. But Van Wagener interrupted me in a way that showed that his temper was getting a little ruffled. 'I don't care how it seems to you, Colonel!' he said. 'You're not a scientific man, and you can't appreciate the difficulties which a pioneer in a new scientific path has to overcome. Wait till I get those springs tightened up a bit, and you'll see that I can do fifty feet with ease and safety.'

"Well! the Professor went to work again, and wound up his springs with a monkey wrench, and then he limped back to the fence and made ready for a fresh start. I wanted to warn him that his bones weren't warranted to stand his jumping experiments with impunity, but there would have been no use in trying to influence him. So I let him alone, resolving, at the same time, that if he did break his neck, I would leave town in a hurry, and let some one else carry the news to Mrs. Van Wagener, who was one of those unreasonable women who are always blaming their husbands' friends for their husbands' faults.

"The Professor made a tremendous effort this time, and landed fifteen feet in front of the fence, with a headway that gave the springs a chance to show just what they were worth. They sent him soaring along for a distance that I calculated, by carefully pacing it, was a little over fifty



"I FOLLOWED . . . AT A RUN."

feet. The Professor continued on in a series of most successful jumps, each one of which was about ten feet shorter than the previous one, for, of course, the springs couldn't do a uniform rate of work, for, if they had done it, they would have solved the problem of perpetual motion. I followed after Van Wagener at a run, but I couldn't keep up with him. There were some pretty bad places in the

pasture, and I was afraid that my old friend would come to grief. However, he skimmed clean over a bush that stood in the middle of the pasture, and by the time I had run around it he was a long way ahead of me, and heading straight for a stone wall. I suppose he calculated to jump over the wall, or, perhaps, he was so much occupied with keeping himself right side up, that he didn't notice the

obstacle. Anyway, he sailed on, and just in the middle of his seventh jump he struck the wall good and fair with the top of his head, and lay on the grass completely insensible, when I reached him.

"Now this stone wall was at one end of the pasture, and the high road was just the other side of it. I had noticed that three or four people were standing in the road, watching the Professor as he came along through the air, with his arms and legs and coat-tails stretched out, and looking for all the world like a new style of spider; but I hadn't noticed, until I was close to the wall, that one of these persons was Mrs. Van Wagener. I knew well enough that she must have recognised her husband, for there was nobody else in New Berlinopolisville who would have made that sort of a spectacle of himself, and I foresaw that things would be made pretty lively for me.

"I turned the Professor over on his back, and felt his neck and head, to find if he had sustained any serious breakage. Finding that his damages were only skin-deep, I loosened his collar, and poured a little whiskey down his throat, and brought him round all right by the time that Mrs. Van Wagener had contrived to climb over the wall. I'll admit that he wasn't a very soothing spectacle to an affectionate wife, for he was covered with blood and dirt, and his clothes were mostly rags. Still, it wasn't my fault, as far as I could see, and Mrs. Van Wagener ought

to have been thankful that I was on hand with my whiskey flask to bring him round. But there! what is the use of expecting a woman to be reasonable? As soon as Mrs. Van Wagener saw that the Professor was alive, she just cast off her tongue lashings and went for me in her best style. The poor Professor was too dazed to say anything, and, of course, I wasn't going to contradict a lady; but when I had helped to hoist the Professor over the stone wall, and into a waggon that happened to come along just then, I did tell her that if her husband chose to transform himself into a flea, and could thereby be able to hop about fifty thousand miles away from her, no sensible man could possibly blame him. Then I went back home cross-lots, and it was a fortnight before the Professor was able to get out of his room.

"He never found those springs again, and he never dared to make another pair, for Mrs. Van Wagener warned him that if he ever tried to jump again she would apply for a divorce the very next day. Well! he was a mighty ingenious man, and I'm not sure that if he had been allowed to work out that invention, and hadn't killed himself while working it out, it might not have superseded the bicycle in time. As for me, I'm contented with my own legs. They may not be handsome, but they suit me well enough, and I don't propose to fit myself up with any wheel or spring attachment that any one may invent."

ANTHONY HOPE.

BY R. H. SHERARD.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE is a striking exemplification of the fact that the talent and quality that are within a man will force themselves out, no matter how circumstances may combine and conspire



ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS
(AGED 10).

to keep them under. Anthony Hope's life has been the unadventurous, unromantic existence of the young English gentleman; but in vain have the dulling influences of life in an English pub-

lic school and at an English university exercised themselves on his temperament. Romance, humour, and a brilliancy which is the very opposite of the dulness which overweighs English literature, have won for him a success which is all the better deserved on account of the quelling circumstances under which it has been attained.

The street in which is situated the house where his literary labours are pursued is one of the dullest in London, a *cul-de-sac* of *ennui*, from which no egress seems possible. This is Buckingham Street, Strand, and from Hope's window one looks out on dismal brick houses, veiled, for the most part, in a dull mist. Yet it is from his room in this house and in this street, that Anthony Hope sends forth those works which, for their verve and brilliance, show him to us as a kind of St. George of the pen triumphing over the dragon of British tedium.

He is a quiet man, of gentle manners,

unpretending, courteous, an English gentleman in one word, with a soft voice which drops at the end of each sentence, as though apologising for the expression of some opinion which the person to whom he is speaking might contest. His workroom is furnished after the fashion of the study of an Oxford undergraduate, with a big bookcase filled with prize-books; and in a corner by the fireplace is a large writing-table of the American fashion, in some disorder with papers, proofs, and the general litter of the writer's craft.

"I am afraid," said Anthony Hope, "that my life has been a most commonplace one, and I do not remember a single adventure which has come into it at any time."

He was born in Hackney in 1863. "Mine was a humdrum childhood. I lived in Hackney till I was nine years old, I can remember no incidents of my life there. I read a great deal, but none of the books I read made any particular impression upon me. I was a late reader, but when I did know how to read, it was my favourite occupation. Stay, I now remember that I was greatly impressed by *The Pilgrim's Progress*. I used to take it up to bed with me and fall asleep to dream of Apollyon."

When Anthony Hope Hawkins, this being the full name of the writer known as Anthony Hope, was nine years old, his father moved to Leatherhead, where he took over a school for boys, an establishment known as St. John's School and intended exclusively for the sons of clergymen. "I attended my father's school as a day-boy. My father was a clergyman, so that I was admissible also to St. John's School. At that time I was a great reader of Ballantyne, and perhaps my favourite book was *The Three Middies*. But all the adventures that furnished my

early life were imagined ones, for here, also, my childhood was uneventful. I had the usual number of fights with my schoolmates, but I assure you that there was nothing Homeric about them. I had no ambitions. I never once wished to run away to sea. I had no thoughts of becoming a pirate or a highwayman or anything of the sort. I just wanted to live my life quietly in a decorous way, and to enjoy myself as much as possible, whilst working at my lessons as satisfactorily as I could. But as a boy I got quite a passion for football, a game of which I have ever since been very fond. I was no good as a cricketer, I had no eye for it; but in Rugby football I think that I always did hold my own. At the age of thirteen I won a scholarship to Marlborough College, and went up as a boarder at the Old House, the 'C. House' as it is known to Marlborough boys. I was placed in the lower fifth form, and got into the sixth form in two years. I worked creditably, but, you know, nobody ever works very hard at an English public school. I kept up my football here."

He made no particular friends at Marlborough. His life was to be uneventful in this respect also. He was not even bullied.

"There was fagging at Marlborough, but as a lower fifth boy, I was exempt from it."

He had no idea of writing, and no taste for literary work at this time of his life. "My sole achievement in literature whilst I was at Marlborough, was that I won an English Essay Prize. We had excellent House Libraries at the school, but I do not recollect that I read very much. My time was taken up with my work, or with games, or in ballyragging. It was a very happy time. Indeed, the life of a sixth-form boy in a public school is a very happy life. I remained five years at the school, and, during the last two years of my life there, I was a member of the College fifteen. I passed from Marlborough to

Balliol College, in Oxford, with an Exhibition, and the year after won a Balliol scholarship. That was in 1881. I enjoyed my 'Varsity life immensely, and I look back on rooms in Balliol as the place where, perhaps, my happiest hours were spent. I worked for my examinations, and I played games, but I never wrote. I did not even write poetry. I do not think that I ever wrote a verse of poetry in my life, with the solitary exception of a valentine. Indeed, I rarely read poetry. It seems to me that one should read for relaxation, and to read poetry requires an effort superior to that required for reading prose; so that when, in quest of relaxation, I sat myself in my chair, I take up the book that will exact in its perusal the lesser effort. I played hard and got into the Balliol fifteen, and helped my College to beat all the other Colleges for two years running. I played three-quarter back, and in our fifteen was the famous Rotherham who played for All England. Besides football, I went in for running, and won the hundred yards and the quarter of a mile. I did not boat, and beyond lounging about in a tub, achieved nothing on the river. Boating is too exclusive, and takes up too much of a man's time. At that time I had no other ambition than to distinguish myself in the Schools and on the field, and eventually to gain admission to the Bar. I worked fairly hard, but, beyond the ordinary work in essays, I did not do any writing. I was honourably mentioned as a candidate in the examination for the Lothian Essay Prize in the year in which George Nathaniel Curzon won this prize. I had to grind for Mods because I never was a good pure scholar, but I succeeded in getting a first-class in this examination. My work for Greats interested me far more, because I was always fond of Philosophy, and especially was I fond of History. I got a first in Greats also."

During the last two years of his Oxford life, he was eating his dinners at the

Middle Temple. "My intention, at that time, was to become a barrister."

A journey to Switzerland was an event in his life in 1883, but nothing happened during this journey. "No, it was quite



ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS
(AGED 24).

unadventurous." He took his degree in 1885, and remained "up" during two terms, during which time he supported himself by coaching undergraduates. "From the age of fifteen, I practically supported myself by my scholarships and exhibitions, and I certainly made more money from the age of fifteen to the age of twenty than I did during the five years between the ages of twenty and twenty-five."

He does not appear to have been greatly influenced by Jowett, the Head of Balliol, who, for good or evil, has had an immense influence on the young men who passed through Balliol College during his consulate.

"I liked Jowett," he says, "but I was always rather afraid of him."

He made no particular friends at Oxford. In 1886 another event occurred, which helped to shape his life. "In that year I was elected President of the Oxford Union, in succession to Lord Robert Cecil. I was a Radical, and had often spoken on political questions in the Union debates." Election to the office of President of the Oxford Union is a great distinction in a man's University career. It is the letters patent of his pre-eminence as a debater, as a man of speech. It is an event which might have turned Hope altogether away from writing in favour of the easier and more remunerative profession of speaker; for who has not noticed how vastly superior are the prizes which can be gained by the man who talks, to those which lie within the compass of the man who writes?

"The candidate opposed to me was a man called Temple, who is now on the staff of *The Globe*. The office of President gave me readiness, a mental alertness, for I had to face the hecklers of the debating-room. I left Oxford in 1886, and came up to London and read Law at Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple, living quietly at home with my people, and hoping for nothing but a fairly successful career at the Bar. I was called to the Bar at the beginning of 1887, and my first case was at Aylesbury, where the judge commissioned me to defend some ruffians who were indicted for a murderous assault on a policeman. They all got convicted, and very properly so. I was very nervous, I remember, and, indeed, for a long time I felt very nervous when I got up to address the jury."

There are immense possibilities of romance in the life of a barrister, but Hope was fated to leave these on one side. "My biggest cases," he says, "were on election petitions. I did very little criminal work, because I preferred to stay quietly at home in London to going about the country on Circuit. It is an easier and a quieter life. I did, however,

occasionally go on Circuit, and, on one occasion, accompanied Mr. Justice Hawkins, my father's first cousin, as his Marshall. I was not very successful at the Bar, and, for the first two years, got very little work, so that it impressed itself upon me that I must look to some other source for increasing my income. It was then that I began to write. I never wrote for the papers, because I had no experience in journalism, and my ambition was a higher one. In 1889 I wrote my first book, a novel entitled *A Man of Mark*. I wrote it pretty quickly, although I had had no experience in writing, and without feeling any particular effort. As I did not hope to be able to find a publisher to take the risk of publishing the first work of an unknown writer, I produced the book at my own expense, and published it on commission. It was a story about swindling company transactions, and the scene was laid in one of the South American Republics. It was fairly well received by the reviewers. Some of the critics praised it, others attacked it bitterly. I remember that *The Saturday Review* was very unkind about it, whilst, on the other hand, *The National Observer* spoke well of my first book. But it was not a financial success at the time. I do not think, however, that I shall lose by it, as I have brought it out again this year. I cannot say that, apart from a vague hope, I had at that time much expectation from literature as a profession, and, indeed, I wrote more for amusement than anything else. I looked on the Bar as my career in life. After writing the *Man of Mark*, I began writing short stories, which I sent round to the magazines. Almost all of these came back. Very few, if any, got published. Many of these early efforts I afterwards tore up, because I recognised that the editors who had rejected them were quite right, that they were not worth much. Nobody helped me. My fight was a single-handed fight. I was all alone. I was living at home, making a

small and varying income at the Bar. My average earnings from my profession during the first two years were very small indeed, but then one mustn't expect to make much as a beginner."

His next book was *Father Stafford*. "This was written in 1890. I hawked it about amongst the publishers for a long time in vain. At last Messrs. Cassell took it, and brought it out as a six-shilling book. It never did any good, and was not a financial success, which shows that the other publishers were quite right in refusing it. I then returned once more to the writing of short stories, and contributed fourteen or fifteen to the Saturday issue of *The St. James's Gazette*."

It speaks well for the discrimination of the editor of *The St. James's Gazette* that it was in the columns of his paper that several of the writers who are now high in favour with the public in England first found encouragement and acceptance of their work. Hope, Parker, Crockett, and Weyman, amongst others, acknowledge their debt to him in this respect. It is true that the stories were published anonymously, but the encouragement was there, and the fact that all these men have eventually come to the front shows that the editor of the publication in question has a keen eye and a useful literary palate.

"Several of these stories," continued Hope, "were republished, together with another, in my volume entitled *Sport Royal*. Literature had now become a subsidiary source of income, and helped me in a pleasant way."

Smoothly, uneventfully the life of Anthony Hope flowed on, under circumstances not untainted with tedium, and, at any rate, unfruitful in experience or suggestion or influence. He lived quietly at home; he practised quietly and without excitement in the civil courts, and wrote without either great discouragement or startling success. But the fire was brooding all the while. It needed but the

course of time to bring it leaping forth in a dazzling flame.

"My next book was *Mr. Witt's Widow*, which I wrote in 1891 and published in 1892. It was published by Innes, who had been a school and college friend of mine. This was certainly the best thing which I had done up to that time, and it met with a certain amount of success. It was favourably, very favourably, reviewed, and it sold fairly well as a six-shilling book. But it did not in any degree improve my standing as a writer, for though *The St. James's Gazette* continued to publish my stories, there were other editors of other magazines who persistently refused my contributions."

In 1892, Fate finally decided that Anthony Hope was to be a man who writes and not a man who talks. He made a great bid for pre-eminence as the latter. "That year was occupied by my Parliamentary candidature for the Southern Division of South Bucks, which I contested as a Liberal candidate against Viscount Curzon. I had visited the division in the autumn of 1891, preparing my candidature. The greater part of the following year was similarly taken up. I remained in London writing and working at law, and in the evenings would take a train down to Bucks, address some village meeting, and get the last train back to town. We had some very noisy meetings, but nothing striking or eventful occurred in connection with this campaign. In the intervals of briefs, which had then become rather more frequent, I wrote my stories. I had no great expectation of success in my candidature, as I had no local connections, whilst the Curzons are big people in that part of the country, and own a seat there called Penn House. My defeat was a foregone conclusion, and so I was not in the least surprised when one day at noon, at Wycombe, the poll was announced, and I learned that I had been defeated by a majority of over one thousand votes. It was an interesting experience, and gave

me many good friends in that part of England."

Anthony Hope has not abandoned his political ambition altogether, but is doubtful as to further attempts to realise it. "I don't know. I must think. Things may happen." Let it be hoped that the writing-table and the pen will hold him fast. Politics can spare us a brilliant writer.

"*A Change of Air* was written in my law-chambers at the Temple in 1893, and in the same year I published my novel, *Half a Hero*, a story dealing with colonial politics. It only had a small sale as a two-volume novel, but has done well as a six-shilling volume."

In the meanwhile, Anthony Hope had struck out in an original line. Mr. Oswald Crawford was at that time editing the illustrated weekly paper called *Black and White*, and had introduced as a novel feature into this paper a weekly story, told in the form of a dialogue. He relates that one day he received from a writer, whose name was not known to him, such a dialogue, which, when he had read it, convinced him that there was for this writer a very brilliant future in literature. He at once wrote to Anthony Hope, and asked him to continue sending contributions of this kind.

"After my defeat in South Bucks, I returned to the Temple and resumed my dual occupations as a barrister and an author. After I had written *Half a Hero*, I wrote *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and, history having always fascinated me, I fashioned it in the form of an historical novel. That is to say historical in one sense, for it is really a modern story of incident, the scene of which is laid in an imaginary republic. It was published by Arrow-smith, and at first went slowly. But the reviews were very favourable, and did much for it, and once it had got a start it went ahead. I think that there were sold fourteen thousand copies in England, and nearly twice as many in America."



The Prisoner of Zenda, which established Anthony Hope's reputation, was quickly written. "I vary greatly in my work," he says. "Books of character take me a longer time; incidents come quicker. That, at least, is my own personal experience."

After writing *The Prisoner of Zenda*, he began contributing to *The Westminster Gazette* a series of dialogues similar in style to the one with which he had flashed the light of Parisian brilliance into the dull editorial room of a Fleet Street newspaper office. These were the famous

Dolly Dialogues, Kodak pictures of witty conversation, which were so greatly appreciated by the readers of the *Gazette* that the publishers of that paper immediately reprinted them in book form, and of this book brought out a first edition of not less than twenty thousand copies. This work was a revelation to England, and dull Britishers were heard to mumble in club smoking-rooms: "It is then, after all, possible to be witty and sparkling in English." Hope had revived the art of conversation, which, even in France, as De La Rochefoucauld would have it, was a

dead art. He gave in a nutshell the sparkle of a comedy by Dumas, or Mari-vaux, the import of a tale by Daudet, or by De Maupassant.

"My dialogues are my pure creation."

He does not listen when in society, he has no hook in his hand and no basket on his back. He goes to his head for his repartee, to his imagination for his plots. He moves largely in London society, but he closes rather than opens his ears. The people whom he invites us to listen to are people that might be but are not. They are the own creations of his genius, people whom one would dearly love to meet in a drawling and vacuous society of bores.

"I have never attempted writing for the stage, though people have told me that my dialogue is not uninteresting. That may come later." It is to be hoped that the attempt will not long be postponed. A writer of "not uninteresting dialogue" is wanted for our stage in the land of England, where he has been waited for since Sheridan.

"My book, *The God in the Car*, was begun before *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but was put aside and finished after the latter. It was published by Methuen, and was successful from the first. I then wrote the *Indiscretion of the Duchess*, which was published by Arrowsmith."

About this book it was remarked in some London drawing-room that none should write about duchesses in books at a shilling a copy; that a duchess should be narrated in volumes of no lower price than a guinea. The general public was not of this opinion nor were the reviewers, and the book in question was received with the most signal favour.

Encouraged by his success, Anthony Hope gave up the Bar in the spring of 1894, and decided in the future to devote himself entirely to literature. "My last brief was in a case at the county court in Wells, where I appeared for a railway company, which had frequently engaged me, against a plaintiff who claimed heavy

damages for an accident. He had pinched his finger in the door of the carriage. An unromantic and an uneventful case. But I won it, and so went out of the legal profession on a success."

He is a hard and a regular worker. He comes to his chambers in Buckingham Street with the punctuality of a bank-clerk. "I reach here at a quarter to ten in the morning, and work on till four in the afternoon, or even later. I do not set myself any fixed task to be performed each day, but work rather by time, and take what heaven sends. I am a quick worker, and though I never rewrite, I revise carefully, and am very fidgety over my work."

He does not read greatly. "I have so little time for reading. When I can read, I prefer novels, and my favourite authors are Meredith, Kipling, and Stevenson. I am also very fond of Norris's work."

His pleasure in sport remains. "I have had to give up football," this regretfully, "but I manage to get a little lawn-tennis. And I go out a little into society in a quiet way. I am afraid that I take very little exercise, for my place seems to be here at my writing-table, and, as I have said, the greater part of my day is spent here."

At present he is engaged on a series of romantic stories, the scene of which is laid in an imaginary Italian Republic in the Middle Ages. "I am also writing some stories for a weekly paper. For the present I shall write no more dialogues."

Anthony Hope is a kindly man. "Since my books have become popular, I receive a number of applications for autographs. I always send them. It is a small thing to do if it really gives pleasure to the people who write for them."

Literature indeed manifests itself in many ways. This quiet, unassuming, low-voiced man, who, with a life of almost mechanical regularity, writes amidst unin-



spiring surroundings, who has experienced neither the stress nor the stir of the world, but has rather progressed under quelling influences, is Anthony Hope. Anthony Hope, who, from his imagination, draws adventure of a keenest *Sturm und Drang*, and, reticent himself, has put into the mouths of a legion of spiritual chil-

dren of his own, let loose over English-speaking lands, the wit and verve and brilliance of conversation which, in society, we listen for in vain, and can only hear in faintest echo from the few stages for which the acknowledged masters write—a sparkling company of talkers, who, with their pleasant and inspiring sayings, have

belied those who have sung cynical requiem over the art which chiefly charms this poor life of ours and is its greatest happiness, the art of conversation. And it is from a house at the bottom of a gloomy

London *cul-de-sac*, under the grey mist of the Thames, and in an atmosphere of headache and *ennui*, that this sparkle which has overflowed the English-speaking world goes forth.



A DETERMINED YOUNG PERSON.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

JUPITER took out one or two stars that required repairing, and placed them on a thick, grey cloud to be attended to in the morning. Juno, looking casually through the book of engagements—it was a large book—wrinkled her brow, and hummed softly and thoughtfully to herself.

"That's enough of it," said Jupiter, crossly; "I know that tune."

"What were you thinking of?" asked Mercury, respectfully. Mercury had just seen that the mail trains were safely dispatched, and was keeping one eye on the railway system generally.

"I was thinking that it wouldn't be a bad plan," said Juno, "if it could be arranged, for no girl to be married more than once. Then we should get these figures something like right."

Jupiter snorted, and moved his lips silently as one who does not care to trust himself to speech. Mercury coughed, and remarked, diplomatically, that, of course, there was something in the idea, but——

"Well," said Juno. "But what?"

"I should like to tell a tale," said Mercury.

And he did.

* * * *

Mr. Frank Northfleet was brushing his silk hat in his office in a state of great good spirits. He had changed into evening dress at the office of the Rorty Well Mining Company, and was going by Underground, Sloane Square way, to dinner.

"After dinner," said Mr. Frank Northfleet, "I shall go upstairs and I shall get her aunt to play, and, whilst the aunt is playing, I shall say, 'Kate, dear, I want to ask you to be my wife. I am earning——'"

There was a knock at the door—the clerks had gone—and Mr. Northfleet went to open it.

"Nime of Northfleet," said the telegraph boy.

"Thank you, my boy." Mr. Northfleet took the telegram. He was slightly anxious at the prospect of to-night's essay, and he thought it would be wise to propitiate the gods by being generous. "Just off home?"

"Rather," said the boy. "I shall be late, too. Going to the theatre."

"Good," said Mr. Northfleet. "Here's half-a-crown to pay for your seat."

"This," said the telegraph boy, as he took the coin and placed it with much good humour in his eye, "is a bit of all right."

Mr. Frank Northfleet opened the envelope.

Northfleet,

Lothbury,

LONDON.

"Mine partly flooded. Grierson gone. Come out.—BLENKINSOP."

The young Secretary sat down in the chair and gasped. Half unconsciously he pulled off his dress tie. Then he rose and hurried to the telephone. The Chairman of the Company was abroad, and the Directors were quite useless. He felt that the responsibility for action rested with him alone.

"Hullo there."

"Hullo you."

"Is that Mr. Winstanley?"

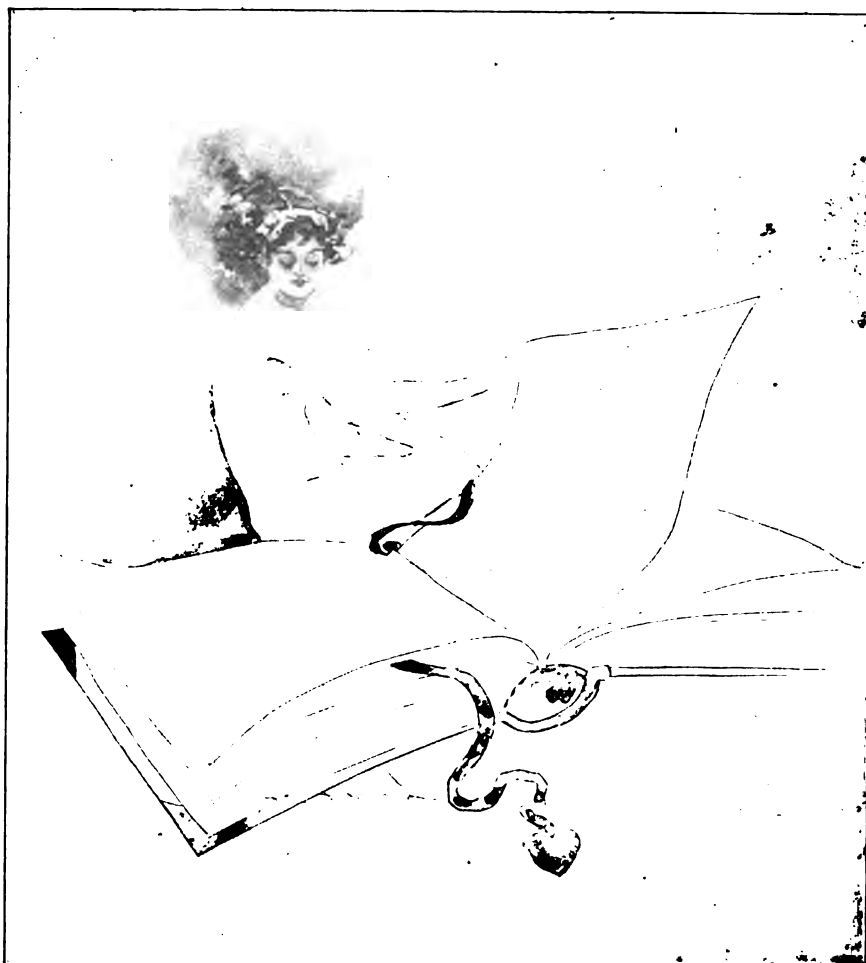
"Yes."

"Can you go out by to-morrow morning's ship to our mines? There's trouble there. The *Scot* goes to-morrow."

A sound of whistling at the other end.

"I thought the water was going into the Rocky Gorge Mines. It's gone your way instead, then?"

"That's about it, Winstanley. Can you go?"



JUNO.

"Only too pleased. Two thousand pounds."

"Two thousand *what*?"

"That's my fee."

Argument had no effect in reducing this unprepossessing figure. Northfleet knew that he had no authority to expend this sum.

"Then I suppose I must go myself," said Northfleet with a sigh.

"Right you are. Good-night. You know where to find me if you change your mind. Russell Square."

Mr. Northfleet was shown into the draw-

ing-room in Cheyne Gardens, and was welcomed by Mrs. Locke Hardinge and by Mrs. Locke Hardinge's mother. She was a very charming young person, Mrs. Hardinge; none the less charming for being just now very much in love. Mr. Frank Northfleet stated the case as briefly as possible.

"Mamma dear," said young Mrs. Hardinge, with some hurry. "Will you just see if everything is ready in the dining-room? You know what servants are."

She turned to Northfleet as soon as the obedient parent had disappeared.

"You are not really going, Mr. Northfleet?"

"Unfortunately I am. If I go from Waterloo to-night, I shall be able to buy a few things at Southampton to-morrow morning before I get on board to-morrow. I'm not like this expensive man, Winstanley; I want a few moments' notice."

"I'm—I'm very sorry you are going."

"So am I. As a fact"—he took her hand—"I was going to ask you to-night to be my wife."

She caught her breath for a moment, and did not answer.

"And if you care for me," went on Northfleet, "I shan't so much mind going. Absence will only make my heart grow fonder."

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "fonder of somebody in South Africa. Look here, Mr. Northfleet, I had money in the Rocky Gorge Mines, and that's all right now. I'll let you have the two thousand."

He did not hesitate for a moment.

"I couldn't take it, dear. It's very good of you, but——"

"I think you are very silly," she said, decidedly.

"Silly, perhaps," he said, "but not mean. I could not possibly be under so great an obligation to you, dear girl."

"Am I your dear girl?"

"Why, I hope so."

"But I may not be when you return. Do you happen to know, sir, how old I am now?"

"You are old enough to make me a dear, delightful——"

"Question, question. Do you know how old I am? I am twenty-four." Mr. Northfleet affected extreme surprise at the magnitude of the figure. "And when you return I shall be twenty-seven, and twenty-seven is getting on for thirty, and you will find some—some diamond merchant's daughter, or whatever the product of the country is, and—*Don't* go, I can so easily spare the money."

"I should feel, dearest love," said

Frank Northfleet, "that I was doing a dishonourable thing, and you must please let me have my own way. My mind is quite made up. But I confess I wish I hadn't to go."

Mr. Frank Northfleet was at Waterloo Station at half-past nine that evening. It had been hard work to say good-bye to her, but they had managed to have a good long talk, and although he might be away for a couple of years, they were going to correspond very frequently. He took his ticket, and put his portmanteau in a first smoking.

"It wants ten minutes," said the guard. "What might be your name, sir, may I ask?"

"It might be, and indeed is, Northfleet."

"Would you mind stepping this way, please? Someone wants to see you."

A veiled Sister of Mercy! She was standing in the shadow of the bridge on the opposite side of the platform. She took Frank Northfleet by the hand.

"Zere is no time to loose," she said, in queer broken English. "Do not, if you please, say a single word."

"Well, but——"

"Listen to me, if you please." She led him a little aside.

"It is all goontrived ver' well, and the stolen bonds haf been sold."

"Oh," said Frank Northfleet, with a puzzled air. "That's a very good thing."

"We all leaf England at once, but you, of course, remain here; is it not so?"

"Naturally," he said.

It occurred to Mr. Northfleet that this would be a diverting incident for him to relate (with a little exaggeration) on the *Scot* to his fellow-voyagers. It also occurred to him that he would make the Sister of Mercy extremely young and handsome (which she was not, for there were lines of age on her face).

"Zey all send their best regards," continued the Sister of Mercy, "and zey hope you will be quite happy."



"I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU TO BE MY WIFE."

"Oh, I shall be all right," said Mr. Northfleet, laughingly. "Tell them not to worry about me."

"And you will never forget me?"

"Never; I give you my word of that. But do you know somehow I almost forgot the circumstances. It was rather—rather a startling affair, wasn't it?"

"It was capitally managed," said the mysterious Sister of Mercy. "For my part I haf been engaged in so excellent an affair never in all my life. I hope you von't spoil it."

"And the detectives?" Mr. Northfleet felt that it would make the incident more interesting if he could only get at the details. "Is there no fear from New Scotland Yard?"

"Police know nozzing," she said, with much exultation. "It has all been managed so admirable. Yoseph—you remember Yoseph?"

"I am not likely to forget Joseph," said Mr. Northfleet, acutely.

"He is abroad to America gone."

"That's a good thing. But I have a fearful memory, as you know——"

"You vas alleveys forgetting some-things."

"Well," asked Northfleet, ingeniously, "where did the robbery take place?"

"Oh, you foony fellow," said the Sister of Mercy. "As if you didn't know quite well. You had no hand in it; but, of course, there is your share to consider."

"Of course."

"If you never see me again you will not forget me, eh?"

The question was put with some anxiety.

"It is not likely."

There was no harm in being polite to so old a woman.

"And now zere is but one zing to be done."

She felt in the bosom of her dress and looked anxiously at the clock.

"Oh," said Northfleet. "It's not really finished yet, then."

"Ah," said the Sister of Mercy, "alleveys the merry one of the party. You like my disguise, eh?"

She had a small canvas bag in her hands.

"Oh, I think it capital," said Frank Northfleet, with an amused air. "You look exceedingly well in it; but I must take my seat in the train."

"First," she handed him the bag, "here is your share. Two thousand five hundred pounds in notes. Goo'-bye."

She shook hands, turned hastily, and hurried away.

"Two thousand five hundred pounds," repeated Northfleet, mechanically.

"You've dropped something, sir," said the guard. He held it up to the light. "As nice a 'undred-pound note as anyone might wish to see. You'd better take your seat, sir."

"Well, but—but there's some extraordinary blunder. This money is not mine!"

"I shall be 'appy," said the guard, politely, "to blew as much of it, sir, as you like to leave me in your will. There's nothing like possession in these matters."

"Can you stop that woman?"

"There's no stopping a woman, sir," said the guard, with the manner of one who knows the sex. "She's 'ooked it. Jump in, sir."

It was so obviously an act of Providence that it really seemed impious to hesitate further.

"I think I'd better not," cried Frank Northfleet. "Take my portmanteau out; I'm not going. Russell Square, cabman."

It was rather late that evening when Mrs. Locke Hardinge looked into the glass in her bedroom. The washing of her pretty face and the hard rubbing had not only removed the make-up, but had given to her cheeks—she had an excellent cheek—a glow which rouge, however well intentioned, never really attains. Her cheque-book was open on the dressing-



MRS. LOCKE HARDINGE LOOKED INTO THE GLASS.

table. On the bed lay the demure cap and white bands and gown of a Sister of Mercy.

"The trouble," said Mrs. Locke Hardinge, as she looked at the counterfoil of the cheque that she had that evening written, "the trouble that there is in this world to get married a second time and to find someone to cash a cheque for you after banking hours is—well, something tremendous."

* * * *

Mercury, as he finished his story, moistened his lips with a passing shower.

"Now," he said, "what are you to do when there are such determined young women as that to deal with?"

Juno thought. She looked at Jupiter (who was asleep), and she remembered her Lemprière, and the anecdotes of her own early days contained therein.

"Ah, well," she said, tolerantly; "I suppose girls will be girls all the world over, especially young widows."

SPANISH PICTURES.

BY GLEESON WHITE.

Drawings by J. Kerr Lawson.

THERE are great countries not to be found on any map, and places visited in dreams only, which refuse to be identified in subsequent journeys to their material equivalents. Spain is one of these kingdoms, which is essentially the Alhambra as Washington Irving pictured it, the rest being merely an effective background. To those who drank in the "Tales of the Alhambra" in their childhood, all later Spanish statistics seem impertinent. True that when you return to that marvellous book in sober middle age, and open it once again, facts—common guide-book facts—stare you in the face ;

stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains and long sweeping plains destitute of trees and indescribably silent and lonesome." On even a flying visit to the Iberian peninsula you may identify these hitherto overlooked facts in the preliminary pages of Washington Irving's chronicle, but the essential Spain is only to be found there if you take it with you.

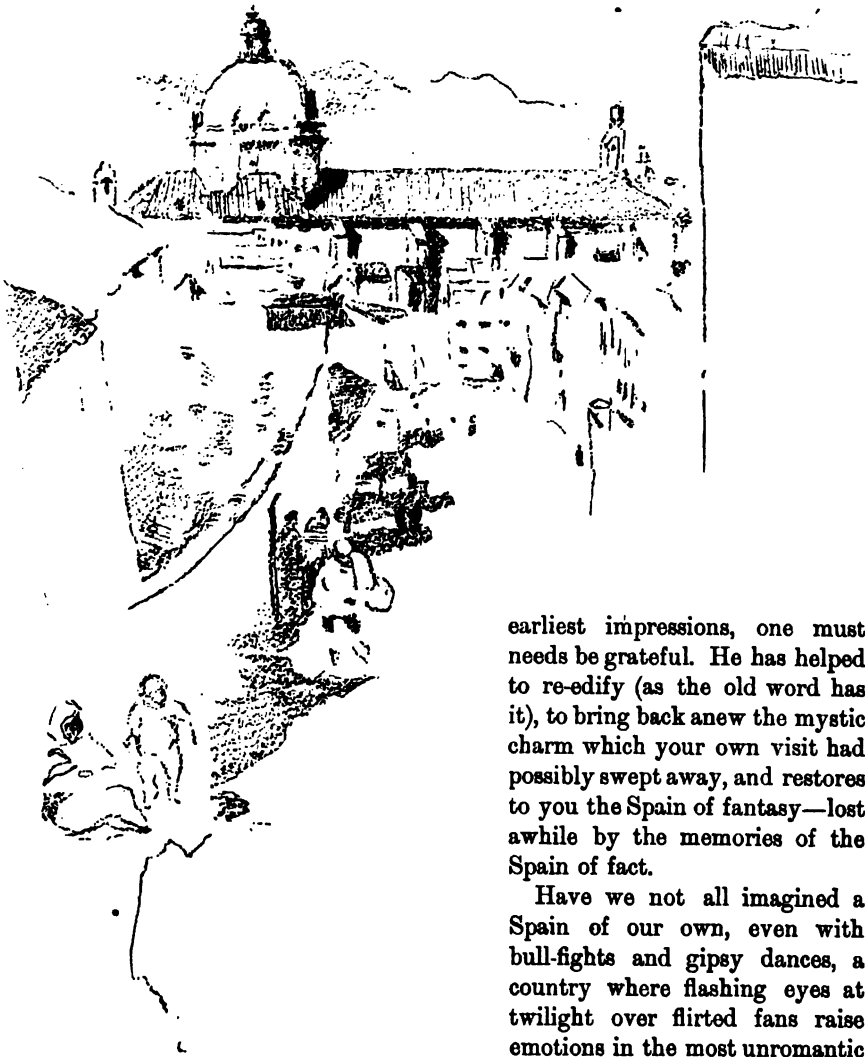
The poet, whether he rhymes or paints, travels well supplied beforehand with the atmosphere, the legend, and the indescribable glamour that never really was on sea or land ; hence he may bring back what he sought. The Cook's tourist sets out with a stock of neatly-arranged coupons and a few—a very few—preconceived ideas and prejudices, and returns for the most part with no coupons, few new ideas, but perhaps a few more prejudices. Possibly he may have picked up also a smattering of facts and photographs, but these could have been obtained much cheaper in the cosmopolitan Strand itself, or still easier from a Bædeker in an arm-chair at his club.

A visit to a foreign country is apt to rival the camera in its mass of unselected facts, and

the very first page warns you that it is "not a soft southern region decked out with all the luxuriant charms of a voluptuous Italy ; but, for the greater part, a

to minimise the true points of interest which an artist would have chosen, to the exclusion of the rest. Nothing would so imperil the future supremacy of Utopia





earliest impressions, one must needs be grateful. He has helped to re-edify (as the old word has it), to bring back anew the mystic charm which your own visit had possibly swept away, and restores to you the Spain of fantasy—lost awhile by the memories of the Spain of fact.

Have we not all imagined a Spain of our own, even with bull-fights and gipsy dances, a country where flashing eyes at twilight over flirted fans raise emotions in the most unromantic British breast. And when we (or some of us) arrived there, we found, readily enough, the bull-

fights, but not the background; the eyes and the fans, but not the emotions.

It seems to me that Mr. Kerr Lawson, a young Scottish artist, whose sketches are the true germ of this ramble in

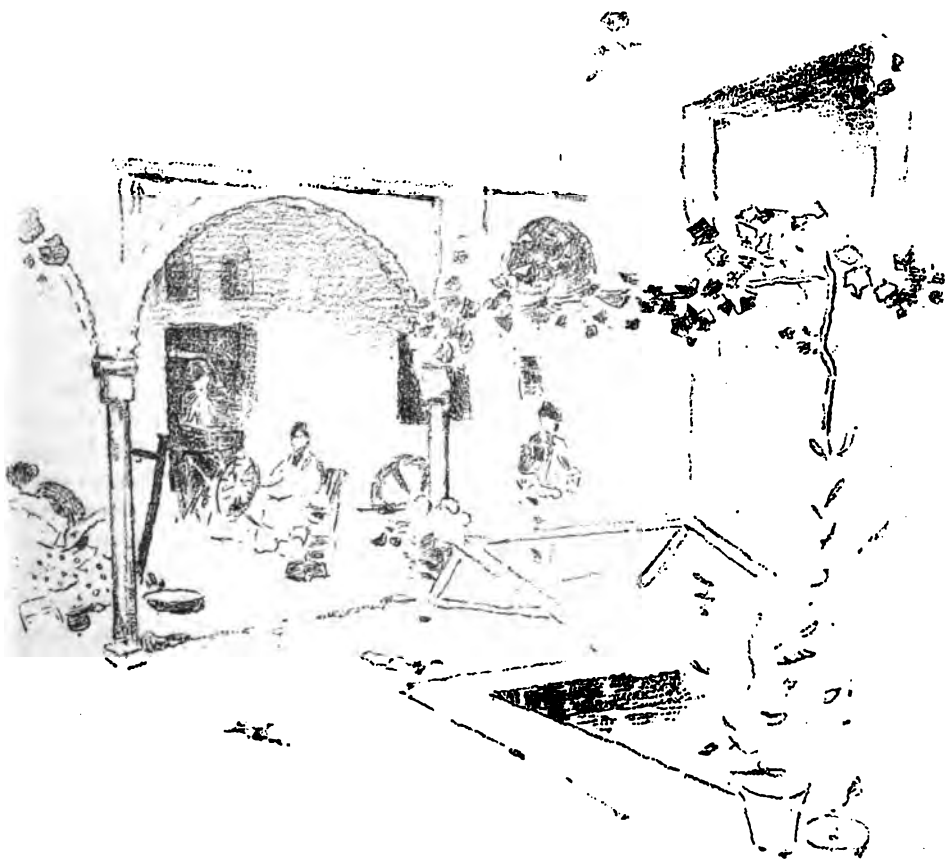
as a perfectly ideal state as a visit to the land itself. Therefore, when nowadays a writer or a painter goes to a veritable province of the world of old romance, and brings home pictures that restore your

Spain, has caught the most real Spain of all, if not the political and ethnographic Iberian peninsula of the atlas. This country, of course, holds many delightful sights, and for travellers much pleasure, not unmixed with tribulation caused by the too-prevalent garlic, the superfluously active flea, and the impassive and irresponsible mails and trains, which at home seem to belong to the region of natural law ; but there, once you have left the few cosmopolitan cities, occur with the irregularity of phenomena.

First, however, we must needs be able to accept Mr. Kerr Lawson's point of view. Very admirable persons are still

mildly shocked at such "impressions" as he gives us ; not, may I hasten to explain, because of any realistic detail he has portrayed, still less because of any suspected impropriety, but because he has dared to eliminate much of the common fact, and give you in place the uncommon feeling.

The second picture, a street of Granada, with the dome of St. Domingo rising aloft, may be taken as an instance of this power of selecting. Supposing you happened to have lodged in this street, you could not identify the window of your room, nor could you be sure whether the beggar at the right was the one who cursed you





so eloquently for ignoring his appeal ; you could not discover from it even the simple fact whether the side-walks were paved or not. Therefore, biographically, sociologically, or parochially, you find in it no Spanish equivalents for the common facts that interest us and our neighbours in the daily round of home life. If, however, you have learned to appreciate the Thames as Whistler saw it, or can revel in the Japan Hokusai has set down in apparently hasty lines for the delectation of a universe, or the Spain that Washington Irving revelled in, when he had disgorged himself of a pre-Murray-cum-Bædeker-chapter ; then, indeed, may you pass through the printed page of to-day into the very sunshine of Granada itself. The gipsy music is but waiting to echo from those houses now quiet in the siesta, the

half tropical air is drunk with the joy of being, you feel the huge dome hung in mid-air, and the solid walls of the great nave are real and abiding. Then, as twilight comes, it would not surprise you if a splendid procession of the Moorish kings, aroused from their enchanted sleep, filed in state down the long street—you know that at dusk a pine-laden breeze from the Sierra Nevada will flow into the heavy-laden still reeking atmosphere—whereof Mr. Kerr Lawson seems to me only to have suggested the pleasant scouts. All this, say you, implied by a few scribbled lines—my Lord Burleigh in his famous nod scarce expressed more by slight means. Exactly ! *if you can catch its meaning.* A word, a phrase, a slight movement of the body, shall reveal to you more than a life-long study of commonplace



criticism would supply. You may heap together all the Spanish things that occur to you—pictures by Velasquez and Murillo, bull-fights and stilettos, olives—liquorice, if you like—and obtain thus an International Exhibition effect. No mere samples of a country bring back the whole place so vividly as a chance line in a poem, or a rapid jotting in the sketch-book of an artist, can bring it to you.

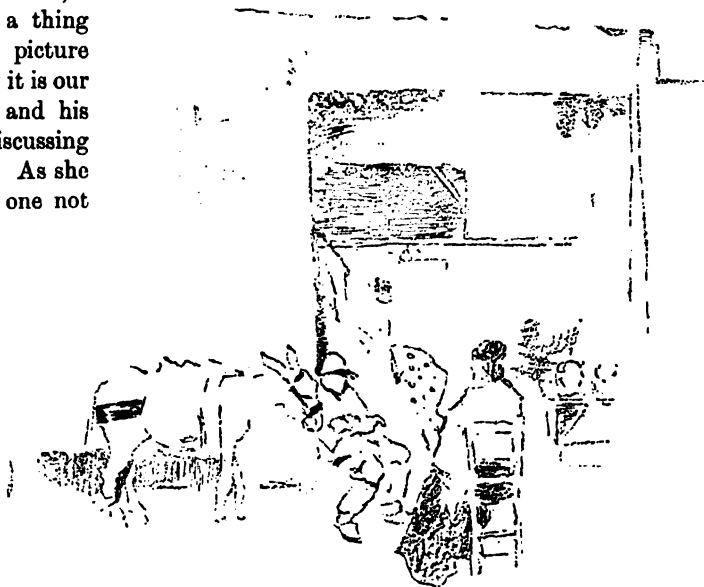
Look again at the courtyard scene. It is needless to describe the odours of the place as the artist sketched it, although almost necessary to add that he survived them. In the real air it was not the fragrance of vines, or the scent of roses which permeated the air, yet in the picture it has become an idyll.

The fourth sketch shows the King of the Gipsies—as he styled himself—what matters it that he was an impostor. Even his name is untranslatable. Our innocent inquiries as to its meaning provoked much dismay; the stammered explanation “because of his swarthy complexion,” will scarce betray it to you. Yet guileful and guilt-laden in fact, in the sketch he is, indeed, a royal beggar and a thing of beauty. In the picture on this page, surely it is our old friend Perigil and his wife, who are discussing their new dignity. As she flirts her fan can one not

hear her apologising for her ragged dress and talking of a new *basquina* trimmed with gold and spangles, with a fine lace mantilla, she intends to order? In the house one feels that the yellow waxen taper is ready to be lighted at midnight, when the Moor reads the magic form of incantation and the vault yawns open to discover the coffer bound with bands of steel and filled with pearls and precious stones wherewith Perigil shall load his mule.

The Spain Gustave Doré depicted so excellently was a fairly true and delightful country, not devoid of human tragedy and life—but all the same a melodramatic exaggeration of the real. The Spain Mr. Kerr Lawson has brought home in his portfolios is no less true. Look at the guitar-player on page 39, and is he not absolutely of the country of Don Quixote?

In the next sketches, where the twin towers of *La Virgin de las Augustias* rise behind the hills, no detail peculiarly “foreign” obtrudes itself; yet, somehow,







you feel it to be essentially Spanish—air, architecture, man, mules, all are of the real Granada—not an operatic Carmen-like city, not a weird, Doresque town, not the real half-Moorish, half-European place that Irving delighted in. In short, in looking at these slight records of a superb place for an artist's holiday, one may catch not merely glimpses of its topography and routine, but of the other Spain that Moskowski has limned on the piano ; that De Quincey has prisoned in stately sentences ; that Sarasato, master mage, has bewitched you into visiting for brief periods as you sat in St. James's Hall, unconscious of the heated atmosphere and the dull appreciation of music-maniacs following each passage from the printed music. All this is obviously but a personal view ; you may regard Moskowski's Spanish dances as ingenious studies in melodic rhythms, read De Quincey for his style, and applaud

the marvellous dexterity of Sarasato's technique, and completely eliminate the *Château d'Espagne*. Each artist has builded for those who will take their ease in its lordly pleasure-home.

As Mr. Kerr Lawson sketched, and we drank in the mixed delights of the scene, the Spain of Romance was forgotten ; yet looking at the sketches in the grey light of home, they seem to have recaptured the elusive dreams, and to portray what can never be fully set down in word or touch, that which was hardly present in the mind of the artist or his companion at the time.

Like the clothes of Andersen's Emperor—is all this fantastic gait purely imaginary?—purely subjective? Perhaps ! but if a magician by pen or pencil can re-open fairyland, let those who enter be thankful, and not too curious to inquire if they be dreaming or not. Those who jeer may

do so with a light heart. Nothing is easier than to disbelieve what nature has debarred you from believing.

So if a man thinks, then, these poems in pencil are merely tentative, five-minute sketches, wherein the artist to shirk trouble, has omitted all the little details

the average person delights in, why be angry with him for his opinion? It is logical—it is quite right from his point of view; but to those who feel the art of selection is the greatest of all arts, Mr. Kerr Lawson will not appeal in vain.





"DON'T DESIRE TO BE HIGH-PRIZED."



I PRITHEE LEAVE THIS PEEVISH FASHION.

I PRITHEE leave this peevish fashion,
Don't desire to be high-prized,
Love's a princely, noble passion,
And doth scorn to be despised.
Tho' we say you're fair, you know
We your beauty do bestow,—
For our fancy makes you so.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,
We do't only for our pleasure;
And those parts in which you glory,
We, by fancy, weigh and measure.
When for Deities you go,
For Angels, or for Queens, pray know
'Tis our own fancy makes you so!

Don't suppose your majesty
By tyranny's best signified,
And your angelic natures be
Distinguish'd only by your pride.
Tyrants make subjects rebels grow,
And pride makes angels devils below,
And your pride may make you so!

ALEXANDER BROME.





"SHE SPRANG SUDDENLY TO HER FEET."

A WOMAN INTERVENES.*

BY ROBERT BARR.

CHAPTER IX.

MOST of the passengers awoke next morning with a bewildering feeling of vague apprehension. The absence of all motion in the ship; the unusual and intense silence—these had a depressing effect. The engines had not yet started; that at least was evident. Kenyon was one of the first on deck. He noticed that the pumps were still working at their full speed, and that the steamer had still the ominous list to port. Happily the weather continued good, so far as the quietness of the sea was concerned. A slight drizzle of rain had set in, and the horizon was not many miles from the ship. There would not be much chance of sighting another liner while such weather continued.

Before Kenyon had been many minutes on deck, Edith Longworth came up the companion-way. She approached him with a smile on her face.

"Well," he said, "you, at least, do not seem to be suffering any anxiety because of our situation."

"Really," she replied, "I was not thinking of that at all, but about something else. Can you not guess what it is?"

"No," he answered hesitatingly. "What is it?"

"Have you forgotten that this is Sunday morning?"

"Is it? Of course it is. So far as I am concerned, time seemed to stop when the engines broke down. But I do not understand why Sunday means anything in particular."

"Don't you? Well, for a person who has been thinking for the last two or three days very earnestly on one particular subject, I am astonished at you.

Sunday morning and no land in sight! Reflect for a moment."

Kenyon's face brightened.

"Ah," he cried, "I see what you mean now. Miss Brewster's cable message will not appear in this morning's *New York Argus*."

"Of course it will not; and don't you see, also, that when we do arrive, you will have an equal chance in the race. If we get in before next Sunday, your telegram to the London people will go as quickly as her cable despatch to New York; thus you will be saved the humiliation of seeing the substance of your report in the London papers before the directors see the report itself. It is not much, to be sure, but still it puts you on equal terms; while if we had got into Queenstown last night that would have been impossible."

Kenyon laughed.

"Well," he said, "for such a result the cause is rather tremendous, isn't it? It is something like burning down the house to roast the pig!"

Shortly after ten o'clock the atmosphere cleared and showed in the distance a steamer, westward bound. The vessel evidently belonged to one of the great Ocean lines. The moment it was sighted, there fluttered up to the masthead a number of signal flags, and people crowded to the side of the ship to watch the effect on the outgoing vessel. Minute after minute passed, but there was no response from the other liner. People watched her with breathless anxiety, as though their fate depended on her noticing their signals. Of course, everybody thought she must see them, but still she steamed westward. A cloud of black smoke came out of her funnel, and then a long dark trail, like

* Copyright, 1896, in the United States of America.

the tail of a comet, floated out behind; but no notice was taken of the fluttering flags at the masthead. For more than an hour the steamer was in sight. Then she gradually faded away into the west, and finally disappeared.

This incident had a still more depressing effect on the passengers of the disabled ship. Although every officer had maintained there was no danger, yet the floating away of that steamer seemed somehow to leave them alone; and people, after gazing toward the west, until not a vestige of her remained in the horizon, went back to their deck chairs, feeling more despondent than ever.

Fleming, however, maintained that if people had to drown, it was just as well to drown jolly as mournful, and so he invited everybody to take a drink at his expense; a generous offer, of which all the frequenters of the smoking-room took instant advantage.

"My idea is this," said Fleming, as he sipped the cocktail which was brought to him, "if anything happens, let it happen; if nothing happens, why then let nothing happen. There is no use worrying about anything, especially something we cannot help. Here we are on the ocean in a disabled vessel; very good; we cannot do anything about it, and so long as the bar remains open, gentlemen, here's to you!"

And with this cheerful philosophy the New York politician swallowed down the liquor he had paid for.

Still the swish of water from the pumps could be heard, but the metallic clanking of steel on steel no longer came up from the engine-room. This in itself was ominous to those who knew. It showed that the engineer had given up all hope of repairing the damage, whatever it was, and the real cause of the disaster was as much a mystery as ever. Shortly before lunch it became evident to people on board the ship that something was about to be done. The sailors undid the fasten-

ings of one of the large boats, and swung it out on the davits until it hung over the sea.

Gradually rumour took form, and it became known that one of the officers and some of the crew were about to make an attempt to reach the coast of Ireland and telegraph to Queenstown for tugs to bring the steamer in. The captain still asserted that there was no danger whatever, and it was only to prevent delay that this expedient was about to be tried.

"Do you know what they are going to do?" cried Edith Longworth, in a state of great excitement, to John Kenyon.

Kenyon had been walking the deck with Wentworth, who now had gone below.

"I have heard," said Kenyon, "that they intend trying to reach the coast."

"Exactly. Now why should you not send a telegram to your people in London, and have the reports forwarded at once? The chances are that Miss Brewster will never think of sending her cablegram with the officer who is going to make the trip; then you will be a clear day or two ahead of her, and everything will be all right. In fact, when she understands what has been done, she probably will not send her own message at all."

"By George!" cried Kenyon, "that is a good idea. I will see the mate at once, and find out whether he will take a telegram."

He went accordingly and spoke to the mate about sending a message with him. The officer said that any passenger who wished to send a telegraphic message would be at liberty to do so. He would take charge of the telegrams very gladly. Kenyon went down to his state-room and told Wentworth what was going to be done. For the first time for some days, George Wentworth exhibited something like energy. He went to the steward and bought the stamps to put on

the telegram, while John Kenyon wrote it.

The message was given to the man, who put it into his inside pocket, and then Kenyon thought all was safe. But Miss Longworth was not so sure of that. Jenny Brewster sat in her deck chair calmly reading her usual paper-covered novel. She apparently knew nothing of what was going on, and Edith Longworth, nervous with suppressed excitement, sat near her, watching her narrowly, while preparations for launching the boat were being completed. Suddenly, to her horror, the deck steward appeared, and in a loud voice cried: "Ladies and gentlemen, anyone wishing to send telegrams to friends has a few minutes now to write them. The mate will take them ashore with him, and will send them from the first office that he reaches. No letters can be taken, only telegrams."

Miss Brewster looked up languidly from her book during the first part of this recital. Then she sprang suddenly to her feet, and threw the book on the deck.

"Who is it that will take the telegrams?" she asked the steward.

"The mate, Miss. There he is standing yonder, Miss."

She made her way quickly to that official.

"Will you take a cable despatch to be sent to New York?"

"Yes, Miss. Is it a long one?" he asked.

"Yes, it is a very long one."

"Well, Miss," was the answer, "you haven't much time to write it. We leave now in a very few minutes."

"It is all written out; I have only to add a few words to it." Miss Brewster at once flew to her state-room. The telegram about the mine was soon before her with the words counted, and the silver and gold that were to pay for it, piled on the table. She resolved to run no risk of delay by having the message sent "to

collect." Then she dashed off, as quickly as she could, a brief and very graphic account of the disaster which had overtaken the *Caloric*. If this account was slightly exaggerated, Miss Brewster had no time to tone it down. Picturesque and dramatic description was what she aimed at. Her pen flew over the paper with great rapidity, and she looked up every now and then, through her state-room window, to see dangling from the ropes the boat that was to make the attempt to reach the Irish coast. As she could thus see how the preparations for the departure were going forward, she lingered longer than she might otherwise have done, and added line after line to the despatch which told of the disaster. At last she saw the men take their places in the longboat. She hurriedly counted the words in the new despatch she had written, and quickly from her purse piled the gold that was necessary to pay for their transmission. Then she sealed the two despatches in an envelope, put the two piles of gold into one, after rapidly counting them again, cast a quick look up at the still motionless boat, grasped the gold in one hand, the envelope in the other, and sprang to her feet, but as she did so she gave a shriek and took a step backwards.

Standing with her back to the door was Edith Longworth. When she had entered the state-room, Miss Brewster did not know, but her heart beat wildly as she saw the girl standing silently there, as if she had risen up through the floor.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I am here," said Miss Longworth, "because I wish to talk with you."

"Stand aside; I have no time to talk with you just now. I told you I didn't want to see you again. Stand aside, I tell you."

"I shall not stand aside."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I shall not stand aside."

"Then I shall ring the bell and have you thrust out of here for your impudence."

"You shall not ring the bell," said Edith calmly, putting her hand over the white china plaque that held in its centre the black electric button.

"Do you mean to tell me that you intend to keep me from leaving my own state-room?"

"I mean to tell you exactly that."

"Do you know that you can be imprisoned for attempting such a thing?"

"I don't care."

"Stand aside, you vixen, or I will strike you!"

"Do it."

For a moment the two girls stood there, the one flushed and excited, the other apparently calm, with her back against the door and her hand over the electric button. A glance through the window showed Miss Brewster that the mate had got into the boat, and that they were steadily lowering away.

"Let me pass, you—you wretch!"

"All in good time," replied Edith Longworth, whose gaze was also upon the boat swinging in mid air. Jenny Brewster saw at once that if it came to a hand-to-hand encounter, she would have no chance whatever against the English girl, who was in every way her physical superior. She had her envelope in one hand and the gold in the other. She thrust both of them into her pocket, which, after some fumbling, she found. Then she raised her voice in one of the shrillest screams which Edith Longworth had ever heard. As if in answer to that ear-piercing sound there rose from the steamer a loud and ringing cheer. Both glanced up to see where the boat was, but it was not in sight. Several ropes were dangling down past the porthole. Miss Brewster sprang up on the sofa, and with her small hands turned round the screw which held the deadlight closed.

Edith Longworth looked at her without

making any attempt to prevent the unfastening of the window.

Jenny Brewster flung open the heavy brass circle which held the thick green glass, and again she screamed at the top of her voice, crying "help" and "murder."

The other did not move from her position. In the silence that followed, the steady splash of oars could be heard, and again a rousing cheer rang out from those who were left upon the motionless steamer. Edith Longworth raised herself on tiptoe and looked out of the open window. On the crest of a wave, five hundred yards away from the vessel, she saw the boat for a moment appear, showing the white glitter of her six dripping oars; then it vanished down the other side of the wave into the trough of the sea.

"Now, Miss Brewster," she said, "you are at liberty to go."

CHAPTER X.

AFTER Edith Longworth left her, Jenny Brewster indulged in a brief spasm of hysterics. Her good sense, however, speedily came to her rescue; and, as she became more calm, she began to wonder why she had not assaulted the girl who had dared to imprison her. She dimly remembered that she thought of a fierce onslaught at the time, and she also remembered that her fear of the boat leaving during the row had stayed her hand. But now that the boat had left, she bitterly regretted her inaction, and grieved unavailingly over the fact that she had stopped to write the account of the disaster which befell the *Caloric*. Had she not done so, all might have been well, but her great ambition to be counted the best newspaper woman in New York, and to show the editor that she was equal to any emergency that might arise, had undone her. While it would have been possible for her to send away one tele-

gram, her desire to write the second had resulted in her sending none at all. Although she impugned her own conduct in language that one would not have expected to have heard from the lips of the daughter of a millionaire, her anger against Edith Longworth became more intense, and a fierce desire to have revenge took possession of the fair correspondent. She resolved that she would go up on deck and shame this woman before everybody. She would attract public attention to the affair by tearing Edith Longworth from her deck chair, and in her present state of mind she had no doubt she had the strength to do it. With the yearning for revenge fierce and strong upon her, the newspaper woman put on her hat, and departed for the deck. Like an enraged tigress she passed up one side and down the other, but her intended victim was not visible. The rage of Miss Brewster increased when she did not find her prey where she expected. She had a fear that when she calmed down a different disposition would assert itself, and her revenge would be lost. In going to and fro along the deck she met Kenyon and Fleming walking together. Fleming had just that moment come up to Kenyon, who was quietly pacing the deck alone, and, slapping him on the shoulder, asked him to have a drink.

"It seems to me," he said, "that I never have had the pleasure of offering you a drink since we came on board the ship. I want to drink with everybody who is here, and especially now, when something has happened to make it worth while."

"I am very much obliged to you," said John Kenyon coldly, "but I never drink with anybody."

"What, never touch it at all? Not even beer?"

"Not even beer."

"Well, I am astonished to hear that. I thought every Englishman drank beer."

"There is at least one Englishman who does not."

"All right then, no harm done, and no offence given, I hope. I may say, however, that you miss a lot of fun in this world."

"I presume I miss a few headaches also."

"Oh, not necessarily. I have one great recipe for not having a headache. You see, this is the philosophy of headaches." And then, much to John's chagrin, he linked arms with him and changed his step to suit Kenyon's, talking all the time as if they were the most intimate friends in the world.

"I have a sure plan for avoiding a headache. You see, when you look into the matter, it is this way. The headache only comes when you are sober. Very well then. It is as simple as A B C. Never get sober; that's the way I do. I simply keep on and never get sober, so I have no headaches. If people who drink would avoid the disagreeable necessity of ever getting sober they would be all right. Don't you see what I mean?"

"And how about their brains in the meantime?"

"Oh, their brains are all right. Good liquor sharpens a man's brains wonderfully. Now you try it some time. Let me have them mix a cocktail for you? I tell you, John, a cocktail is one of the finest drinks that ever was made, and this man at the bar, when I came on board—he thought he could make a cocktail, but he didn't know even the rudiments—I have taught him how to do it, and I tell you that secret will be worth a fortune to him, because if there is anything Americans like, it is to have their cocktails mixed correctly. There's no one man in all England can do it, and very few men on the Atlantic service. But I'm gradually educating them. Been across six times. They pretend to give you American drinks over in England, but you must know how disappointing they are."

"I'm sure I don't see how I should know, for I never taste any of them."

"Ah, true ; I had forgotten that. Well, I took this bar-keeper here in hand, and he knows now how to make a reasonably good cocktail—and, as I say, that secret will be worth money to him from American passengers."

John Kenyon was revolving in his mind the problem of how to get rid of this loquacious and generous individual, when he saw, bearing down upon them, the natty figure of Miss Jenny Brewster ; and he wondered what was the cause of the look of bitter indignation flashing from her eyes. He thought that she intended to address the American politician, but he was mistaken. She came directly at him, and, with her fist clenched, said in a loud voice :

"Well, John Kenyon, what do you think of your work ?"

"What work ?" asked the bewildered man.

"You know very well what work I mean. A fine specimen of a man you are ! Without the courage yourself to prevent my sending that telegram, you induced your dupe to come down to my state-room and brazenly keep me from sending it."

The look of utter astonishment that came upon the face of honest John Kenyon would have convinced any woman in her senses that he knew nothing at all of what she was speaking. A dim impression of this indeed flashed across the young woman's heated brain. But before she could speak, Fleming said :

"Tut, tut, my dear girl, you are talking too loud altogether. Do you want to attract the attention of everybody on the deck ? You mustn't make a scandal in this way on board ship."

"Scandal !" she cried. "We will soon see whether there will be a scandal or not. Attract the attention of those on deck ! That is exactly what I am going to do, until I show up the villainy of this man you are talking to. He was the concocter of it, and he knows it. She never had brains enough to think it out. He was

too much of a coward to carry it out himself, and so he set her to do his dastardly piece of work."

"Well, well," said Fleming, "even if he has done all that, whatever it is, it will do no good to attract attention to it here on deck. See how everybody is listening to what you are saying. My dear girl, you are too angry to talk just now ; the best thing you can do is to go down to your state-room."

"You shut your silly mouth, will you ?" she cried, turning furiously upon him. "I'll thank you to mind your own business, and let me attend to mine. I should have thought that you would have found out before this that I am capable of attending to my own affairs."

"Certainly, certainly, my dear girl," answered the politician, soothingly ; "I'm sorry I can't get you all to come and have a drink with me and talk this matter over quietly. That's the correct way to do things. Not to stand here screeching on the deck with everybody listening. Now if you will quietly discuss the matter with John here, I'm sure everything will be all right."

"You don't know what you are talking about," replied the young lady. "Do you know that I had an important despatch to send to *The Argus*, and that this man's friend, doubtless at his instigation, came into my room and practically held me prisoner there until the boat had left, so that I could not send the despatch ? Think of the cheek and villainy of that, and then speak to me of talking wildly !"

A look of relief and astonishment came into Kenyon's face that quite convinced the newspaper woman, more than all his protestations would have done, that he knew nothing of the escapade whatever.

"And who kept you from coming out ?" asked Fleming.

"It is none of your business," she replied, tartly.

"If you will believe me," said Kenyon at last, "I knew nothing whatever of all

this, so you see there is no use speaking to me about it. I won't pretend I am sorry, because I am not."

This added fuel to the flames and she was about to blaze out again, when Kenyon turned on his heel and left her and Fleming standing facing each other. Then the young woman herself turned and quickly departed, leaving the astonished politician entirely alone, so that there was nothing for him to do but to go into the smoking-room and ask somebody else to have a drink with him, which he promptly did.

Miss Brewster made her way to the Captain's room and rapped at the door. On being told to enter, she found that officer seated at his table with some charts before him and a haggard look upon his face, which might have warned her that this was not the proper time to air any personal grievances.

"Well?" he said, briefly, as she entered.

"I came to see you, Captain," she began, "because an outrageous thing has been done on board this ship and I desire reparation—what is more I will have it!"

"What is the 'outrageous thing'?" asked the Captain.

"I had some despatches to send to New York, to *The New York Argus*, on whose staff I am."

"Yes," said the Captain, with interest; "despatches relating to what has happened to the ship?"

"One of them did, the other did not."

"Well, I hope," said the Captain, "you have not given an exaggerated account of the condition we are in."

"I have given no account at all, simply because I was prevented from sending the cablegrams."

"Ah, indeed," said the Captain, a look of relief coming over his face, in spite of his efforts to conceal it, "and pray what prevented you from sending your cablegrams? The mate would have taken any messages that were given to him."

"I know that," cried the young woman; "and when I was in my room writing the last of the despatches, a person who is on board as a passenger here—Miss Longworth—came into my room and held me prisoner there until the boat had left the ship."

The Captain arched his eyebrows in astonishment.

"My dear madam," he said, "you make a very serious charge. Miss Longworth has crossed several times with me, and I am bound to say that a more well-behaved young lady I never had on board my ship."

"Extremely well behaved she is!" cried the correspondent, angrily; "she stood against my door and prevented me from going out. I screamed for help but my screams were drowned in the cheers of the passengers when the boat left."

"Why did you not ring your bell?"

"I couldn't ring my bell because she prevented me. Besides, if I had reached the bell it is not likely anybody would have answered it; everybody seemed to be gawking after the boat that was leaving."

"You can hardly blame them for that. A great deal depends on the safety of that boat. In fact, if you come to think about it, you will see that whatever grievance you may have, it is, after all, a very trivial one compared to the burden that weighs on me just now, and I very much prefer not to have anything to do with disputes between the passengers until we are out of our present predicament."

"The predicament has nothing whatever to do with it. I tell you a fact. I tell you that one of your passengers came and imprisoned me in my state-room. I come to you for redress. Now there must be some law on shipboard that takes the place of ordinary law on land. I make this demand officially to you. If you refuse to hear me, and refuse to redress my wrong, then I have public opinion to which I can appeal through my paper, and perhaps there will also be a chance of

obtaining justice through the law of the land to which I am going."

"My dear madam," said the Captain, calmly, "you must not use threats to me. I am not accustomed to be talked to in the way you have taken upon yourself to speak. Now tell me what it is you wish me to do?"

"It is for you to say what you will do. I am a passenger on board this ship, and am supposed to be under the protection of its captain. I therefore tell you I have been forcibly detained in my state-room, and I demand that the person who did this shall be punished."

"You say that Miss Longworth was the person who did this?"

"Yes, I do."

"Now, do you know you make a very serious charge against that young lady—a charge that I find it very difficult to believe? May I ask you what reason she had for doing what you say she has done?"

"That is a long story. I am quite prepared to show that she tried to bribe me not to send a despatch, and, finding herself unsuccessful, she forcibly detained me in my room until too late to send the telegram."

The Captain pondered over what had been said to him.

"Have you any proof of this charge?"

"Proof! what do you mean? Do you doubt my word?"

"I mean exactly what I say. Have you anybody to prove the very serious charge you bring?"

"Certainly not. I have no proof. If there had been a witness there, the thing would not have happened. If I could have summoned help, it would not have happened. How could I have any proof of such an outrage?"

"Well, do you not see that it is impossible for me to take action on your unsupported word? Do you not see that if you take further steps in this extraordinary affair, Miss Longworth will ask you

for proof of what you state? If she denies acting as you say she did, and you fail to prove your allegation, it seems to me that you will be in rather a difficult position. You would be liable to a suit for slander. Just think the matter over calmly for the rest of the day before you take any further action upon it, and I would strongly advise you to mention this to nobody on board. Then, if to-morrow you are still in the same frame of mind, come to me."

Thus dismissed, the young woman left the Captain's room, and met Fleming just outside, who said:

"Look here, Miss Brewster, I want to have a word with you. You were very curt with me just now."

"Mr. Fleming, I do not wish to speak to you."

"Oh, that's all right, that's all right; but let me tell you this: you're a pretty smart young woman, and you have done me one or two very evil turns in your life. I have found out all about this affair, and it's one of the funniest things I ever heard of."

"Very funny, isn't it?" snapped the young woman.

"Of course it's very funny; but when it appears in full in the opposition papers to *The Argus*, perhaps you won't see the humour of it,—though everybody else in New York will, that's one consolation."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to say, Jenny Brewster, that unless you are a fool you will drop this thing. Don't, for heaven's sake, let anybody know you were treated by an English girl in the way you were. Take my advice, say no more about it."

"And what business is it of yours?"

"It isn't mine at all, that is why I am meddling with it. Arn't you well enough acquainted with me to know that nothing in the world pleases me so much as to interfere in other people's business? I have found out all about the girl who kept you in, and a mighty plucky action it was too. I have seen that girl on the

deck, and I like the cut of her jib. I like the way she walks. Her independence suits me. She is a girl who wouldn't give a man any trouble, now I tell you, if he were lucky enough to win her. And I am not going to see that girl put to any trouble by you, understand that!"

"And how are you going to prevent it, may I ask?"

"May you ask! Why, of course you may. I will tell you how I am going to prevent it. Simply by restraining you from doing another thing in the matter."

"If you think you can do that, you are very much mistaken. I am going to have that girl put in prison, if there is a law in the land."

"Well, in the first place, we are not on land; and, in the second place, you are going to do nothing of the kind; because, if you do, I shall go to the London correspondents of the other New York papers and give the whole blessed snap away. I'll tell them how the smart and cute Miss Dolly Dimple, who has bamboozled so many persons in her life, was once caught in her own trap; and I shall inform them how it took place. And they'll be glad to get it, you bet! It will make quite interesting reading in the New York opposition papers some fine Sunday morning—about a column and a-half, say. Won't there be some swearing in *The Argus* when that appears? It won't be your losing the despatch you were going to send, but it will be your utter idiocy in making the thing public, and letting the other papers on to it. Why, the best thing in the world for you to do, and the *only* thing, is to keep as quiet about it as possible. I am astonished at a girl of your sense, Dolly, making a public fuss like this, when you should be the very one trying to keep it quiet."

The newspaper correspondent pondered on these words.

"And if I keep quiet about it, will you do the same?"

"Certainly; but you must remember

that if ever you attempt any of your tricks of interviewing on me again, out comes this whole thing. Don't forget that."

"I won't," said Miss Jenny Brewster. And next morning, when the Captain was anxiously awaiting her arrival in his room, she did not appear.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER all, it must be admitted that George Wentworth was a man of somewhat changeable character. For the last two or three days he had been moping about like one who meditated suicide; now he suddenly became the brightest individual on board, when everyone else was anxiously wondering what was going to happen to the ship. For a man to be moody and distraught while danger was impending, was not at all surprising; but that a man, right in the midst of gloom, should suddenly blossom out with a smiling countenance, and a general hilarity of manner, was something extraordinary. People thought it must be a case of brain trouble. They watched the young man with interest as he walked with a springy step up and down the deck. Every now and again a bright smile illuminated his face, and then he seemed to be ashamed that people should notice he was feeling hilarious. When he was alone he had a habit of smiting his thigh, and bursting out into a laugh that was long and low rather than loud and boisterous. No one was more astonished at this change than Fleming, the politician. George met him on deck, and, to the great surprise of that worthy gentleman, smote him on the back and said:

"My dear sir, I am afraid the other day, when you spoke to me, I answered a little gruffly. I beg to apologise. Come and have a drink with me."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Fleming, joyously; "we all of us have our little

down-turns now and then. Why, I have them myself, when liquor is bad or scarce ! You mightn't believe it, but some days I feel away down in the mouth. It is true I have a recipe for getting up again, which I always use—and that reminds me. Do you remember what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina ? ”

“ I'm sure I don't know,” said Wentworth ; “ you see I'm not very well versed in United States politics.”

“ Well, there wasn't much politics about his remark. He merely said, ‘ It's a long time between drinks ; come in and have something with me. ’ It seems to me you haven't tasted anything in my company since the voyage began.”

“ I believe,” said Wentworth, “ that is a true statement. Let us amend it as soon as possible, only in this case let me pay for the drinks. I invited you to drink with me.”

“ Not at all, not at all,” cried Fleming ; “ not while I'm here. This is my treat, and it is funny to think that a man should spend a week with another man without knowing him. Really, you see, I haven't known you till now.”

And so the two worthy gentlemen disappeared into the smoking-room and rang the electric bell.

But it was in his own state-room that George Wentworth's jocularities came out at its best. He would grasp John Kenyon by the shoulder and shake that solemn man, over whose face a grim smile would appear when he noticed the exuberant jollity of his comrade.

“ John,” Wentworth cried, “ why don't you laugh ? ”

“ Well, it seems to me,” replied his comrade, “ that you are doing laughing enough for us both. It is necessary to have one member of the firm solid and substantial. I'm trying to keep the average about right. When you were in the dumps I had to be cheerful for two. Now that you feel so funny I take a refuge

in melancholy, to rest me after my hard efforts at cheerfulness.”

“ Well, John, it seems to me too good to be true. What a plucky girl she was to do such a thing ! How did she know but that the little vixen had a revolver with her, and might have shot her ? ”

“ I suppose she didn't think about the matter at all.”

“ Have you seen her since that dramatic incident ? ”

“ Seen whom ? Miss Brewster ? ”

“ No, no, I mean Miss Longworth.”

“ No, she hasn't appeared yet. I suppose she fears there will be a scene, and she is anxious to avoid it.”

“ Very likely that is the case,” said Wentworth. “ Well, if you do see her you can tell her there is no danger. Our genial friend Fleming has had a talk with that newspaper woman, so he tells me, and the way he describes it is exceedingly picturesque. He has threatened her with giving away the ‘ snap,’ as he calls it, to the other New York papers, and it seems that the only thing on earth Miss Brewster is afraid of is the opposition press. So she has promised to say nothing more whatever about the incident.”

“ Then you have been talking with Fleming ? ”

“ Certainly I have ; a jovial good fellow he is, too. I have been doing something more than talking with him, I have been drinking with him.”

“ And yet a day or two ago, I understand, you threatened to strike him.”

“ A day or two ago, John ! It was ages and ages ago. A day or two isn't in it. That was years and centuries since, as it appears to me. I was an old man then ; now I have become young again, and all on account of the plucky action of that angel of a girl of yours.”

“ Not of mine,” said Kenyon, seriously ; “ I wish she were.”

“ Well, cheer up. Everything will come out right ; you see it always does. Nothing looked blacker than this matter

about the telegram a few days ago, and see how beautifully it has turned out."

Kenyon said nothing. He did not desire to discuss the matter even with his best friend. The two went up on deck together, and took a few turns along the promenade, during which promenade the eyes of Kenyon were directed to the occupants of the deck chairs, but he did not see the person whom he sought. Telling Wentworth that he was going below for a moment, he left him to continue his walk alone, and on reaching the saloon Kenyon spoke to the stewardess.

"Do you know if Miss Longworth is in her state-room?"

"Yes, I think she is," was the answer.

"Will you take this note to her?"

"Certainly."

John sat down to wait for an answer. The answer did not come by the hand of the stewardess. Edith herself timorously glanced into the saloon, and, seeing Kenyon alone, ventured in. He sprang up to meet her.

"I was afraid," he said, "that you had been ill."

"No, not exactly, but almost," she answered. "Oh, Mr. Kenyon, I have done the most terrible thing! You could not imagine that I was so bold and wicked," and tears gathered in the eyes of the girl.

Kenyon stretched out his hand to her, and she took it. "I am afraid to stay here with you," she said, "for fear——"

"Oh, I know all about it," said Kenyon.

"You cannot know about it; you surely do not know what I have done?"

"Yes, I know exactly what you've done, and we all very much admire your pluck."

"It hasn't, surely, been the talk of the ship?"

"No, it has not; but Miss Brewster charged me with being an accomplice."

"And you told her you were not, of course?"

"I couldn't tell her anything, for the

simple reason that I hadn't the faintest idea what she was talking about; but that's how I came to know what had happened, and I came down to thank you, Miss Longworth, for what you have done. I really believe you have saved the sanity of my friend Wentworth. He is a different man since the incident we are speaking of occurred."

"And have you seen Miss Brewster since?"

"Oh, yes; as I was telling you, she met me on the deck. Dear me, how thoughtless of me, I had forgotten you were standing. Won't you sit down?"

"No, no, I have been in my room so long that I am glad to stand anywhere."

"Then won't you come up on deck with me?"

"Oh, I'm afraid," she said. "I am afraid of a public scene, and I am sure, by the last look I caught of that girl's eyes, she will stop at no scandal to have her revenge. I am sorry to say that I am too much of a coward to meet her. Of course, from her point of view I have done her eternal wrong. Perhaps it was wrong from anybody's point of view."

"Miss Longworth," said John Kenyon, cordially, "you need have no fear whatever of meeting her. She will say nothing."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, it is a long story. She went to the Captain with her complaint, and received very little comfort there. I will tell you all about it on deck. Get a wrap and come with me."

As Kenyon gave this peremptory order, he realised that he was taking a liberty he had no right to take, and his face flushed as he wondered if Edith would resent the familiarity of his tones; but she merely looked up at him with a bright smile, and said:

"I shall do, sir, as you command."

"No, no," said Kenyon, "it was not a command, although it sounded like one.

It was a very humble request; at least, I intended it to be such."

"Well, I will get my wrap."

As she left for her state-room, a rousing cheer was heard from up on deck. She stopped and looked at Kenyon.

"What does that mean?" she said.

"I do not know," was the answer. "Please get your things on and we will go up and see."

When they reached the deck they saw everybody at the forward part of the ship. Just becoming visible in the eastern horizon were three trails of black smoke apparently coming towards them.

The word was whispered from one to the other: "It is the tug-boats. It is relief."

Few people on board the steamer knew that their very existence depended entirely on the good weather. The incessant pumping showed everybody who gave a thought to the matter, that the leak had been serious, but as the subsidence of the vessel was imperceptible to all save experts, no one but the officers really knew the danger they were in. Glad as the passengers were to see these three boats approach, the one who most rejoiced was the one who knew most

about the disaster and its effects—the Captain.

Edith Longworth and John Kenyon paced the deck together and did not form two of the crowd who could not tear themselves away from the front of the ship, watching the gradually approaching tug-boats. Purposely, John Kenyon brought the girl who was with him past Miss Jenny Brewster, and although that person glared with a good deal of anger at Edith, who blushed to her temples with fear and confusion, yet nothing was said; and Kenyon knew that afterwards his companion would feel easier in her mind about meeting the woman with whom she had had such a stormy five minutes. The tug-boats speedily took the big steamer in tow, and slowly the four of them made progress towards Queens-town, it having been resolved to land all the passengers there, and to allow the disabled vessel to be towed to Liverpool, if an examination of the hull showed such a course to be a safe one. The passengers bade each other good-bye after they left the tender, and many that were on board that ship never saw each other again. One, at least, had few regrets and no good-byes to make.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHE—AND HER PARENTS.

BY M. BABINGTON BAYLEY.

THERE'S a house a few miles from the city

I frequently linger outside ;

'Tis the home of a maid who is pretty,

A maid I would like for my bride.

I fear that I never shall win her,

My passion is hopeless and mute.

I'm sure that her parents would skin her,

If they thought that she smiled on my suit.



Her eyes are the purest and brightest

That ever encouraged a hope ;

Her skin is the softest and whitest

That ever shed lustre on soap ;

Her hair is the richest and golddest

That ever a hairdresser dressed ;

And her parents are surely the coldest

A heroine ever possessed.

Her figure's the nicest and neatest

That ever was moulded by Time ;

Her feet are the smallest and sweetest

That ever gave rise to a rhyme.

Of learning she harbours a headful

All classical authors she's read ;

But her parents—I know that it's dreadful,

But really, I wish they were dead !



Her voice, it's a mezzo-soprano,
 Would make even Patti afraid;
 And the way that she plays the piano
 Puts Rubinstein quite in the shade.
 More perfect she is than perfection:
 Resign her I can't and I won't!
 And she looks upon me with affection,
 But her parents—O, bother them!—don't.

You see, they're exceedingly wealthy,
 As rich as the typical Jew,
 And, though I'm sufficiently healthy,
 My coins are distressingly few.
 They intend her to marry a title;
 They want to address her—"Your Grace."
 They've made up their minds this is vital;
 Which scratches me out of the race.



Nor do I, in theory, blame them.
 She's worthy a duke, I aver.
 It's true I'd be puzzled to name them
 A duke who is worthy of her.
 I wish *I'd* a title, to woo her,
 Or the prospect of getting one soon;
 But—as I'm neither a lord nor a brewer,
 I might as well wish for the moon.

I wish I'd a coffer to proffer
 That bubbled and spouted with gold,
 That I might not, when making my offer,
 "You are seeking her fortune," be told.
 But alas for the trouble that cankers,
 Every letter I get is a bill,
 And the balance that lies at my bankers,
 To put it exactly, is *nil*.



O, I know she's beyond and above me ;
 I deserve to be hung, I'm aware,
 For presuming to think she could love me ;
 But I don't altogether despair.
 For my heart undergoes an expansion
 When I think—what I'll tell you about—
 Of that night when I called at her mansion,
 And her parents—God bless them !—were out.

When I think of the way she received me,
 Of the way, and the words, that I spoke ;
 Of the way that she blushed, and believed me ;
 Of the sixpence we solemnly broke ;
 Of the mutual hopes we confided,
 As we blended our voices in song,
 And that rapturous kiss we divided !—
 Well—her parents can go to Hong-Kong !



THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

XIV.

1, OAKLEY VILLAS, BIRCHESPOOL,
January 15th, 1883.

YOU write reproachfully, my dear Bertie, and you say that absence must have weakened our close friendship since I have not sent you a line during this long seven months. The real truth of the matter is that I had not the heart to write to you until I could tell you something cheery, and something cheery has been terribly long in coming. At present I can only claim that the cloud has perhaps thinned a little at the edges.

You see by the address of this letter that I still hold my ground, but between ourselves it has been a terrible fight, and there have been times when that last plank of which old Whitehall wrote seemed to be slipping out of my clutch. I have ebbed and flowed, sometimes with a little money, sometimes without. At my best I was living hard, at my worst I was very close upon starvation. I have lived for a whole day upon the crust of a loaf when I had ten pounds in silver in the drawer of my table. But those ten pounds had been most painfully scraped together for my quarter's rent, and I would have tried twenty-four hours with a tight leather belt before I would have broken in upon it. For two days I could not raise a stamp to send a letter. I have smiled when I have read in my evening paper of the privations of our fellows in Egypt. Their broken victuals would have been a banquet to me. However, what odds how you take your carbon and nitrogen and oxygen as long as you *do* get it? The garrison of Oakley Villa has passed the worst, and there is no talk of surrender.

It was not that I have had no patients. They have come in as well as could be expected. Some, like the little old maid

who was the first, never returned. I fancy that a doctor who opened his own door forfeited their confidence. Others have become warm partisans. But they have nearly all been very poor people, and when you consider how many one-and-sixpences are necessary in order to make up the fifteen pounds which I must find every quarter for rent, taxes, gas, and water, you will understand that even with some success I have still found it a hard matter to keep anything in the portman-teau which serves me as larder. However, my boy, two quarters are paid up, and I enter upon a third one with my courage unabated. I have lost about a stone, but not my heart.

I have rather a vague recollection of when it was exactly that my last was written. I fancy it must have been a fortnight after my start, immediately after my breach with Cullingworth. It's rather hard to know where to begin when one has so many events to narrate, disconnected from each other, and trivial in themselves, yet which have each loomed large as I came upon them, though they look small enough now that they are so far astern. As I have mentioned Cullingworth, I may as well say first the little that is to be said about him. I answered his letter in the way which I have, I think, already described. I hardly expected to hear from him again, but my note had evidently stung him, and I had a brusque message in which he said that if I wished him to believe in my *bona-fides* (whatever he may have meant by that) I would return the money which I had had during the time that I was with him at Bradfield. To this I replied that the sum was about twelve pounds. That I still retained the message in which he had guaranteed me three hundred pounds if I came to Bradfield, that the balance in my favour was two hundred and eighty-eight pounds, and

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that unless I had a cheque by return I should put the matter into the hands of my solicitor. This put a final end to our correspondence.

There was one other incident, however. One day after I had been in practice about two months I observed a bearded, commonplace-looking person lounging about on the other side of the road. In the afternoon he was again visible from my consulting-room window. When I saw him there once more next morning my suspicions were aroused, and they became certainties when, a day or so afterwards, I came out of a patient's house in a poor street, and saw the same fellow looking into a greengrocer's shop upon the other side. I walked to the end of the street, waited round the corner, and met him as he came hurrying after.

"You can go back to Dr. Cullingworth and tell him that I have as much to do as I care for," said I. "If you spy upon me after this it will be at your own risk."

He shuffled and coloured, but I walked on and saw him no more. There was no one on earth who could have had a motive for wanting to know exactly what I was doing except Cullingworth, and the man's silence was enough in itself to prove that I was right. I have heard nothing of Cullingworth since.

I had a letter from my uncle in the artillery, Sir Alexander Munro, shortly after my start, telling me that he had heard of my proceedings from my mother, and that he hoped to learn of my success. He is, as I think you know, an ardent Wesleyan like all my father's people, and he told me that the chief Wesleyan minister in the town was an old friend of his own, that he had learnt from him that there was no Wesleyan doctor, and that, being of a Wesleyan stock myself, if I would present the enclosed letter of introduction to the minister I should certainly find it very much to my advantage. I thought it over, Bertie, and it seemed to me that it would be playing it rather low

down to use a religious organisation to my own advantage when I condemned them in the abstract. It was a sore temptation, but I destroyed the letter.

I had one or two pieces of luck in the way of accidental cases. One (which was of immense importance to me) was that of a grocer named Haywood, who fell down in a fit outside the door of his shop. I was passing on my way to see a poor labourer with typhoid. You may believe that I saw my chance, bustled in, treated the man, conciliated the wife, tickled the child, and gained over the whole household. He had these attacks periodically, and made an arrangement with me by which I was to deal with him, and we were to balance bills against each other. It was a ghoulis compact, by which a fit to him meant butter and bacon to me, while a spell of health for Haywood sent me back to dry bread and saveloys. However, it enabled me to put by for the rent many a shilling which must otherwise have gone in food. At last, however, the poor fellow died, and there was our final settlement.

Two small accidents occurred near my door (it was a busy crossing), and though I got little enough from either of them, I ran down to the newspaper office on each occasion, and had the gratification of seeing in the evening edition that "The driver, though much shaken, is pronounced by Dr. Stark Munro, of Oakley Villa, to have suffered no serious injury." As Cullingworth used to say, it is hard enough for the young doctor to push his name into any publicity, and he must take what little chances he has. Perhaps the fathers of the profession would shake their heads over such a proceeding in a little provincial journal, but I was never able to discover that any of them were very averse from seeing their own names appended to the bulletin of some sick statesman in *The Times*.

And then there came another and a more serious accident. This would be

about two months after the beginning, though already I find it hard to put things in their due order. A lawyer in the town of the name of Dickson was riding past my windows when the horse reared up and fell upon him. I was eating saveloys in the back room at the time, but I heard the noise and rushed to the door in time to meet the crowd who were carrying him in. They flooded into my house, thronged my hall, dirtied my consulting-room, and even pushed their way into my back room, which they found elegantly furnished with a portmanteau, a lump of bread, and a cold sausage.

However, I had no thought for anyone but my patient, who was groaning most dreadfully. I saw that his ribs were right, tested his joints, ran my hand down his limbs, and concluded that there was no break or dislocation. He had strained himself in such a way, however, that it was very painful for him to sit or to walk. I sent for an open carriage, therefore, and conveyed him to his home; I sitting with my most professional air, and he standing straight up between my hands. The carriage went at a walk, and the crowd trailed behind, with all the folk looking out of the windows, so that a more glorious advertisement could not be conceived. It looked like the advance-guard of a circus. Once at his house, however, professional etiquette demanded that I should hand the case over to the family attendant, which I did with as good a grace as possible—not without some lingering hope that the old-established practitioner might say: "You have taken such very good care of my patient, Dr. Munro, that I should not dream of removing him from your hands." On the contrary, he snatched it away from me with avidity, and I retired with some credit, an excellent advertisement, and a guinea.

These are one or two of the points of interest which show above the dead mono-

tony of my life—small enough, as you see, but even a sandhill looms large in Holland. In the main it is a dreary, sordid record of shillings gained and shillings spent—of scraping for this and scraping for that, with ever some fresh slip of blue paper fluttering down upon me, left so jauntily by the tax-collector, and meaning such a dead-weight pull to me. The irony of my paying a poor-rate used to amuse me. I should have been collecting it. Thrice at a crisis I pawned my watch, and thrice I rallied and rescued it. But how am I to interest you in the details of such a career! Now, if a fair countess had been so good as to slip on a piece of orange peel before my door, or if the chief merchant in the town had been saved by some *tour de force* upon my part, or if I had been summoned out at midnight to attend some nameless person in a lonely house with a princely fee for silence, then I should have something worthy of your attention. But the long months and months during which I listened to the throb of the charwoman's heart and the rustle of the greengrocer's lungs, present little which is not dull and dreary. No good angels came my way.

Wait a bit, though! One did. I was awakened at six in the morning one day by a ringing at my bell, and creeping to the angle of the stair I saw through the glass a stout gentleman in a top hat outside. Much excited, with a thousand guesses capping one another in my head, I ran back, pulled on some clothes, rushed down, opened the door, and found myself in the grey morning light face to face with Horton. The good fellow had come down from Merton in an excursion train, and had been travelling all night. He had an umbrella under his arm, and two great straw baskets in each hand, which contained, when unpacked, a cold leg of mutton, half-a-dozen of beer, a bottle of port, and all sorts of pastries and luxuries. We had a great day together, and, when he rejoined his excursion

in the evening, he left a very much cheerier man than he had found.

Talking of cheerfulness, you misunderstand me, Bertie, if you think (as you seem to imply) that I take a dark view of things. It is true that I discard some consolations which you possess, because I cannot convince myself that they are genuine, but in this world, at least, I see immense reason for hope, and as to the next I am confident that all will be for the best. From annihilation to beatification I am ready to adapt myself to whatever the great Designer's secret plan may be.

But there is much in the prospects of this world to set a man's heart singing. Good is rising and evil sinking, like oil and water in a bottle. The race is improving. There are far fewer criminal convictions. There is far more education. People sin less and think more. When I meet a brutal-looking fellow I often think that he and his type may soon be as extinct as the great auk. I am not sure that in the interest of the 'ologies we ought not to pickle a few specimens of Bill Sykes to show our children's children what sort of a person he was.

And then the more we progress the more we tend to progress. We advance not in arithmetical but in geometrical progression. We draw compound interest on the whole capital of knowledge and virtue which has been accumulated since the dawning of time. Some eighty thousand years are supposed to have existed between paleolithic and neolithic man. Yet in all that time he only learned to grind his flint stones instead of chipping them. But within our fathers' lives what changes have there not been? The railway and the telegraph, chloroform, and applied electricity. Ten years now go farther than a thousand then, not so much on account of our finer intellects as because the light we have shows us the way to more. Primeval man stumbled along with peering eyes, and

slow, uncertain footsteps. Now we walk briskly towards our unknown goal.

And I wonder what that goal is to be! I mean, of course, as far as this world is concerned. Ever since man first scratched hieroglyphics upon an ostrakon, or scribbled with sepia upon papyrus, he must have wondered, as we wonder to-day. I suppose that we *do* know a little more than they. We have an arc of about three thousand years given us from which to calculate out the course to be described by our descendants, but that arc is so tiny when compared to the vast ages which Providence uses in working out its designs that our deductions from it must, I think, be uncertain. Will civilisation be swamped by barbarism? It happened once before because the civilised were tiny specks of light in the midst of darkness. But what, for example, could break down the great country in which you dwell? No, our civilisation will endure and grow more complex. Man will live in the air and below the water. Preventive medicine will develop until old age shall become the sole cause of death. Education and a more socialistic scheme of society will do away with crime. The English-speaking races will unite, with their centre in the United States. Gradually the European states will follow their example. War will become rare, but more terrible. The forms of religion will be abandoned, but the essence will be maintained, so that one universal creed will embrace the whole civilised earth, which will preach trust in that central power, which will be as unknown then as now. That's my horoscope, and after that the solar system may be ripe for picking. But Bertie Swanborough and Stark Munro will be blowing about on the west wind, and dirtying the panes of careful housewives long before the half of it has come to pass.

And then man himself will change, of course. The teeth are going rapidly. You've only to count the dentists' brass

plates in Birchespool to be sure of that. And the hair also. And the sight. Instinctively, when we think of the more advanced type of young man we picture him as bald and with double eye-glasses. I am an absolute animal myself, and my only sign of advance is that two of my back teeth are going. On the other hand, there is some evidence in favour of the development of the sixth sense—that of perception. If I had it now I should know that you are heartily weary of all my generalisations and dogmatism.

And certainly there must be a spice of dogmatism in it when we begin laying down laws about the future, for how do we know that there are not phases of nature coming upon us of which we have formed no conception. After all, a few seconds are a longer fraction of a day than an average life is of the period during which we know that the world has been in existence. But if a man lived only for a few seconds of daylight, his son the same, and his son the same, what would their united experiences, after a hundred generations, tell them of the phenomenon which we call night? So all our history and knowledge is no guarantee that our earth is not destined for experiences of which we can form no conception.

But to drop down from the Universe to my own gnat's buzz of an existence, I

think I have told you everything that might interest you of the first six months of my venture. Towards the end of that time my little brother Paul came down—and the best of companions he is. He shares the discomforts of my little *ménage* in the cheeriest spirit, takes me out of my blacker humours, goes long walks with me, is interested in all that interests me (I always talk to him exactly as if he were of my own age), and is quite ready to turn his hand to anything, from boot-blackening to medicine-carrying. His one dissipation is cutting out of paper, or buying in lead (on the rare occasion when we find a surplus) an army of little soldiers. I have brought a patient into the consulting-room, and found a torrent of cavalry, infantry, and artillery pouring across the table. I have been myself attacked as I sat silently writing, and have looked up to find fringes of sharpshooters pushing up towards me, columns of infantry in reserve, a troop of cavalry on my flank, while a battery of pea muzzle-loaders on the ridge of my medical dictionary has raked my whole position—with the round, smiling face of the general behind it all. I don't know how many regiments he has on a peace footing, but if serious trouble were to break out, I am convinced that every sheet of paper in the house would spring to arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN ON WHEELS.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY.

THERE is an old story of a Scotch sexton who, meeting a ghost in the churchyard one night, asked it:—"Is it the general resurrection; or are ye only out for a wee daunder by yourself?" One feels inclined to paraphrase his question *à propos* of the present craze for cycling that has attacked society. Is it only a passing fancy? Or is it a revolution? Who shall say? There is nothing so fickle as fashion. In the beginning of the year the women of the leisured classes devoted themselves to skating, many of them throwing themselves with such energy into the new amusement as to seriously injure their health. The cycling mania has taken even deeper hold, as may be made manifest to anyone who shall visit Battersea Park about half-past ten in the morning. Hundreds of gently nurtured girls are there to be seen on bicycles, some of them expert enough, others still in their novitiate, and many of them accompanied by mothers who have had perforce to take to cycling in order to perform their duties as chaperons.

The life of a society mother in the season is never a very easy one. She has to rise early, and go to bed late, and rarely finds a chance of recouping herself for lost hours of rest by a stolen nap in the afternoon. She has to sit in a ballroom, looking on at the fun, her own amusement consisting in silently recalling the dear old days when she herself was young and blithe, or in exchanging platitudes with



other chaperons. And now that she has to "bike" in order that her daughters may enjoy their long spins under her guardianship, she must occasionally feel as the hen does when the fluffy little yellow ducklings she has mothered betake themselves to the water. Some of them are content to send a groom, also on wheels, to look after their pretty daughters; and some take just as keen a pleasure as the girls themselves in the rapid motion and the exhilarating exercise. Lady Jeune is one of these. With her two charming daughters she enjoys many an agreeable ride, and uses her iron steed for shopping excursions as well. The convenience of "biking" is enormous; so much so that West End cabmen complain that they do not get nearly so many fares as they used to do; just as the livery-stable keepers assert that there is considerably less demand for horses now than during any preceding season. Piano manufacturers declare that bicycling is interfering with the sale of pianos; but this is a conclusion scarcely so clear of deduction as the other two.

So general is the devotion to the new mode of locomotion, that at country houses a room is now devoted to the housing of the bicycles, and the host has not to find mounts for nearly so many of his guests as he was wont to do. Both men and women prefer the wheel to the quadruped; and the novelist of the future, should the former have come to stay, will arrange many a situation in harmony with the new pastime. Fancy an elopement after the new pattern! The fugitives on a sociable, and the irate father in pursuit. What a dramatic combination could have been made of Gretna Green, the bicycle, and the blacksmith!

Among those who know nothing practically about bicycling, an impression pre-

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vails that it is necessary to sit astride. This is, of course, quite erroneous, but the number of people who are deterred from wheeling by this mistake is very great. Others are prevented from learning by fear of falling, but there is no more danger than there is in learning horse-riding, if so much. The teacher is much more in danger of getting a nasty blow than the learner. A belt is passed round her waist, and furnished with a handle which the teacher grasps. In the wobbling of the pupil he gets many a bruise. I have often noticed the difference between women learners and men. The former laugh at their own struggles, sometimes so heartily that they cannot proceed. Men take the matter more seriously, bend their whole minds to it, and only laugh at their spills when some one else starts it. And yet women often get on quite as quickly.

On the other hand, there are more utter failures among women learners than among men. The Duchess of York and Princess Maud of Wales learned quite easily. The Duchess of Connaught was nervous and took more time over the acquirement. The Queen of Italy is an expert rider. The Duchess of Portland, the Marchioness of Hastings, and the Countess of Dudley are all proficient. The first ride is extremely tiring, though certainly not more so than the first ride on horseback after some months. Every muscle in the frame seems to have a separate ache of its own, and there are few more agreeable sensations than that afforded by a rest on a comfortable couch after a long lesson on a bicycle.

The question of dress is a vexed one. The aristocratic world clings to its skirts. The ladies of a lower social scale believe in knickerbockers, or Lady Harberton's divided skirt. Those who have ridden without a skirt, vow that they will never ride in one again. In France, hardly any woman wears a skirt when wheel-riding, replacing it, as a rule, by very full trousers of the Zouave sort. English ladies

of the upper ten thousand wear skirts varying in length and width, and sometimes stiffened with horsehair in the hem to keep them out from the wheel. Lady Norreys, one of the cleverest bicyclists, wears such a skirt, or did for a time. I fancy I have seen her with unstiffened skirt of late. She has a very strong feeling against the divided skirt, an antipathy that is shared by Lady Wolverton, Lady Lurgan, Lady Yarborough, and Lady Londonderry. For my own part, though I share their prejudice, I feel convinced that it will before long be completely outgrown and forgotten, and, should the craze for cycling last so long, in two or three years a skirted woman on wheels will be regarded as a survival, and in no sense up-to-date. And I am the more particularly certain of this because a recent invention promises to utterly revolutionize the science of cycling.

I refer to the sliding-seat, arranged on the same principle as applied to boats.



This economises the strength enormously by allowing a backward and forward movement to the saddle and securing freedom from vibration, at the same time giving a surprising increase of power. When the sliding-

seat comes into universal use, as it certainly will when it is generally known, the costume of lady cyclists will be adapted to it. The sliding-seat cannot be adopted by any one riding in a skirt.

I have seen some graceful wheel-riders of my own sex, and should like to men-

tion the names of a few who are pre-eminent in this respect. But to do so would be invidious; especially as I must record the fact that the picturesque riders are a very small minority. The great majority are very much the reverse. I have been hunting in my brain for an ad-



jective wherewith to describe them, but cannot find one that does not seem too severe. What I particularly object to is the back view of the average rider. It is distressingly hideous, except in cases where the skirt of the coat or jacket is long enough to reach the saddle.

Girls who ride in blouses and scanty skirts can have no idea of the unbecoming fashion in which some skirts dispose themselves. The most graceful costume as yet devised is that invented by a well-known Manchester firm. The skirt forms a drape over the bodice when the cyclist is wheeling, and droops low over the back, while at the same time it affords the arms perfect freedom. This seems impossible, but it has been achieved by the ingenious inventor. In an instant, when the wearer alights, a button is unfastened on either shoulder and the skirt drops to the ground over the knickerbockers and gaiters, both of which are in the same material as the

dress. Woollen underwear is indispensable, otherwise the danger of chill after a long run is very great. Jäger garments of various degrees of thickness or thinness, according to the temperature, obviate all risk. The only danger, apart from chill, lies in overdoing the riding and straining the muscles. One doctor has said that cycling is good for girls but bad for women. Another declares that it is excellent for both young and old, unless there is inherent delicacy of constitution or weakness of heart. But in moderation lies the great safety.

What first strikes the spectator at Battersea Park is the ugly way in which the skirt is kicked out when the wheel-woman is pedalling. It is a fact that the limbs are much more freely displayed in this way than the performers imagine, especially in windy weather; and this is one of the strongest arguments used against skirts by the advocates of rational dress.

As to footgear, only the novice tries to cycle in boots. The ankles have so much to do that these soon become intolerable. Shoes are the proper wear. For summer wear the sailor hat is preferable to any other, worn a little forward so as to shade the eyes. A veil will be found a useful addition for keeping off the flies, which often seem to make, of set purpose, for the rider's eyes. I have seen more than one man cycling with a dark gauze veil pinned on over his cap. Disagreeable at any time, the suicide of a fly in one's eye is doubly so when wheeling. A tight corset is always a mistake, but never more so than when riding a bicycle. The exertion necessary for propelling the machine, especially uphill, combined with the pressure caused by the corsets on the vital organs, is very likely to cause an attack of faintness which would, at the least, be very inconvenient, and might possibly be dangerous.

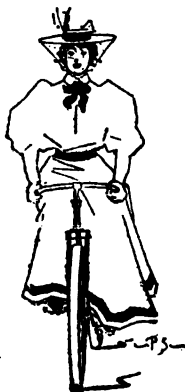
There is no doubt that much of the objection entertained against bicycling proceeds from the idea that it is fast and

unfeminine ; but when we remember how many things that were once considered fast and unfeminine, now enter into the ordinary programme of a woman's life, we may safely infer that after a while this will probably follow their example.

In the early days when women rode on pillions, they would have been horrified at the idea of having the back of a horse all to themselves. In another decade things will be made very smooth for the active, vigorous, and enterprising young woman who is now in the nursery or busy with lessons in the schoolroom. When the general public, at home and abroad, becomes thoroughly habituated to the sight of women on wheels, the fear of looking fast or conspicuous will have vanished.

Meanwhile, the great thing is to be very

careful in the choice of a saddle. An uncomfortable one may prove to be absolutely dangerous to health. A machine should never be bought until after more than one trial trip has been made on it. Perhaps, after a while, the saddle may be made a little larger for women riders. Not even the shortest distance should be ridden without a brake ; a precaution not always observed. Slow riding should be carefully practised as a means of avoiding accidents in crowded thoroughfares. Over-fatigue should be most carefully guarded against, especially by timid riders, for the two causes combined have been known to bring on severe cases of nervous prostration, a malady that can be induced in a very short time, while the cure of it often covers many years in such cases as do not terminate fatally.



A DOUBLE BREACH OF PROMISE.

BY FREDERICK BOYLE.

LUCY MUMSON'S behaviour on her wedding-day was just what it should have been from the ideal point of view—such as ordinary brides do not display as often as they might. That is, she did not cry piteously, as if the event at hand were an unforeseen disaster; in fact, she did not cry at all. Nor did she laugh and chatter, as if looking forward to a mere pleasure party. As for her appearance, that also was ideal, so far as beauty goes, though the bridesmaids all declared that her face was more like a waxen portrait than its living self. Nevertheless, she burst into fits of laughter when some small accident occurred. Upon the whole, therefore, Lucy's attitude was correct.

They had not yet put on her gown—Mrs. Mumson was completing her own attire—when a maid brought a note. May Hawkins exclaimed—"Oh, we can't be bothered now!"

"It's from Mr. Petherick, I think, Miss," said the girl. "Missus has one too."

Lucy took it with eager curiosity. Reading the line or two it contained, her face flushed red.

"Anything particular, dear?" May asked, in surprise.

But the door opened as if forced by a tornado, and Mrs. Mumson burst in, half dressed. Lucy hid the note.

"My child! Oh, the villain! We are betrayed! He has gone."

"Who's gone?" cried May. "Not Mr. Petherick? Oh, not Mr. Petherick?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, the young serpent we have nursed! But he shall find out! Where's my nephew?" She burst out again, screaming, "Richard! Richard!"

A rough voice answered down below, "Hallo! What's up?"

"Come to my room, Richard! I want

you!" And a heavy foot rolled upstairs.

"Oh, what an awful thing!" cried the maidens. And "Oh, oh, oh!" they repeated, with varying adjuncts, as they clustered round Lucy, entreating her to bear up. She had no need of assistance, though white as a ghost now.

"What did the wretch say to you?" asked May, when they recovered some composure.

Lucy sought her note in haste, and threw it on the fire. May snatched at it among the coals, overpowered by curiosity; but Lucy pushed her aside.

"What a shame!" they all cried. Then, recollecting themselves, asked in some confusion, "Oh, do tell us what he said?"

"He said—he said—that he had changed his mind!"

We may transfer the scene from Acacia Cottage to a private room in Guy's Hotel, off St. James's Street—an establishment very old-fashioned and rather dingy, but renowned in certain circles. Max Petherick occupied a private sitting-room there.

This was a slow sort of young man, one whom persons more wideawake are apt to call stupid. He wanted sharpening, certainly, but that process could not be a long one. A tall, well-built young fellow, with steady eyes and full lips, without suspicion of a beard as yet.

Max looked down from his window on a paved court leading to Pall Mall, which the sun only tipped in passing. A dozen games and spectacles which he longed to see were advertised in the morning papers. But honour or dignity commanded him to wait for the avenger. Max swore and fumed, but never thought of deserting his post before the hour he had fixed.

Wandering impatiently about the room,

he presently noticed someone moving impatiently in the court below—a big, square man, so muffled that his features could not be identified from the first floor in such a narrow space. This individual hung about the mouth of the alley, looking towards the front door of the hotel, which opened on King Street. Max rang the bell.

“Do you see that gentleman down below?” said he to the waiter. “Go to him and ask him if he wishes to see Mr. Petherick. In that case, show him up.”

But there was no chance of error. Max recognised a cousin of Lucy’s, Captain Brailston, of the Mercantile Marine, whom he had often met with growing dislike.

After exchanging a word or two with the waiter, Captain Brailston looked up, showing a heavy flaxen beard, a handsome, sunburnt face, and large blue eyes. Clearly he did not accede to the proposition. The waiter came back, and reported with a knowing air:

“The gentleman says, sir, that he will wait your convenience in the court.”

“Tell him I am stopping indoors expressly to see him, and—but I’ll write a line.”

He scribbled, “I do not mean to discuss our private affairs in the street, and appear in the Police Court to-morrow. I have a private room, and no one will interrupt us.”

“Give the gentleman that. If he won’t follow you, find a constable and bring him here.”

It was not a new situation for a waiter at Guy’s Hotel. “He has a big stick, sir,” said the man, going.

Max found his own stick, a tolerably big one too, and laid it handy on the table. The door opened.

“Don’t disturb us, waiter,” he said.

Captain Brailston waited till the man had got downstairs—then shut the door and turned the key.

“Now, my young friend, I’m going to

give you a lesson in manners.” And he advanced, grimly smiling.

Max stood by the table, white but cool.

“If you will listen an instant, I can put another face on this matter. I can show you a letter——”

“Perhaps I’ll call at the Hospital to see it. Oh, you’re going to defend yourself, are you?”

The table was no protection; Brailston pushed it before him towards the wall. Max slipped aside and lunged with all his force, coming home full in the other’s throat. The big comforter which Brailston wore for disguise muffled a thrust that might have been fatal; but, hard as he was, it made him roar as much with pain as fury. He aimed a wild blow. But that shifting of the table had pushed it under the chandelier, and his stick rebounded through the window. Max was badly cut by the flying glass. But he hit Brailston across the wrist with force to break bones less solid. And there was an end. The waiter, not far off probably, hammered at the door. All was over.

“Turn off the gas at the main,” Max shouted. “Now Captain Brailston, I’ll show you that letter, if you like.”

Brailston replied only by a look, but it was expressive; turned the key with his left hand, and departed.

Within a week came the formal summons from Mr. Knight, of Cappersley, requesting the name of Mr. Max Petherick’s solicitor to receive service in an action for breach of promise. Max had no solicitor, he was very busy now, in his way, and he returned no answer.

Some days afterwards he met an old schoolfellow, now a lawyer’s clerk, who had seen the story in the newspapers—who did not at that time? With the frankness of his years and station, Jim Leatherhead asked details. And Max was ready enough to give them.

“It was all a plant,” he said. “I make no doubt that old Mumson concocted his

scheme as soon as ever he got possession of me—and that's before I can recollect. He didn't send me to a proper school—not for a man of my fortune—afraid I should learn too much. I understand it all now. He never gave me the slightest hint of my expectations. No one in Cappersley was so astonished as I when Knight told me the truth last February the twenty-first, the day I came of age. I was regularly taught to call Lucy my little wife—mind you, Lucy isn't in the swindle! She was to be a victim, too. Why, Jim! I can make the whole story clear in two words!—I never proposed to her in my life!”

“That's good! If you could only prove it!”

“I can prove something as effectual. Mrs. Mumson just took it for granted we were going to marry, and—I really don't know how she managed exactly. It's awful to think what a greenhorn I was! But then, you know, Lucy is a charming girl, and I had no reason to suspect a plot, being ignorant of my fortune.”

“Poor lamb! Led to the altar without even a kick! But when it came to fixing the day, you must have had words with Miss Mumson?”

“But I hadn't! The morning after I came of age the old woman met me, holding Lucy by the hand, and says she, ‘I've consulted my dear girl. She feels herself very young to be a wife. But considering how long you have been engaged, I tell her, you seem quite elderly people’—or words to that effect.”

“Your Mrs. Mumson is a oner! And what did the young lady say?”

“Nothing that I recollect. She let me kiss her, and poured out tea. You see, Jim, it wasn't an ordinary case—we had been talking of marriage for weeks, if not exactly for years. Well, very soon after that, all the chaps began to tell me what a fool I was—and I saw it plainly enough. But perhaps I should have gone on for all that if Lucy hadn't given me to understand pretty clearly that she was

not more anxious to marry than I was. When I wanted to kiss her she would say, ‘Oh, we shall have enough of that presently.’ There were lots of little things like that, though we didn't meet so very often. I spoke more than once very seriously, but she ran away. At last—it was only three days before the wedding—she broke out suddenly, ‘Why are we going to be married, Max?’—and ran away, as usual.

“I thought it out, Jim, that night. If I had broken off in the regular way, Lucy would have paid for it. But nobody could blame her if I bolted from the church door; and she would be happy. That's what I did! And now you have all the story.”

“There's another chapter to come, unfortunately, if Mrs. Mumson pursues her action. Twelve thick-headed British householders won't be very ready to accept your defence, I warn you.”

“But they will be satisfied with Lucy's evidence. Look at this!” He produced the letter which Captain Brailston would not read.

It had no date, but the post-mark was “Cappersley, April 23rd”—the very day of the scandal.

“My dear Max,

“I understand your conduct, and it is noble. Never mind what mamma does, or makes me do. I shall always be grateful to you.—Lucy.”

“Oh, this is grand! I say, don't hand it in to your lawyer and spoil the dramatic situation! Just keep dark, and slap it down when the plaintiff's case is concluded. By-the-bye, who are your lawyers?”

“Your people, if you like! I haven't any.”

“That's kind of you, Petherick. Will you call on us to-morrow? Not a word about this letter, though. I'll seal it up and keep it safe ready for use at the proper moment.”

“All right! But I can't be bothered

to call. Send me what papers are necessary to enable you to act, and I'll sign them." So it was done.

And then Max started on that "progress" which young men of spirit, and of property, almost always drift into when brought up in ignorance of their future fortune. If his was not a bad case, temperament saved him. He disliked to sit and drink; the youth so constituted will escape more perils than drunkenness, and graver. But Max soon learned to sit and gamble. No vice is so useful for lifting a man into society, if he have the means to support it, a pleasant address, and the opportunity to drop into a good circle at the beginning. Max secured that advantage—a questionable one indeed—through some chance acquaintances at Guy's Hotel. Before many weeks passed he found himself a member of the "Thoroughbred Club." Gambling is as fair at that renowned establishment as it can ever be where grey veterans, men who live for play, and men who live by it, contend with hot and thoughtless youth.

The action proceeded in due course, but he scarcely thought of it. Mrs. Mumson claimed £10,000 damages. But the end of the Long Vacation seemed ages distant.

Some months he spent in high latitudes on board his friend Lord Palgrave's yacht. As autumn closed in, they turned to the Mediterranean, and presently, of course, being members of the Thoroughbred, they looked in at Monte Carlo. The demon of gambling possessed him entirely now. Lord Palgrave, who had followed his play, departed with many superfluous thousands. Max was persuaded to accompany him as far as Naples. But there the fascination became irresistible. He returned to Monte Carlo.

And then, of course, luck turned; to that shape which is deadliest of all. Sometimes he won prodigiously, as of old; sometimes he lost. The seesaw proved fatal. When he fled at last, with

a desperate effort, half his fortune had vanished. At that price Max finished his education.

It had been fast in both senses. He gave up gambling for ever, and took his name off the books of the Thoroughbred Club. He meant to work for his livelihood now, and his friends must be workers henceforward. After deliberation, Max resolved to take up law again. Vastly astonished were his solicitors when their client begged admission as an articled clerk. That must stand over till the suit should be decided.

The suit was an eternal pre-occupation now. Should he fail the loss must be very serious; and that escapade at Monte Carlo would prejudice any jury against him. Still, they could not resist Lucy's own declaration of gratitude for the breach which was her ground of action—that is, her mother's. Jim Leatherhead was quite sure of that. He constantly rehearsed the scene to be expected when Max "slapped down" the letter, the existence of which had not been revealed to anyone.

But Jim's dramatic fancy was too realistic. The picture he drew forced Max to think. How mean to shield himself behind a letter which an unsuspecting girl wrote in the fulness of her heart! She would be there—obliged to own before all the Court that the claim was an attempted swindle! Had Lucy borne a willing part in it, indeed, the case would be very different. But he knew she was coerced by her mother. And then, how savagely that harridan would avenge her disappointment on the poor child!

It should not be! Without apprising Leatherhead, Max recovered the letter and forwarded it to Lucy with just one word of explanation. And he never regretted the act for a moment. Total ruin might follow. But he had behaved as a gentleman should.

It became more and more evident, however, on reviewing the circumstances, that

success must depend on his own personal testimony. And what was that worth, after Monte Carlo! A great deal less than nothing! The fight was hopeless, therefore. Gradually Max came to a conclusion. He could not bring himself to offer a compromise, as counsel suggested. Besides, he felt sure it would be useless. But he would not submit to the indignity of an appearance which would make bad worse. There was no need to provoke discussion by apprising his lawyers of this resolve.

So the day of trial came. Max said to himself bitterly that he might as well have a show for his money, and he went down to Leicester, disguised in a wig and a false moustache. But his train was late, and an action had been withdrawn. Lucy stood in the witness-box when he struggled to the front.

Max stared at her, as much in dismay as in astonishment. Was it possible he had rejected that lovely creature when she was his own to take—rejected her, indeed, at her wish, but without a protest or entreaty, meeting the wish half-way! Max felt that this was a woman to die for—and six months ago he cheerfully refused to live with her! What a blind idiot he was only half a year ago! In truth, not quite such an idiot. Lucy had grown from childhood into womanhood since then. But so beautiful she was now, so sweet of expression, though deathly pale, that Max felt a wild impulse to stop the case by offering to marry the plaintiff on the spot.

A stir among the audience roused him from hurried meditations. People laughed and whispered. The Judge bent towards Lucy with an encouraging smile.

"I think," he said, kindly, "that you misunderstood the question. You were asked when defendant first proposed marriage to you?" His lordship interrupted himself in a very different tone, speaking to a person invisible beside the

box, "Do not prompt the witness, madam!"

Paler than before, if possible, Lucy answered, "He never proposed marriage to me, my lord!" (Great agitation in court.)

"But you were actually about to be married when defendant deserted you?"

"Yes, my lord."

"(Madam, if you do not cease interfering I shall order you to be removed.) That is an extraordinary state of things, witness. We are in leap year, when, by old custom, ladies may claim a certain privilege. Am I to understand that you exercised it?"

"No, indeed, my lord!" (Great laughter.)

"Then, why were you going to marry defendant?"

"I don't know, my lord." (Roars of laughter, in which his lordship joined; but witness was very grave.)

"Are we to understand, then, that you feel no grievance against defendant?"

"Yes, my lord. As soon as he found it was all a mistake, he left me—and I wrote to thank him—and he returned my letter a fortnight ago—here it is!—because, he said, he would not cause me shame and suffering——"

A scream broke the silence of the listening Court, followed by hysteric laughter. "It's her mother in a fit," said those who had a commanding view.

When she had been removed, the Judge read the letter and handed it to plaintiff's counsel. "Unless you have something further to ask, Brother Thompson," he said, "witness may withdraw, I think."

Brother Thompson shook his head. The Judge proceeded:

"Well, gentlemen of the jury, you will see that after this statement from the party most interested, the case comes to an end."

The jury consulted a moment. "We find for plaintiff, my lord. Damages one thousand pounds."

When the shouts of laughter had subsided, his lordship resumed, as gravely as he could :

"I did not mean that the case had come to an end in the sense that you gentlemen had to find a verdict. This is an action for breach of promise. It has been proved that no promise was given. Therefore, there has been no breach, and the case is dismissed."

"We think," said the foreman, after an instant's conference, "that defendant behaved shamefully. Instead of marrying plaintiff, he went and gambled at Monte Carlo."

When the Judge was able to speak, he said, "The sentiment does you honour, gentlemen, but this is not a Court for the vindication of morality. Call the next case."

So the trial ended, but Max scarcely felt relief. He had to win the bride who once was his without asking. And how could he begin ?

The policeman directed him to a side door ; he was just in time to see Mrs. Mumson helped into a cab—Lucy was already seated there. It drove off, but Max caught a glimpse of the old woman's face convulsed with rage.

He took another cab and followed. They went direct to the station. Trusting to his disguise, Max pressed close as they alighted. Lucy wore a thick veil, but the sweet lips were folded sternly, and she held herself up with an air of determination. Her eye caught his in passing, and she started—Max could not restrain a motion of the lips which said, "Thank you !" Lucy bent her head, but not in response, and went on. He hung about for another exchange of glances, and presently saw them enter the train for Cappersley. But no glance rewarded him.

Several of his old friends Max had seen in Court ; pocketing his false beard he went to look for them, and on emerging from the secluded corner where this

operation was performed, met Willy Hawkins face to face. A youth more suited to his purpose he could not have found. Willy was brother to Lucy's dearest friend, and lived with her, their parents being dead, at an old farmhouse upon the outskirts of Cappersley—but this latter point had no interest for Max as yet.

After congratulations and broken chatter he introduced the subject at his heart. Willy did not respond with freedom. Yes, Miss Mumson was very well, and, so far as he knew, happy. May did not see so much of her now. Oh, no quarrel ! But Miss Mumson was so much engaged with the preparations for her marriage, and May not being a bridesmaid—

The blood seemed to stop its flow in Max's veins, and then raced through them so hotly that his face turned crimson.

"Let us have some lunch," he said—the first words that occurred to him. "And you shall tell me all the news !"

Willy gave it all in a breath, for he, too, was full of this matter. May had her suspicions long ago ; and on challenge Lucy confessed. The wedding was fixed for Tuesday next, by special licence, for Captain Brailston had to sail on the Tuesday following.

Captain Brailston ! That scoundrel then was to profit by his folly, Max thought ! Yet it was not surprising. The brute was strikingly handsome, merry, clever in his way, a favourite with all women. But Max had learned his real character, and could prove it.

"It shan't be !" Max cried. "You'll help me to stop it, won't you ? Why, everyone thought——" he checked himself, but Willy finished the sentence.

"Everybody thought that Brailston was going to marry my sister. That was all a mistake, you see !" He changed his tone. "What can you do ? This is Saturday."

"I don't know," Max groaned, "but I must try. Look here, Willy! I heard an awful report of Brailston in the Mediterranean, and Lord Palgrave will support me. He's in London now. I'll get the story in his handwriting, and come down to-morrow if you will put me up quietly in your house. Perhaps May could get me an interview with Lucy? I must warn her, at least—and Mrs. Mumson, too, if necessary."

"You won't persuade that old she-devil anyhow. But come down. May will do her best." Details were settled.

So next day Max arrived, while the servants were out, with Lord Palgrave's statement in his pocket. May had already taken steps. She joined Lucy as they walked from church, Brailston being absent, and renewed their friendship. The poor girl almost cried with gratitude. In the evening she would call, if possible, for a long chat. The hours passed very slowly with Max, concealed in his friend's bedroom.

At length Willy came. "She's in the parlour! Summon your courage, man. She can't love that villain." He forgot how May loved him—once, at least.

Lucy jumped up with a scream. "Let me get out! This is treachery, May."

"How treachery, dear? Mr. Petherick is only going to tell you something."

"Please stay with us, then! You—you are well, Max?"

"A fool is always well, they say. Let me first express my admiration for your brave conduct yesterday——"

"Oh, don't talk of that!—I only told the truth—all the bravery and the honour were yours. What have you to tell me?"

"It will shock you, I fear, but, believe me, I seek your happiness. You do believe that, Lucy?"

"I do, Max!"

"Thank you, dear. Then read that!"

With astonishment and incredulity she read Lord Palgrave's declaration—

not with anger. Max found judgment enough to keep silence. Some questions she asked—then rose, pale and thoughtful.

"You are not indignant with me?" Max asked. "I threw away my happiness long ago. All that remains, Lucy, is to guard yours, if I can."

She blushed very slightly—the matter was too grave to allow self-consciousness. "I am sure you mean well to me, Max. Thank you, I will go now."

"But, pardon me! This is Sunday night—only one day remains. Do tell me what you propose doing? I can bring more evidence to-morrow."

"I shall lay this before my mother——"

"And if she refuses to believe it? For Heaven's sake, dear, let me see you to-morrow! Brailston is a desperate man! I tremble to think what may happen."

He pleaded, and May backed him. At length Lucy gave way. She promised to report at the same hour next evening, if they two would meet her by the church—that is, she would try.

Another weary, anxious day Max spent in Willy's bedroom. At the time appointed, be sure, he was waiting with May. And Lucy soon joined them.

A glance told her report—Mrs. Mumson would not even hear the charge. Lucy dared not stay.

"But you will not marry that fiend? You shall not, if I have to shoot him! Lucy, I have no right to speak of my love. But think! Your misery will be my doing, for you would have been a happy wife now—aye, I swear I would have made you love me!—had I not ruined my life by deserting you." May discreetly walked aside. "If you do not care for yourself, have pity on me. I should never know a moment's peace while I lived! This—this brute is to have you, and to break your heart, through my madness. You cannot mean it!"

She murmured something. "Not

twice! I cannot break off now. It is to-morrow! Not twice!"

"You will not face the scandal twice? Again, my fault! Then all the consequences shall fall on me—as they ought. I will stop this horrible marriage at the altar! If Brailston kills me it may be best, but, that way or the other, I will stop it."

A scream interrupted him. "Max! Take care!" It was May who gave that horror-stricken warning, as she turned to look back on them.

Max sprang forward, and so escaped the full force of the blow which Brailston aimed at him. But it was strong enough even then to make him lose his balance. Brailston dropped his bag and stick, fell on his knees, and gripped the youth's throat. May ran, screaming "Murder!"—but few passed along that road unless coming from the station. Max shouted hoarsely and struggled, but the strong fingers closed, the eyes glared down pitilessly into his. Lucy cried for mercy, but she was unheard. She pulled at the ruffian's collar; as well try to hold a wolf! Then her eye fell upon the stick. Grasping it with both hands she struck Brailston on his bent neck! He rolled over without a sound.

Max regained his feet; she was looking at her work, paralysed with horror.

"Take comfort, dear. In half an hour he will be ready to begin again." Max was by no means sure, but his confident

tone broke the spell. She burst into tears.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"You must not go home. Come away with us." May had returned to see the issue, finding no help. "You will give Lucy a shelter?" Max asked.

"Of course I will."

They led her away, only half conscious, and entered the farm unperceived. A wild but delicious fancy struck Max. He sought his host, and told what had happened.

"Lucy dare not go home! Will you and May spend a holiday in town with me, bringing her with you? Say yes, for Heaven's sake."

As soon as he grasped the idea, Willy did say "yes," and May was delighted—they disposed of Lucy as they would. Two hours afterwards the little party slipped out, whilst all the village was bustling with the news of Captain Brailston's apoplectic fit—so the medical man diagnosed it—and drove to the next station.

Thus in her turn Lucy Mumson "fled from the altar." It was not her fate to be married in church, nor Max Petherick's either. But he urged with force that manifest destiny intended them for man and wife, and Lucy was persuaded to share that view. Before Mrs. Mumson found her hiding-place, the unsympathetic but effectual ministration of a registrar had healed the Double Breach of Promise.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.

AMONG the flagrant abuses of officialdom that never get attended to is one affecting the daily life of Parliament itself.

OVER-EMPHASIS.

It is tolerated by both Front Benches, which are doubtless equally responsible for its growth, and the newest of new brooms in the hands of the reformer passes it by. For my part, I should now be sorry to see it go—it throws quite a curious side-light upon human nature. I refer to the “five-line whip” which calls the parliamentary rank and file to every division of importance. If a member of Parliament has occasion to entreat a friend to take part in some business transaction, he would have no difficulty in doing so adequately by means of the ordinary forms of speech. “Urgent” or “very urgent” would cover the most imperative cases. Summoned in such terms to a division in the House, however, this same member of Parliament would treat the communication as naught—it would fail to excite the smallest sensation in his official epidermis—the fact being that the language of the official whip has been over-emphasised until it has lost nine-tenths of its natural meaning. At some period in the early history of representative institutions the word “urgent” was no doubt used by the party fugleman in its popular sense. But just as the boy in the fable cried “Wolf” too often, so the whipper must have used language from time to time in advance of his necessities. The “most urgent” occasion would prove not to be so urgent after all, and this the whipped would speedily discover. Some further means would then have to be invented of arousing the interest of the member addressed. What more natural than that the vital words of the whip should be underlined? This

device in turn would be abused; whence by easy stages would be reached the two, three, four, and five-lined whip.

Such must be the genesis of this strange method of bringing party pressure to bear upon the individual M.P. I do not know that the archives, if ransacked, would throw any particular light upon it. Nobody preserves the Patronage Secretary's missives, which, after date, are as uninteresting as last year's menu. Nor does it matter: the ordinary five-line whip of parliamentary life carries its history written on its face. If it were the only document of our time and our civilisation that survived, the philosopher of the distant future would be able to build up out of it the human nature of this nineteenth century as surely as the naturalist can piece together an extinct animal on the basis of a single bone.

Of course the five-line whip is not the extreme limit of the applicability of this method of argument, though it may be nearing it. We have begun to hear of the six-line whip, and once or twice in the last Parliament I understand the underscoring was done in red ink with a view to produce a still deeper note. The six-line whip in red ink is, therefore, I take it, the next definite step to be taken in this downward path of over-emphasis. But the next, and the next? Evidently bottom must be touched somewhere. With a new Parliament, whose palate is not yet vitiated to any great extent, there seems a chance of at least a temporary return to rational methods of whipping. A permanent cure is probably hopeless. The party whipper-in will always be disposed to cry “wolf” too often and too loudly, with the result that his voice will fall upon increasingly indifferent ears. For there seems to be the same “toleration” in the human mind for over-em-

phasia as there is in the body for poison administered in constantly augmented doses.

The evil extends far beyond parliamentary circles. Most of the bad language that one hears in the public street is an attempt to supply the meaning that common words have lost from over-emphasis.

Two hostile omnibus drivers giving each other a bit of their mind are in the same sorry plight as the Patronage Secretary, driven to exceedingly complex forms of expression. Have we not all heard in the street the verbal equivalent of the five-line whip? Swearing is hardly to be regarded as original sin. It really arises from the inability of the swearer to express himself adequately in the words at his command. The educated man, therefore, with his greater grasp of language need not indulge in the same excesses of speech as the poor omnibus driver, and, indeed, I believe he does not. Accustomed to express all the niceties of sentiment and emotion, in ordinary English, he can afford to leave the big, big D to the illiterate. If you are not in the habit of swearing, "damn" is a very large venture, though the stage (on which the word is now so frequently heard) is probably exercising in this, as in other respects, its boasted educative effect.

Whole races suffer from over-emphasis. What else is the flowery speech of the Orientals, who do not write the most prosaic official document without bringing in a profusion of compliments? In the case of diplomatic papers printed for the use of Parliament, these are very wisely omitted. The formulas of Oriental courtesy would only have a bewildering effect upon the English mind. If they were omitted in the East, however, the person concerned would feel insulted. I daresay a good deal of John Bull's "insularity" arises from his neglect or inability to put himself on the same mental plane as foreigners—white, yellow, or brown—with whom he comes in contact, his bluntness of speech appearing to them as rude-

ness, while he interprets their politeness as hypocrisy. To come nearer home, I do not know that Englishmen in the mass ever quite understand Irishmen, whose political vituperation is usually pitched in a shriller key. When one eminent politician in Ireland denounces another as a "low blackguard," the English sense of propriety is shocked. But the expression is really used in a special Irish sense, and, as both parties know exactly what it means, no bones are broken. The use of the shillelagh in Irish politics is also, I daresay, to some extent misunderstood on this side of the Channel. To break a friend's head may, conceivably in Ireland, be a form of endearment like the coarse but well-meant expressions that one hears passing between one street loafer and another. For an imperial people the English are curiously deficient in their faculty of appraising the language and even the acts of other races. Probably the human sacrifices of the King of Dahomey are merely the local equivalent of a Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace.

THE GROOVINESS OF HUMAN NATURE.

You are lucky if, being with a sentimental or philosophical friend at some great public gathering, he does not bore you with the remark: "How strange to think that all these people, men and women, swarming denizens of a vast human ant-hill, have each their histories." It is boring because you must often have thought the same thing yourself. For such a reflection the Crystal Palace or the Earl's Court Exhibition is a convenient spot. Seeing thousands of people in the mass, one is inclined to suppose that they represent thousands of different experiences—that each life has been lived upon lines of its own, with joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, of a special brand. I doubt, however, whether this is so. Human nature is very groovy. If you listen to the chatter that goes on in the train or the omnibus, you will find people

making the same obvious remarks on the same futile subjects, and this, all day, and every day. They are like so many music boxes, wound up to do their regulation tunes, or automata dancing and kicking to the last prescribed convulsion. At the theatre, they laugh and cry; and at church, yawn in concert. The penny being put into the slot, so to speak, the figures work to rule. Apply a given stimulus to the human organization, and it responds inevitably in accordance with its character, which may be of a very limited range. For while nature is infinitely prolific, within the limits of a species, she is rather chary of her distinctive types. The forty cows in the meadow feed as one. In every generation of men, the old, old story is told anew, with endless iteration.

An ingenious French author has catalogued and diagramed all possible situations occurring in drama. You take no matter what scene, in no matter what new and original play, and this terrible leveller turns to his tables to show you under what head and sub-section the situation occurs. So I imagine it could be with humanity in the mass. There is an infinity of items, but only a limited classification of them. One might construct a few tables that would cover all human experience. That young couple spooning under the tree, you say! Yes, they are selected at random. But give me the leading facts of the case! Let me see! they are class 3, section 2, sub-section 5. Every old lady, turning over the torn and faded love-letters of her youth, thinks that her life, if written, would make a book. So it would, but it would be like a great many other books—so much so as to suggest plagiarism.

MIND.

Viewed aright, there is no class of mental phenomena more instructive than dreams. It needs a physiologist, however, to interpret them in their relation to the great problem of mind. In the

case of a mere man of letters like Mr. W. D. Howells, who has recently been writing about his dreams, or Mr. Andrew Lang, who combines a fondness for the occult with a supreme ignorance of its scientific principles, or an average member of the Psychical Research Society, dreams only serve to make confusion of thought with regard to mind worse confounded. The study of mind is really the study of brain, and the study of brain is the study of a complex mechanism in many compartments—compartments for sight, hearing, smell, touch and taste, the regulation of every muscular movement of our bodies, and the analysing and sorting out of all the impressions derived from the outer world, the whole, an amazing network of nerve cells, and of countless fibres conveying the mysterious energy there generated. In the weaving of the fabric of thought all parts of this mechanism must be employed, and what keeps the infinite multitude of nerve cells in activity is the circulation of blood through the brain. Sleep means simply the withdrawal of the blood supply from the various sensory, motor, and intellectual centres. If that withdrawal is complete, the sleep is as profound as death: if it is only partial, certain portions of the brain remain active, and we see, hear, feel, or even reason dimly.

The great basis of thought is memory. Without the faculty of memory, we might live and breathe, and receive fleeting impressions from the outer world, and still be as destitute of thought as a plant or a jelly-fish, because we should be unable to compare any present impression with any past one. What then is memory? We can only suppose it to be a faint revival in a certain group of nerve cells of the thrill caused by the original impression, and this thrill is not confined to its proper area, but communicates itself through the network of fibres, which are so many telegraph wires, to all other cerebral centres concerned.

In order to find an illustration for my argument, I pick up a newspaper, and my eye falls upon the word "revolver." Instantly the impression of these letters, received in the visual centre of the brain, is coupled up with memories of sight, sound, and touch, which bring before me not only the image of the weapon, but all that I have heard and read about revolvers. In fact, the association of ideas is wide enough to embrace reason and morality, which are, I believe, merely elaborations of our experience in the inner chambers of the brain.

AND DREAMS.

Armed with these facts, let us now consider the question of dreams. If sleep is not heavy, if there is a partial circulation, say, through the visual centre, the largest sensory area of all in the human subject, situated at the back of the head, memories of past scenes will be revived, or the nerve-cells becoming spontaneously active, like galvanic batteries freshly charged, will form fantastic images of a novel kind out of the débris of past impressions. Nay, more, the galvanic thrill may be communicated to other regions of the brain, the motor centres, for instance, whence we should derive ideas of movement and locality.

We may thus see with tolerable clearness, and even exercise a vague and ghostly kind of reasoning in dreamland. But there will usually be some area of the brain dead, and consequently some faculty absent. This would explain what perplexes Mr. Howells, namely, that he has no sense of morality in his dreams; that he is ready to commit any crime, and think nothing of it. Also that dead persons appear to him in dreams as living, and that he sees them without any sense of surprise. Mr. Andrew Lang says he once met in a dream a person whom he

knew to be dead, but yet took a lively scientific interest in him.

This is a nearer approach to reason than one usually finds in dreams, but it is quite certain that if Mr. Lang had met his dead friend in the street, instead of in dreamland, he would have been more interested. As a rule, in dreams, the higher operations of the intellect are dead, so that we see the most impossible things without the smallest disposition to criticise them. The lunatic lives in a condition of mind free from the restraints of reason, and if we would realise his experience, we need only recall how we have felt in dreams.

This theory of mind, I venture to think, disposes of much of the evidence that the Psychical Research Society have collected in support of apparitions, whether of the dead or the living, as objective realities, of the survival of the Ego, and other pseudo-scientific doctrines, pre-supposing the detachment of consciousness or intelligence from the body. There is nothing that can happen to us objectively that may not appear equally real in a subjective or purely fanciful form. In fact, the whole difference between reality and imagination is, that in the former the mechanism of the brain is "operated," as the Americans say, from the outside, whereas in the latter its action is internal and spontaneous.

Many people argue that mind must be indestructible, but surely what *has not been* before birth, may *cease to be* at death. For I have never understood it to be contended, except by a very limited school, that every new-born baby is fitted with a pre-existing intelligence, as it is with a set of long clothes—a school to which must have belonged the Irish lady who was haunted by the fear that "God Almighty sometimes made more bodies than he had souls for." The question of the soul, of course, I leave to the theologians whose speciality it is.

ARE CLEVER WOMEN OR STUPID THE MORE ATTRACTIVE TO MEN ?

BY JEROME K. JEROME, B. A. CLARKE, WELLESLEY PAIN, PETT RIDGE,
LOUIS TRACY, E. S. GREW, AND GLEESON WHITE.

Sometimes a friend asks me some such question as this : "Do you prefer dark women or fair ?" Another will say : "Do you like tall women or short ?" A third : "Do you think lively women or quiet women the pleasanter ?" To all such questions I have a great difficulty in replying, because, when I come to examine myself, I discover that I like them all. It is one of the tragedies of civilisation that a man has to pretend to care for only one woman, and his life, in consequence, is generally a prolonged struggle to avoid thinking of the might-have-beens. In fact, the attitude of a man towards the table of the world spread with feminine dainties is that of the schoolboy at the banquet : there are so many good things upon the board that he bursts into tears ; he cannot make up his mind where to begin. How charming are clever women—women who can understand and sympathise with a man's aims and hopes, with whom he can discuss all subjects, before whom he is not compelled to be for ever pulling himself up with the query : "I wonder if I dare venture upon this !" How easily conversation flows with a woman clever enough to appreciate our wit, to wonder at our wisdom ! But then, on the other hand, how peaceful, how restful is the simple-minded woman—the woman before whom one feels no necessity to tax one's brain, with whom existence is as the lying down beside still waters. I knew a very brilliant worker who was married to a woman whom her friends called homely, and whom her enemies called stupid. Once, during an evening full of confidences, the talk fell upon unequal marriages, and I hinted to him how people gossiped, saying that it was strange that he, the clever and the quick, should have cared for this quiet woman whose life was filled with the simple duties and pleasures of home. "My dear fellow," he replied, "a clever wife would have been an everlasting tax upon me. I come from my work here, and it is like stepping from a crowded ball-room into the quiet dawn of the woods. Believe me, the cleverness of the best men and women lies in their simplicity. You remember how Antæus found renewed strength when, thrown by his antagonist, he fell prone upon his mother-earth. So it is with these good women. The sparkle of society may not be in their eyes, the fashionable satire of the day

may not be upon their lips ; but the eternal essences are hidden within them. One rests upon them and grows strong." I fancy we have come to think of cleverness as though it consisted of mere words. Cleverness can be a mere trick of speech, dexterity in mere monkey antics ; but there are many clever people who appear stupid to those not clever enough to see below the exterior of things.

* * * * *

B. A. Clarke believes that the constancy of dulness has its compensations.

Confronted with this problem, nineteen men out of twenty declare for stupidity ; and the fact that they are speaking for effect does not vitiate their evidence. It is only from a desire to be thought cynical that some men speak the truth. The constancy of dulness is a point that will escape no one. Other attractions are at the mercy of a thousand circumstances. A beautiful woman has moments when she is almost plain, but a stupid one will remain stupid, though everything go amiss. Domestic care will not harass her into epigram, and even indigestion, that transformer of the virtues, cannot torture her into conversational brilliancy.

The bearing of this truism is made clearer by something that happened to me the other night. I had overtaxed my strength at athletic exercises, and my doctor ordered me to join a tennis club for a complete rest. I spent my first three evenings at the local ground very pleasantly in a deck-chair, discussing philosophy with a young lady who takes in a paper called *Grand Ideas*. On my fourth visit I had the same companion, the same chair even ; but the entertainment—how different ! Outbursts of uneloquent silence, punctuated by brief meteorological remarks. The insight into life, the sparkle, the crisp—if at times irrelevant—enunciation of moral truths, I waited for in vain. The current number of her periodical was exhausted, and, until the appearance of a new issue, she was reduced to the conversational level of the most ordinarily endowed. Just in front of us, the secretary was engaged in an interminable mixed double, neither side keeping any record of the score, partnered by a Dresden china shepherdess, whose inexhaustible silliness had more than once distracted my thoughts from serious themes. As he had been playing thus with her for four whole evenings, it seemed probable that he would be grateful for a change ; but when I volunteered to take his place, the young man was almost rude, which goes to show that the old proverb, "Any woman can attract a man, but it takes a fool to keep him," is not so very far wrong.

The day when a man is first drawn towards feminine stupidity marks a stage in his development. Born with a craving for a wor-

shipper, he has so far attempted to fill the position himself, but his efforts have ceased to give satisfaction. Years have brought insight, and he discovers a dozen respects in which his appreciation is remiss. In better moments he acknowledges, sorrowfully, a tendency to undervalue himself. He hopes to supply this deficiency amongst his feminine acquaintances, and, coming across the stupid woman, recognises the qualities for which he is in search. His first tête-à-tête is a revelation. He realises, as never before, the possibilities of conversation, scarcely allowing his partner to get in a remark. The badinage he used to exchange with the clever woman (she had an uncomfortable knack of saying all the good things herself) seems a poor thing in comparison.

Of course, the clever woman could play the same rôle, and sometimes would, but she is never given the chance. It is about themselves that men love to speak to the stupid woman, and they shrink instinctively from exposing their most sacred experiences to the gaze of one who would perceive where they deviated from the truth. When it comes to the question of marriage, the clever woman is nowhere. Obviously, it is better to marry a woman you know to be a fool than a woman who would discover that you were one. The woman who convinces the men she talks to that she is clever, but that they are still cleverer, is a special variety that will always be in demand.

* * * * *

I've always thought that their unattractiveness to men was one of the penalties that clever women had to pay for being clever. Of course, it depends very much upon the degree of intelligence possessed by the man, but I think the ordinary man prefers a woman who is neither very clever nor very stupid—the happy medium, in fact. If there be a preference it is on the side of the stupid woman. You see, a man can easily gain a reputation for being smart when his conversation is a shade less dull than other people's. The ordinary man delights in telling a woman—gently and kindly—that she has been swindled in some little purchase. He will almost apologise for being so clever and well-informed, and his good advice will be given away recklessly. The ordinary man likes to think that he knows a shade more than the woman he is talking to. If he only thinks he knows it will do just as well. He then considers himself on safe ground, and is intellectually brave with the valour that comes from ignorance of danger.

Wellesley Pain
deems clever women pay for their
cleverness by being
unattractive.

I once knew a man who discovered the most attractive woman in the world. She seemed beautiful, unspoiled, and absolutely ignorant

of everything and anything connected with the affairs of this earth. When the man found that she really *was* the most attractive woman in the world—well, the usual consequences ensued. Three years afterwards that man was going through his tradesmen's books one day—he was just an ordinary man, you know, who paid his debts and was respectable—and he suddenly became quite perplexed. He had made a discovery. He had found that after all his wife wasn't nearly so simple and artless as he had at one time supposed her to be.

Women run grave risks when they are exceptionally clever. Of course, if I say what those risks are I shall be called conceited, so I won't mention them. It has been found possible to develop a dog's intelligence to such an extent that he will play penny nap, and do sums in compound addition and subtraction. But I have never heard that the performance has benefited the canine race in any way. A dog that will fetch my slippers when I take off my boots, is the dog that is wanted in this house. Unfortunately, it is very easy for an inexperienced young man to be led into thinking that all women are brilliantly clever. The facility with which a mere schoolgirl can detect the difference between a hat and a bonnet is bewildering to the young male mind. But this little performance loses its point when the man discovers that any woman can do it. Still, the matter affords another proof of how useful a few natural instincts can be to anyone. But even natural instincts and lessons from nature may be misleading. In the animal world the brains are pretty equally divided between the males and the females. A lady pointed this out to me the other day, and quoted it triumphantly as a proof that her sex was equal to mine in brain power. But she forgot to mention that in the animal world the males are always more beautiful than the females. Take the ordinary cock-a-doodle-do, for instance, and put him besides a barn-door hen. All her pretensions to good looks vanish. Again, which is the handsomer of the two, the lion or the lioness? Of course, the lion is. The lioness has no mane, while the lion has more back hair than he knows what to do with. Now, we generous men have recognised what a difference long hair makes to anyone's appearance, and we always sacrifice ours, so that in the matter of good looks the ladies shall have a fair start. We don't get any credit for this; and when a man breaks the rules of the game, and wears all the hair that nature has given him, the ladies adore him for it. Grateful of them, isn't it?

* * * * *

Is it for a marriage? as someone inquired of the inquisitive lady who had asked whether he liked Homer. If so, it seems that this is a

discussion on which it is not seemly that bachelors should presume to argue. It should be limited to men who have captured the heart either of a clever woman or of a stupid woman, and the contribution should be studded with truthful anecdotes to illustrate the position they take in the debate. Especially interesting would it be to learn the opinions of those who (as was said by the Scotch divine of the woman of Samaria) have had a large and rich matrimonial experience, and have married say two or three of each kind. Much might have been learnt from these, and their opinions would have carried a weight which *ex-parte* statements of bachelors can never claim.

Pett Ridge thinks that bachelors should not discuss this subject.

"What can they know of women
Who only spinsters know?"

But if the question is not thus narrowed down, why, bless my soul, this is a game in which we can all take a hand.

The perplexed male bird would have no hesitation in speaking decisively in this matter if only the stupid females of the species would consent to be always unattractive to the eye of the male. It happens that this is not the case. We have all met youthful ladies, coy in conversation, and talking only of musical chairs, who possessed as compensation a delightful appearance and a complexion that was in itself a joy. So much depends on the cheek of the young person. An occasional glance at her face chases away all remembrance of the limitations of her knowledge; the subject of musical chairs is, for the time, the most enchanting of all topics; and if the recital of Uncle William's annoyance when last Christmas he sat down upon nothing, were the only joke in the world, you could not smile more appreciatively. But you must not lose sight of her.

Clever women talk well, but they sometimes converse with you as though they were addressing an audience, and you were in the front row just below their notice. This, after the novelty had worn off, might pall slightly on one, and cautious men do well to look forward. I imagine that a clever wife would be especially fearsome at breakfast-time. When one wanted only to grumble at the toast, or to make weak guesses at the weather, there, at the other end of the table, the clever wife would be endeavouring to lure one on to a discussion on Esoteric Buddhism. When one desired to look through the Police Intelligence in the morning journal, she would insist on reading aloud Chapter LI. of her new novel. These may appear small difficulties, but in married life it is well known that large troubles count for nothing. It is the little ones that worry. *Apropos*, an anecdote:

They were clever women (at any rate they each wore a *pince-nez*), and they were chattering.

"My dear, I've enjoyed your article in last week's so much."

"Glad you like it. How is the little girl? Cough all right?"

"Oh, the poor dear whoops all night long." (This as though the infant were a militant Red Indian.) "And," going on with much relish, "what *do* you think she said only the other day? The governess was complaining of trouble with her over the multiplication table, and she said, 'Well, Pa's just the same. Someone who was here yesterday said that Pa didn't count.' And, do you know, I thought it was really so *very* smart." Think of it! *Ça donne furieusement à penser*, as we say when writing in the English language. "Pa doesn't count." In this world there are many parts we should like to be cast for; we are all anxious to act in some way, but so few of us are aching to play Mr. Jellyby.

Is it possible to evade the question by urging a plea for the Average Woman? She is most attractive to the general, and, indeed, to men in all ranks. On the one hand, not so clever as to make your head ache; on the other hand, not so stupid as to frighten birds. Across the Channel she is called Mademoiselle Juste Milieu; here she is known as Miss Golden Mean. Miss Golden Mean has tact and excellent common-sense; she does not give herself a crick in the neck by looking up to you, or, vertigo by looking down upon you. She has no past to speak of, but I predict for her a most successful future. Gentlemen, charge your glasses. I give you The Average Woman. God bless her.

* * * * *

Louis Tracy says
that most women
are stupid.

I like to be on the side of the angels. Most women are stupid, so I unhesitatingly vote with the majority. In point of fact I have never met a clever woman. It is easy and pleasant to read of such a being, but, like conversation, she seems to have died early in the century. The new woman is certainly not clever save by way of moral pyrotechnics. One only meets her on the stage, and even there, when she unbends for a moment from the grand passion, she too obviously remembers all her epigrams.

But this is dangerous ground. Indeed the whole subject bristles with difficulties. Most men are either married or going to be married, and to declare one's convictions upon the topic is to court disaster in at least one direction. Choosing between a rock and a whirlpool I rush to my fate in the latter—because I can swim. Thus, with a clever woman, I should be instantly pulverised. Love of admiration is quite

as potent a force with male as with female, and the mediocre man stands some little chance of being worshipped by the stupid woman. What chance would a Stock Exchange husband have of getting his wife to regard him as a smart financier if she were a senior Wrangler? Of what avail the verses of a minor poet against the scathing scrutiny of a lady who had gained a Double First? Under these conditions the lord of creation has no chance. He is fit only to fill a small part in farcial comedy; nature adorns him with red whiskers, and he invariably wears trousers (physically) of a large check pattern. In the theatrical profession he is the agent in advance of his wife, and only flickers into momentary importance when he seeks the advice of Sir Francis Jeune. In all other states of life, he combines the duties of butler and nursemaid, and he cannot, alas, give a month's notice.

A nice, homely, stupid sort of wife believes you when you come home late on Derby Day, and account for your sunburnt appearance by explaining that the sun turned the office into an oven. She accepts implicitly the statement that business affairs of extreme urgency demand your presence at the Club for supper. She admits without a murmur that theatres of variety and the burlesque stage are hardly within her legitimate range as sources of amusement. She sympathises with your denunciations of that frightful bore, Smith, who insists that you shall fill his spare stall at the Empire. When you feel that Brown has got the better of you in a little deal, she soothes you by listening with sincere admiration whilst you give details of the transactions in which Brown figures as a pitiful bungler. A stupid, trusting wife everlastingly pours oil upon the troubled sea of existence, whilst a clever one would lash it into fury by a single question. Monarchs, like Henry the Eighth and the Sultan of Turkey, can afford to have clever wives. Few of us can, at will, avail ourselves of the headsman's block or the depths of the Bosphorus. The Ideal woman is she who is clever to the rest of the world, but quietly submissive to her husband. She exists but rarely so far as a biassed judgment enables me to observe; or, perhaps, she is a consummate actress, and cloaks her scathing thoughts with a mantle of sweet humility. At times, it is true, a man's self-satisfaction is startled by some unusually keen remark uttered by the partner of his lot. If he owns at dinner to a feeling of weariness induced by business trials, she says inconsequently that racing form appears to have been entirely upset by the dry weather; and if he observes that Robinson's house is the one place where he passes a pleasant evening, she expresses her regret that Mrs. Robinson does not dye the roots of her hair, and thus obtain a uniformly golden hue.

These are mere accidentals in the harmonious chords of matrimony. If you look at her sharply she presses you to take some more fish, as it

is good food for the overworked brain, and you pass on contentedly to the *entrée*. Let the New Woman beware. The Old Man will not stand a superfluity of cleverness on the part of his wife. In other men's wives cleverness is admirable; in his own, an impertinence. Need I urge the moral?

* * * * *

E. S. Grew considers this a personal question.

This is one of those questions which no man can settle except for himself; for, in the consideration of it, he will first of all refer it to his own experiences.

Having done this, he will discover that his experiences are as contradictory as the sex from which they were taken, and that, where the affections are concerned, the mind is as unreliable as the memory. He will then turn for guidance to the examples of his friends, only to find that when he cannot learn from experience of his own, it is not likely that he will profit much from the experiences of others. Finally, he may go, for instruction, as I did, to woman herself. I am sorry to say that in my own case I did not gather much from the research. Most of my interlocutors asked what I *meant* by "stupid." This was a little awkward—since no woman ever enters upon a general question without scenting in it a particular application to herself—and I only received one answer that had in it any approach to directness. It was from a lady whom I have known just as many years as I like to remember. "Well, my dear," said she, "I think some men don't *mind* stupid women."

It need not be supposed, however, because of my failure to get a direct answer to the question, that my inquiries were entirely unproductive, or that I failed to acquire a great deal of general information. The conversation which I had with Miss Linklater is, in especial, one which I shall always recall with pleasure, both on account of the insight of Miss Linklater's observations, and because it secured to me, for a few moments, her undivided attention. This, as those who know her are aware, is an unusual privilege—no doubt because the applicants for it are so many. By some the occasion whereon I obtained the privilege might have been thought unfavourable for the discussion of so delicate a subject, for it took place at an "At Home," where everybody talks at once. She had sent me for some refreshment, and I preferred my question with the cup of coffee. "I am beginning to be afraid," said she, with a sigh, "that they prefer the clever ones." "Miss Linklater," I rejoined, severely, "I positively decline to rise to that." "There's no sugar in this," she remarked, irrelevantly, of her coffee. "Besides," I pursued, "you're better than clever." "Don't trouble," she murmured. "You," I said, "are—*good*," for I, too,

had read Mr. Anthony Hope. "Hadn't we better sit down and discuss it sensibly?" she asked, and both (I hope) of these things we did.

"I never found," she said, presently, returning to the subject of our inquiry, "that men liked one another to be clever." "Oh, that's a different thing," I replied, defensively; "one doesn't *like* cleverness. Appreciation of cleverness is intellectual; liking is a matter of the feelings." "It's just the same thing," she retorted; "the qualities which attract you in a woman are quite independent of her cleverness. You like her for herself; you admire her for her cleverness; perhaps cleverness might heighten her attractiveness." "As her stupidity," I suggested, "would diminish it?" Miss Linklater hesitated. "What do you mean by stupid?" she asked. "The term implies no reproach," I hastened to say; "no woman is stupid. But there is a certain puzzleheadedness sometimes; a vagueness which is not without its attractiveness. It is——" "You mean," observed Miss Linklater, "that it soothes your vanity. Perhaps you are right. I never can tell what is the quality in women which most attracts men." I did my best to rise to the occasion. "Miss Linklater," I said, "it is"—and here I bowed—"it is—grace."

* * * * *

Are there any stupid women? Were a man to confess he had met them would it not be equivalent to his owning himself a misogynist? For it is the peculiar courtesy of women to feign an interest in a man's conversation, even if they feel it not; hence he is vastly pleased by their listening patiently. Now, listening is a most subtle form of flattery, so that the man talks afterwards of that clever woman who conversed so brilliantly. Possibly she may have been silent, as, inspired to brilliant impromptu, he only noticed that she smiled in the right place. Of course, even to listen intelligently implies some degree of cleverness, but not much. Owen Seaman's ideal for one of the three wives—that in his *Plea for Trigamy* he declares essential for every Benedict—was to be "skilled to keep counsel, to comfort and coax, and, above all things else, be accomplished at seeing—my jokes." But the jokes of some men need very stupid people to discover their point, so we must not press the argument too far.

Gleeson White
wants to know if
there are any
stupid women.

Indeed, the question seems to depend more on the man than on the woman. To call anybody clever is perhaps the tribute vanity pays grudgingly to one who has snubbed it. Therefore, you do not care very deeply for "too clever" women—those who tear man's threadbare

sophistry to tatters. You prefer the more domestic variety, who darns up the patches and lets him wrap the cloak about him to hide his shortcomings. Now, although you like a woman who is clever enough to rule her own domain well, you are not so grateful as you should be when she attempts to go outside it. If she remembers the train you should have caught but didn't, or compiles statistics of the small silver you waste on your own hobbies, and presents you with a balance-sheet comparing your personal expenditure and hers, then you wish that arithmetic had never been taught. Possibly such a clever wife may be attractive to other people's husbands, but hardly to her own; nor is a managing sister often appreciated by her own brothers. Cleverness, evidently, is not a feminine attribute that attracts the family circle.

Surely the most attractive woman is the clever one who has the wit to conceal it. Able to conquer all along the line, she yields her point just before she has obviously gained it. Or even, if hard pressed, she retires to the stronghold of her sex, and misunderstands with a light heart all she prefers to misunderstand. Thus she preserves intact the wisdom of the Sphinx, and surrounds her other charms with that atmosphere of mystery which is essential to the continued existence of all belief, even if, to the ignorant, this attribute appears very like stupidity. It would seem that the stupid woman, if she exists, would be found among those dubbed clever by their own sex; whether such an one be of Girton, or the more extended 'Varsity; whether she babble of the binomial theorem, lisps of movements, or is merely capable of giving any man his answer back. To very vain youths she may, indeed, appear attractive, but Man flies from her—no matter, if a pretender to culture, she asks, concerning Socrates, "Who was he?" or if, only too well-informed, she contributes to most advanced literature. Then he seeks out the so-called stupid woman, who restores his belief in his own superiority, and evokes his most sincere homage in return.

Nobody ever had a stupid mother. Now, as every woman is actually or potentially a mother, it argues that no woman can be stupid. Dr. Todhunter made one of his characters in *The Black Cat* say, "Of course no woman is beautiful, but some women have the art of persuading you that they are." May we not say that no woman is stupid, but some feign to be so clever that you like them the better. In fact, you are driven to the conclusion: First, that there are no stupid women; and secondly, that they are by far the most attractive.

"TO-DAY," edited by Jerome K. Jerome.

An up-to-date, plain-speaking, weekly newspaper, price twopences.

TO THE READERS

OF

“THE IDLER.”

HAVING obtained the sole control of *THE IDLER*, it is my hope not only to maintain, but to increase, its present great popularity and prestige. In circulation *THE IDLER* is second to only one other English magazine, while its literary standing is in the very foremost rank. This position *THE IDLER* at once stepped into at its birth, more than three and a-half years ago, and has maintained without trouble, in spite of the efforts of its rivals, new or old. With its circulation I am satisfied; at all events, for the

present. It will never be my aim to make it a magazine for what is generally termed "the masses," but to appeal to that growing public which possesses literary tastes and artistic sympathies. I wish to make it a magazine that will be almost a need to thinking men and women. Towards this ideal every endeavour will be made, and though I may not be able to reach my goal at once, every month I trust will be an advance in such direction. As a commencement, much greater attention will be paid to the Art Department, which has been put under the control of the same gentleman who rescued *To-Day* from a slough of bad illustrating and bad printing. The size of the magazine has been increased, we having found it impossible to give our artists fair representation within the former limited size of our pages. New and improved methods of reproduction will be employed, and we hope to make every illustration a picture worth looking at. I am satisfied that quality, and not quantity, of illustration is what my readers desire. Poor photographs and cheap drawings badly reproduced, lumped down upon the pages of a magazine without discrimination or selection, must have begun to pall upon the subscribers to modern periodical literature. We are making arrangements with artists, both English and foreign, and with engraving firms,

that will enable us eventually to render every illustration a work of art in itself. I say "eventually," because circumstances prevent my introducing these changes except by degrees; but even the immediate alterations will, I think, be sufficient to prove the conscientiousness of our endeavour.

In literature, the same regard for quality rather than quantity will be our guide. As much as can honestly be given to the public for the price will be given, and what is given will be of the best obtainable. I shall hope to introduce new ideas from time to time, and to make the magazine not only abreast, but, if anything, a little ahead of the times. My object will not be to attain a position of mere notoriety, but to move forward upon those paths of sobriety and good sense that are the only ones leading in this country to lasting success. The past career of *THE IDLER* convinces me that I shall be able to make of it a lasting force in literature, and an ever-welcome companion to the public. *THE IDLER* was my first venture, and my heart is with its fortunes. My work upon it has always been, and always will be, a labour of love. To some the conducting of a magazine must seem a mere business scheme, and to these my words may sound hypocritical; but others who have felt the joy of congenial work will understand me. To me,

THE IDLER is almost a part of myself—my own life has become bound up in it; nor does it seem to me a small or unimportant task. To launch out monthly a magazine that speaks to hundreds of thousands of men and women throughout the world, appears to me a great work—a work full of responsibility, of delight—a work full of unknown possibilities—a work worth living for. From the readers of *THE IDLER* I know I shall receive sympathy and assistance; and to them I am not ashamed of confessing my hopes and aims. I hope to make of *THE IDLER* something more than a merely successful commercial speculation; I hope to make it a friend wherever the English tongue is spoken.

JEROME K. JEROME.

LONDON, *August*, 1895.



THE POPPY AND THE LILY.

Drawn by Max Cowper.

THE IDLER.

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DOWN IN THE MEADOWS.

AS down in the meadows I chancèd to pass,
O! there I beheld a young beautiful lass:
Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen;
And she on her head wore a garland of green:
Her lips were like rubies; and as for her eyes,
They sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies:
And, as for her voice, it was charming and clear,
As sadly she sung for the loss of her dear.

UNKNOWN.



TALES OF OUR COAST.

V.—THE SMUGGLERS OF THE CLONE.

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

"*RISE, Robin, rise! The partans are on the sands!*"

The crying at our little window raised me out of a sound sleep, for I had been out seeing the lasses late the night before, and was far from being wake-rife at two by the clock on a February morning.

It was the first time the summons had come to me, for I was but young. Hither-to it was my brother John who had answered the raising word of the free-traders spoken at the window. But now John had a farmsteading of his own, thanks to Sir William and to my father's siller that had paid for the stock.

So with all speed I did my clothes upon me, with much eagerness and a beating heart—as who would not when, for the first time, he has the privilege of man. As I went out to the barn I could hear my mother (with whom I was ever a favourite) praying for me.

"Save the laddie—save the laddie!" she said over and over.

And I think my father prayed too; but, as I went, he also cried to me counsels.

"Be sure you keep up the chains—dinna let them clatter till ye hae the stuff weel up the hill. The Lord keep ye! Be a guid lad an' ride honestly. Gin ye see Sir William, keep your head doon, an' gae by withoot lookin'. He's a magistrate, ye ken. But he'll no' see you, gin ye dinna see him. Leave twa ankers a-piece o' brandy an' rum at our dyke back. An' abune a' the Lord be wi' ye, an' bring ye safe back to your sorrowing parents!"

So, with pride, I did the harness graith upon the sony back of Brown Bess—the pad before where I was to sit—the ling-tow and the hooked chains behind. I had a cutlass, the jockteleg, or smuggler's sheaf-knife, and a pair of brass-mounted

pistols ready swung in my leathern belt. Faith, but I wish Bell of the Mains could have seen me now, ready to ride with the light-horsemen. She would never scorn me more for a lingle-backed callant, I'se warrant.

"Haste ye, Robin! Heard ye no that the partans are on the sands?"

It was Georgie of the Clone who cried to me. He meant the free-traders from the Isle, rolling the barrels ashore.

"I am e'en as ready as ye are yoursel'!" I gave him answer, for I was not going to let him boast himself prideful all because he had ridden out with them once or twice before. Besides, his horse and accoutrement were not one half so good as mine. For my father was an honest and well-considered man, and in good standing with the laird and the minister, so that he could afford to do things handsomely.

We made haste to ride along the heuchs, which are very high, steep, and rocky at this part of the coast.

And at every loaning-end we heard the clinking of the smugglers' chains, and I thought the sound a livening and a merry one.

"A fair guid-e'en, young Airyolan!" cried one to me, as we came by Killantrae. And I own the name was sweet to my ears. For it was the custom to call men by the names of their farms, and Airyolan was my father's name by rights. But mine for the night, because in my hands was the honour of the house.

Ere we got down to the Clone, we could hear, all about in the darkness, athwart and athwart, the clattering of chains, the stir of many horses, and the voices of men.

Black Taggart was in with his lugger, the *Sea Pyet*, and such a cargo as the Clone men had never run—so ran the talk

on every side. There was not a sleeping wife, or a man left indoors in all the parish of Mochrum, except only the laird and the minister.

By the time that we got down by the

Then a tall young man on a horse rode straight at the crowd which had gathered about the loon I had felled. He had a mask over his face which sometimes slipped awry. But, in spite of the disguise, he



"THE FREE TRADERS ROLLING THE BARRELS ASHORE."

shore there was quite a company of the Men of the Fells, as the shore men called us—all dour, swack, determined fellows.

"Here come the hill nowt!" said one of the village men, as he caught sight of us. I knew him for a limber-tongued, ill-livered loon from the Port, so I delivered him a blow fair and solid between the eyes, and he dropped without a gurgle. This was to learn him how to speak to innocent strangers.

Then there was a turmoil indeed, to speak about, for all the men of the laigh shore crowded about, and knives were drawn. But I cried, "Corwald, Mochrum, Chippermore, here to me!" And all the stout lads came about me.

Nevertheless, it looked black for a moment, as the shore men waved their torches in our faces, and yelled fiercely at us to put us down by fear.

seemed perfectly well known to all there.

"What have we here?" he asked, in a voice of questioning that had also the power of command in it.

"'Tis these Men of the Fells that have stricken down Jock Webster of the Port, Maister William!" said one of the crowd.

Then I knew the laird's son, and did my duty to him, telling him of my provocation, and how I had only given the rascal strength of arm.

"And right well you did," said Maister William, "for these dogs would swatter in the good brandy, but never help to carry it to the caves, or bring the well-graithed horses to the shore-side! Carry the loon away, and stap him into a heather hole till he come to."

So that was all the comfort they got for their tale-telling.

"And you, young Airyolan," said Maister William, "that are so ready with your strength of arm—there is even a job that you may do. Muckle Jock, the Preventive man, rides to-night from Isle of Whithorn, where he has been warning the cutter. Do you meet him and keep him from doing himself an injury."

"And where shall I meet him, Maister William?" I asked of the young laird.

"Oh, somewhere on the heuch-taps," said he, carelessly; "and see, swing these on your horse and leave them at Myrtoun on the bygoing."

He called a man with a torch, who came and stood over me, while I laid on Brown Bess a pair of small casks of some fine liqueur, of which more than ordinary care was to be taken, and also a few packages of soft goods, silks and laces as I deemed.

"Take these to the Loch Yett, and ca' Sandy Fergus to stow them for ye. Syne do your work with the Exciseman as he comes hame. Gar him bide till the sun be at its highest to-morrow. And a double share o' the plunder shall be lyin' in the hole at a back of the dyke at Airyolan, when ye ride hame the morn at e'en."

So I bade him a good-night, and rode my ways over the fields and across many burns to Myrtoun. As I went I looked back, and there, below me, was a strange sight—all the little harbour of the Clone lighted up, a hurrying of men down to the shore, the flickering of torches, and the lapping of the sea making a stir of gallant life that set the blood to leaping in the veins. It was, indeed, I thought, worth while living to be a free-trader. Far out, I could see the dark spars of the lugger, *Sea Pyet*, and hear the casks and ankers dumping into the boats alongside.

Then I began to bethink me that I had a more desperate ploy than any of them that were down there. For they were many, and I was only one. Moreover, easily as young Master William might say, "Meet Muckle Jock and keep him till the morn at noon!" the matter

was not so easy as supping one's porridge.

Now, I had never seen the Exciseman, but my brother had played at the cudgels with Jock before this. So I knew more of him than to suppose that he would bide for the bidding of one man when in the way of his duty.

When the young laird went away he slipped me a small, heavy packet.

"Half for you and half for the gauger, gin he hears reason," he said.

By the weight and the jingle I judged it to be yellow Geordies, the best thing that the wee, wee German lairdie ever sent Tory Mochrum. And not too plenty there, either! Though since the Clone folk did so well with the clean run smuggling from the blessed Isle of Man, it is true that there are more of the Geordies than there used to be.

So I rode round by the back of the White Loch, for Sir William had a habit of dauner, over by the Airlour and Barsalloch, and in my present ride I had no desire to meet with him.

Yet, as fate would have it, I was not to win clear that night. I had not ridden more than half-way round the loch when Brown Bess went floundering into a moss-hole, which are more plenty than paved roads in that quarter. And what with the weight of the pack, and her struggling, we threatened to go down altogether. When I thought of what my father would say, if I went home with my finger in my mouth, and neither Black Bess nor yet a penny's-worth to be the value of her, I was fairly a-sweat with fear. I cried aloud for help, for there were cottages near by. And, as I had hoped, in a little a man came out of the shadows of the willow bushes.

"What want ye, yochel?" said he, in a mightily lofty tone.

"I'll 'yochel' ye, gin I had time. Pu' on that rope," I said, for my spirit was disturbed by the accident. Also, as I have said, I took ill-talk from no man.



"BLACK TAGGART WAS IN WITH HIS LUGGER."

So, with a little laugh, the man laid hold of the rope, and pulled his best, while I took off what of the packages I could reach, ever keeping my own feet moving, to clear the sticky glaur of the bog-hole from off them.

"Tak' that hook out, and ease doon the cask, man!" I cried to him, for I was in desperation; "I'll gie ye a heartsome gill, even though the stuff be Sir William's!"

And the man laughed again, being, as I judged, well pleased. For all that service yet was I not pleased to be called "yochel." But, in the meantime, I saw not how I could begin to cuff and clout one that was helping my horse and stuff out of a bog-hole. Yet I resolved somehow to be even with him, for, though a peaceable man, I never could abide the calling of ill names.

"Whither gang ye?" said he.

"To the Muckle Hoose o' Myrtoun," said I, "and gang ye wi' me, my man; and gie me a hand doon wi' the stuff, for I hae nae stomach for mair warsling in bog-holes. And wha kens but that auld Turk, Sir William, may happen on us?"

"Ken ye Sir William Maxwell?" said the man.

"Na," said I. "I never so muckle as set e'en on the auld wretch. But I had sax hard days' wark cutting bushes, and makin' a road for his carriage wi' wheels, for him to ride in to Mochrum Kirk."

"Saw ye him never there?" said the man, as I strapped the packages on again.

"Na," said I, "my faither is a Cameronian, and gangs to nae Kirk here-aboots."

"He has gien his son a bonny upbringing, then!" quoth the man.

Now this made me mainly angry, for I cannot bide that folk should meddle with my folk. As far as I am concerned myself I am a peaceable man.

"Hear ye," said I, "I ken na wha ye

are that speers so mony questions. Ye may be the de'il, or ye may be the enemy o' Mochrum himsel', the blackavised Com-modore frae Glasserton. But, I can warrant ye that ye'll no mell and claw unyeuked with Robin o' Airyolan. Hear ye that, my man, and keep a civil tongue within your ill-lookin' cheek, gin ye want to gang hame in the morning wi' an un-cracked croun!"

The man said no more, and by his gait I judged him to be some serving-man. For, as far as the light served me, he was not so well put on as myself. Yet there was a kind of neatness about the creature that showed him to be no outdoor man either.

However, he accompanied me willingly enough till we came to the Muckle House of Myrtoun. For I think that he was feared of his head at my words. And indeed it would not have taken the kittling of a flea to have garred me draw a staff over his crown. For there is nothing that angers a Galloway man more than an ignorant, upsetting town's body, putting in his gab when he desires to live peaceable.

So, when we came to the back entrance, I said to him: "Hear ye to this. Ye are to make no noise, my mannie, but gie me a lift doon wi' thae barrels, cannily. For that dour old tod, the laird, is to ken naething aboot it. Only Miss Peggy and Maister William, they ken. 'Deed, it was William himsel' that sent me on this errand."

So with that the mannie gave a kind of laugh, and helped me down with the ankers far better than I could have expected. We rolled them into a shed at the back of the stables, and covered them up snug with some straw and some old heather thatching.

"Aye, my lad," says I to him, "for a' your douce speech and fair words ye hae been at this job afore!"

"Well, it is true," he said, "that I hae rolled a barrel or two in my time."

Then, in the waft of an eye, I knew who



"I LAID A PISTOL TO HIS EAR."

he was. I set him down for Muckle Jock, the Excise officer, that had never gone to the Glasserton at all, but had been lurking there in the moss, waiting to deceive honest men. I knew that I needed to be wary with him, for he was, as I had heard, a sturdy carl, and had won the last throw at the Stoneykirk wrestling. But all the men of the Fellside have an excellent opinion of themselves, and I thought I was good for any man of the size of this one.

So said I to him: "Noo, chiel, ye ken we are no' juist carryin' barrels o' spring water at this time o' nicht to pleasure King George. Hearken ye; we are in danger of being laid by the heels in the jail of Wigton gin the black lawyer corbies get us. Noo, there's a Preventive man that is crawling and spying ower by on the heights o' Physgill. Ye maun e'en come wi' me an' help to keep him oot o' hairm's way. For it wad not be for his guid that he should gang doon to the port this nicht!"



"HERE WE KEPT HIM ALL DAY."

The man that I took to be the gauger hummed and hawed a while, till I had enough of his talk and unstable ways.

"No back-and-forrit ways wi' Robin," said I. "Will ye come and help to catch the King's officer, or will ye not?"

"No a foot will I go," says he. "I have been a King's officer, myself!"

I laid a pistol to his ear, for I was in some heat.

"Gin you war King Geordie himsel', aye, or Cumberland either, ye shall come wi' me and help to catch the gauger," said I.

For I bethought me that it would be a bonny ploy, and one long to be talked about in these parts, thus to lay by the heels the Exciseman and make him tramp to Glasserton to kidnap himself.

The man with the bandy legs was taking a while to consider, so I said to him: "She is a guid pistol and new primed!"

"I'll come wi' ye!" said he.

So I set him first on the road, and left my horse in the stables of Myrtoun. It was the gloam of the morning when we got to the turn of the road by which, if he were to come at all, the new gauger would ride from Glasserton. And lo! as if we had set a tryst, there he was coming over the heathery braes at a brisk trot. So I covered him with my pistol, and took his horse by the reins, thinking no more of the other man I had taken for the gauger before.

"Dismount, my lad," I said. "Ye dinna ken me, but I ken you. Come here, my landlouser, and help to hand him!"

I saw the stranger who had come with me sneaking off, but with my other pistol I brought him to a stand. So together we got the gauger into a little thicket or planting. And here, willing or unwilling, we kept him all day, till we were sure that the stuff would all be run, and the long trains of honest smugglers on good horses far on their way to the towns of the north.

Then very honestly I counted out the

half of the tale of golden guineas Master William had given me, and put them into the pocket of the gauger's coat.

"Gin ye are a good still-tongued kind of cattle, there is more of that kind of oats where these came from," said I. "But lie ye here snug as a pairrick for an hour yet by the clock, lest even yet ye should come to harm!"

So there we left him, not very sorely angered, for all he had posed as so efficient and zealous a King's officer.

"Now," said I to the man that had helped me. "I promised ye half o' Maister William's guineas, that he bade me keep, for I allow that it micht hae been a different job but for your help. And here they are. Ye shall never say that Robin of Airyolan roguit ony man—even a feckless toon's birkie wi' bandy legs!"

The man laughed and took the siller, saying, "Thank'ee!" with an arrogant air as if he handled bags of them every day. But, nevertheless, he took them, and I parted from him, wishing him well, which was more than he did to me. But I know how to use civility upon occasion.

When I reached home I told my father, and described the man I had met. But he could make no guess at him. Nor had I myself till the next rent day, when my father, having a lame leg where the colt had kicked him, sent me down to pay the owing. The factor I knew well, but I had my money in hand and little I cared for him. But what was my astonishment to find, sitting at the table with him, the very same man who had helped me to lay the Exciseman by the heels. But now, I thought, there was a strangely different air about him.

And what astonished me more, it was this man, and not the factor, who spoke first to me.

"Aye, Robin of Airyolan, and are you here? Ye are a chiel with birr and smeddum! There are the bones of a man in ye! Hae ye settled with the gauger

for shackling him by the hill of Physgil?"

Now, as I have said, I thole snash from no man, and I gave him the word back sharply.

"Hae ye settled wi' him yoursel', sir? For it was you that tied the tow rope!"

returned from foreign parts after a sojourn of many years, I had never before seen.

Then both the factor and the laird laughed heartily at my discomfiture.

"Ken ye o' a lass that wad tak' up wi' ye, Robin?" said Sir William.

"Half a dozen o' them, my lord," said



"THESE ARE THE FIVE GUINEAS YE GIED TO ME."

My adversary laughed, and looked not at all ill-pleased.

He pointed to the five gold Georges on the table.

"Hark ye, Robin of Airyolan, these are the five guineas ye gied to me like an honest man. I'll forgie ye for layin' the pistol to my lug, for ye are some credit to the land that fed ye. Gin ye promise to wed a decent lass, I'll e'en gie ye a farm. And as sure as my name is Sir William Maxwell, ye shall sit your life-time rent free, for the de'il's errand that ye took me on the night of the brandy-running at the Clone."

I could have sunken through the floor when I heard that it was Sir William himself—whom, because he had so recently

I. "Lasses are neither ill to seek nor hard to find when Robin of Airyolan gangs a-coortin'!"

"Losh preserve us!" cried the laird, slapping his thigh, "but I never sallied forth to woo a lass so blithely confident mysel'!"

I said nothing, but dusted my knee-brecks.

"An' mind ye maun see to it that the bairns are a' loons, and as staunch and stark as yoursel'!" said the factor.

"A man can but do his best," answered I, very modestly as I thought. For I never can tell why it is that the folk will always say that I have a good opinion of myself. Nor, on the other hand, can I tell why I should not.

A CHAT WITH SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

"If I were you, I wouldn't," said Mrs. Cotes, whom I have the pleasure of knowing well, as I glanced professionally round her drawing-room in Kensington.



SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

"Wouldn't what?" I asked, startled, yet with a good conscience, for there never was yet an orthodox interview without an inventory.

"Take down the details. I could not claim to be expressed by them. I should be masquerading in my landlady's taste, you see, which wouldn't be fair—to her."

That is the reason this chronicle of a chat must appear without carvings or cabinets, etchings, a horde of photographs, favourite sceries, luxurious rugs, spiky palms, or, indeed, any æsthetic decoration whatever.

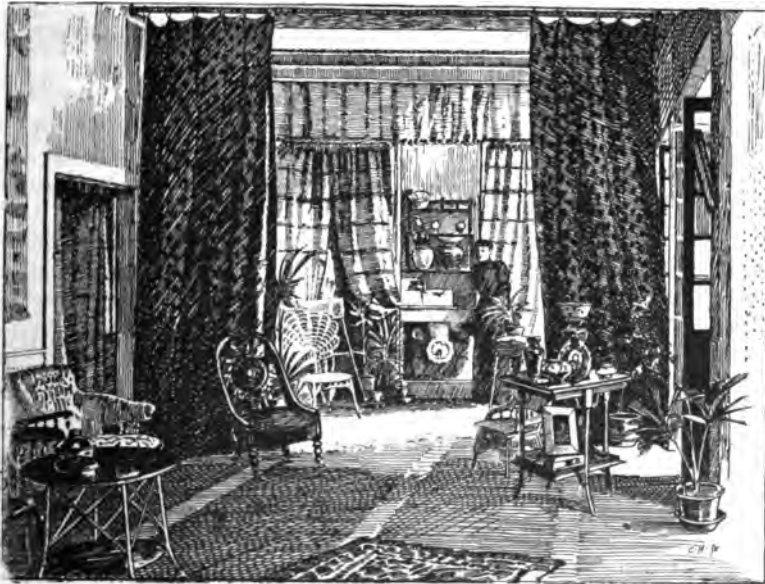
These things were all there; but when one became aware that they were of the landlady, their importance seemed to dwindle. After all, one landlady is very like another, especially with regard to relatives.

"Your own household gods," said I, after we had argued the point, "are——"

"In Calcutta. Put away in tin-lined packing-cases in the go-down of my husband's agents. Do you know what a go-down is?" asked Mrs. Cotes, pleasantly.

I confessed my ignorance, although it sounded like a summer beverage. "Is it a shop? But," I urged, thinking of the lawful privileges of public curiosity, "when did you first feel a desire for literary expression, Mrs. Cotes? 'Conscious of something within you,' is the technical term." I had my note-book ready, and my countenance wore precisely the expression of the dental surgeon, when he assures his victim that it won't hurt—*much*.

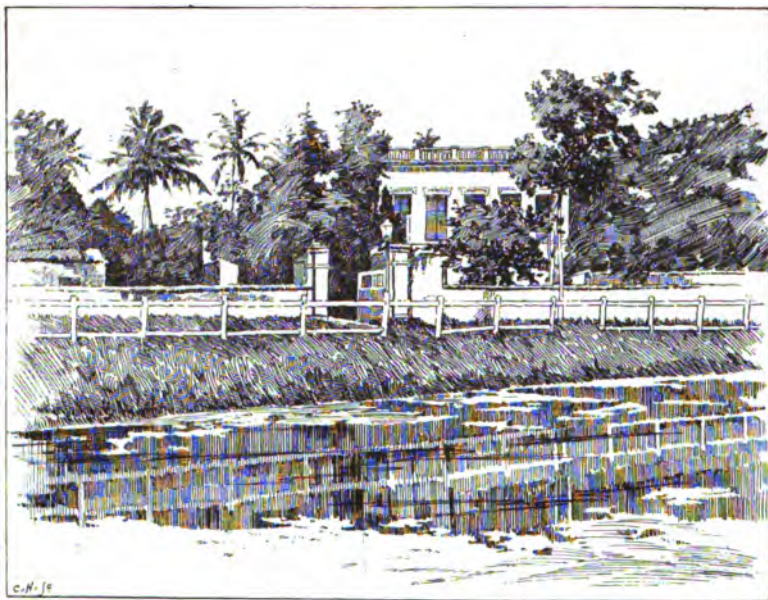
"Quite a long time ago. But you are



THE DRAWING ROOM.

not altogether right about a 'go-down.' It is really a kind of a store-house. The Hindustani word for 'shop,' if you would like to know——"

"Neither am I," said Mrs. Cotes; "but it is arranged on principles that spell 'Cawnpore,' 'Kahnpur,' for instance, and 'Lucknow,' 'Lakhnau.' Mem Sahib's



THE PINK HOUSE BY THE TANK.

I hastened to say that I would, above all things.

"Is 'dukan.' But I am afraid you mustn't rely upon the spelling. I have felt uncertain about the spelling of Hindustani words ever since a retired Anglo-Indian wrote to me from Bournemouth, enclosing a list of forty-one mistakes in *The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib*."

"Oh, well, we won't put that in."

"Why not? I should have thought it rather interesting and unusual—so many in a single volume."

"But perhaps the old gentleman was wrong. He may have had a phonetic theory of spelling, you know."

"I'm afraid not. He had passed a number of examinations—he mentioned them—and proved every case by the Hunterian method. Perhaps you are not acquainted with the Hunterian method of spelling Hindustani?"

I said that I was not.

Hindustani, in which the forty-one mistakes appeared, is less scientific, but it answers very well—the natives understand it."

"You were born in Canada, I think, Mrs. Cotes? People always want to know where other people are born. It gives such an air of verisimilitude to an interview."

"If you wouldn't mind mentioning at once any other facts about me that you wish me to corroborate," said Mrs. Cotes, patiently, "it would save time, would it not? And we could go on to something interesting. One always has to be born somewhere. Yes, I was born in Canada."

"Where your earlier work was done?"

"Quite so."

"It was—journalistic in its character?"

"Oh, very! You see, the magazines——"

"I know. If you enclose a stamp. Then I may conclude that you underwent the usual discouragements of the young literary aspirant?"

"That is being too sorry for me. I had the usual incapacity of the young literary aspirant to discern that the world could not possibly want to read what I wanted to write. But do you think the public care to hear about the early discouragements of any more authors? You must really not put anything in that will bore people!"

"They love it," I averred; "and, as a rule, authors enjoy dwelling upon their youthful struggles. It pleases their sense of contrast. Have you read the articles in *My First Book*?"

"No," said Mrs. Cotes, readily.

"Ah! If you had! There, you get everything, from the shy modesty of Robert Buchanan to the pessimistic frankness of the latest school. It would have been so much easier to indicate—to suggest the kind of reminiscent *matériel* which——"

"You mean that you could have told me what to say to you!" Mrs. Cotes exclaimed, regretfully.

"Could you not think of any little story of disappointment—any picturesque incident of a rejected manuscript, an implacable editor, a rising reputation, and

revenge? Have you no opinion to offer to the public about literature as a profession at so much per thousand words? Nothing to say in sarcasm or in satisfaction about its rewards?"

Mrs. Cotes laughed outright. "I couldn't possibly take myself so seriously," she said. "In India——"

"Yes?"

"We never do. That is one of the charms of life there. It slips away easily in a succession of dramatic days, and one sees one's self projected like a shadow against the strenuous mass of the real people, a shadow with a pair of eyes. There is such intensity and colour and mystery to see, that life is hardly more than looking on, and a good many of us forget that we belong to the worrying, old, ego-harried world of the West, until our little day is done, and we creep home with the sun to Kensington, and take it all up again,—with the fogs, and *The Times*, and the price of coals."

"Of course, everything about the East is interesting nowadays, but——"

"Is it not! India is so close! Kipling has brought it to the nearest bookstall, and stoking to within ten days of Brindisi! I wish I could tell you something interesting about Kipling. But I have never met him."

"For the purpose of this interview,



THE PINK HOUSE BY THE TANK.



SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN (MRS. COTES).

something interesting about yourself would——”

“You are talking suggestively, like Anthony Hope,” Mrs. Cotes said, accusingly. “When you feel imitative, it is safer to choose an author less well known.”

“It is wrong to gibe at the humblest

interviewer. My revenge shall take the form of a direct question. Was it your own experiences you described in *The Simple Adventures of Mem Sahib*? Was that your own pink house by the tank? Did Hurrymoney What’s-his-name really live next door? and were the family of jockeys, who sang ‘John Peel’ in the

evenings, truly on the other side; and was the Rajah over the way? Was that your own flower-garden?"

"It was certainly our own house," Mrs. Cotes replied, "and the neighbours, yes—you remember I talked no scandal about them!—and the garden was like ours as nearly as I could describe it. You would be surprised to know how well English flowers grow in India—violets and verbenas and phloxes and nasturtiums and mignonnette, and even daisies and corn-bottles. But roses cannot be induced to flourish in Calcutta."

"Indeed! And the social and domestic experiences?"

"They were just what happen to everybody, modified to suit Mr. and Mrs. Browne."

"There is nothing like the direct question for the ends of the interviewer," I remarked, taking these things down. "I wish you would rouse my vindictiveness again. Isn't it about five years since you went out to India? And to account for that time we have the *Mem Sahib*, and *A Daughter of To-Day* and *Vernon's Aunt*—anything more?"

"Only a little thing called *The Story of Sonny Sahib*, and——"

"And?"

"And an Indian novel which is to run serially this year in one of the magazines."

"Is it fair to ask what it is about? You know the usual kind of vague preliminary statement which arouses the curiosity of the multitude."

"Mr. Watt says that all inquiries regarding MSS. are to be referred to him," answered Mrs. Cotes. "I understand that great comfort has been experienced by the writing classes since Mr. Watt arose." She laughed, and I did my best to look like a wounded interviewer, only very gradually permitting my feelings to be soled with a cup of tea.

"On the whole, is it a good place to live in, Calcutta?"

"It is a good place to write in. There is so much time. Life is one long holiday—I speak as a *Mem Sahib*, of course not as a collector. One's house-keeping is done in a quarter of an hour in the morning, and then for two-thirds of the year come the long hours, when it is too hot to go out of the house. In England those



SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

hours would be full of temptation, people, *matinées*, shopping! And there is such abundance of material in Anglo-Indian life—it is full of such picturesque incident, such tragic chance. I assure you, the most commonplace Englishman, with that background, becomes, by contrast, invested with all sorts of interesting qualities."

"What about society?"

"Society is delightful in its own way. It is a very individual way, always pictorial, sometimes brilliant, absolutely free from little local prejudices. That, of course, you would guess—men can't do Imperial work with municipal minds. There are things that are missing. We are almost too uniform in our originality, if I may put it absurdly; which is doubtless the fault of the competitive examination. And society has no fringe, no borderland, no mystery, almost no privacy. Also the arts are absent. And when you think how far we are from Piccadilly!"

"And as a reading public how do you find Anglo-Indians?"

"Particularly kind and appreciative as to Anglo-Indian books—if that is what you mean. So much so that it is a temptation to forget Mudie and Smith and the American market altogether, and write only for the little world of English India about itself—without footnotes."

"Why not? Kipling did that."

"Kipling is nobody's precedent," said Mrs. Cotes, and then added, with rebuking eyes: "Hitherto I have *enjoyed* your sense of humour."

"You are going back soon?"

"Immediately. In exactly three weeks I shall be in Calcutta."

My expression must have been one of commiseration, for Mrs. Cotes added, with a glance out of the window:

"There is a certain pink glow that

comes just about this time every evening, and hangs in mid-air between you and the river and the trees on the Maidan. The palms push themselves up through it, and the masts of the ships pierce it, and the wind that comes with it is very gentle and warm."

Outside, our London substitute for this atmospheric effect was strikingly obvious, acrid, and dusty. I was fain to agree, as I wished Mrs. Cotes *bon voyage*, that Calcutta had its compensations.



OUT OF BOUNDS

BY BENNETT COLL.

I.

WHETHER or not the strange story I have to tell is likely to secure any credence amongst those who may read it, is a question which I am not disposed to

contemplate. Possibly it may be set down as the product of a feverish brain, presumably not too healthy at the best of times, which has cultivated the society of "spooks" to its own irretrievable ruin.

However

that may be, I may premise at the outset that I have not yet qualified for Hanwell or Colney Hatch, or for any similar institution; that I do not believe in ghosts, although I have often tried to see one; and that those who know me best have never accused me of being a humbug. So much is due, by way of preface, to those who are willing to read these pages.

Furthermore, I must ask the reader's indulgence if I seem to dwell upon trivial details. Every point in the introduction is so necessary for the disclosures of the sequel that the one is unavoidably bound up in the other.

It was in the month of July, in a certain year of the latter part of the eighties, that I came to a rustic seat in my garden which stands but five land yards away from the prattle of a trout-stream. The day was

oppressively hot; and, before I realised the fact, I was rapidly drifting into slumber. Somehow I was too indolently careless to resist such a possible temptation, although the mid-day sun rebuked me. Anyhow, I slept; and sleeping, dreamed.

The last thing I remember was the swirling music of the trout-stream. This may account for the fact that I presently became aware of the rush of water against the sides of a steamboat. I was, I found, on the upper deck of the ferry-boat which plies between New Brighton and Liverpool. Now, I had not been in Liverpool before for at least six years, although I know the city well. This fact did not occur to me at the time, and I was not surprised to find myself taking a trip which I had often taken before.

Suddenly I became aware that two youths were standing by my side, evidently bent upon drawing me into conversation. They seemed to be nervously anxious to begin, but to doubt in what manner their advances would be received. After a whispered consultation, one of them approached me and said:

"Skip—no offence—can we have a word with you?"

I arrived at the conclusion that the word "Skip" was an abbreviated form of the title "Skipper," and I rightly conjectured that they were seafaring lads. Their communications amounted to this: They were penniless; they had endured many and grievous hardships; they were ready to take any berth that offered, for the sake of food and shelter. This very day they had made up their minds to end the stern conflict for existence by boring a hole in the water—themselves being the gimlets. Something had prompted them to tell me of their misfortunes, and if I could do anything I should earn their eternal gratitude.

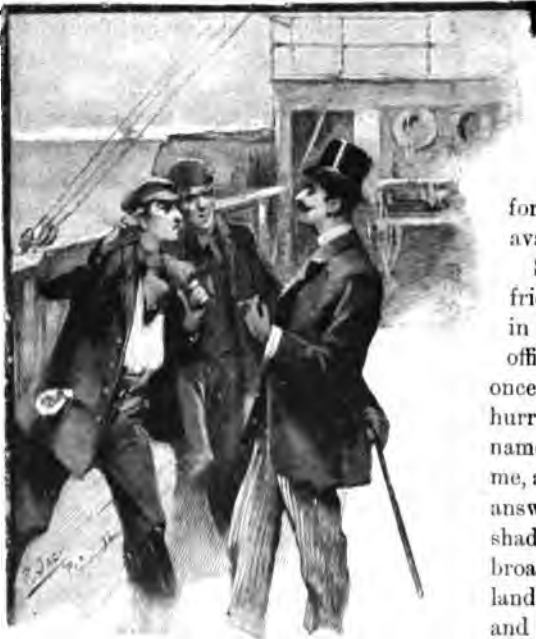
Quite a common story, you see, and not



"THE DAY WAS OPPRESSIVELY HOT."

at all remarkable for originality. But, wait a bit.

I do not remember reaching the landing-stage at Liverpool; but I was conscious that my new friends and I were entering a restaurant in Church Street; and while they broke a fast of twenty-four hours'



“CAN WE HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?”

duration—as they told me—I wondered what to do with them next.

Now it happens that a friend of mine is at the head of a large shipping firm in Water Street. I knew him to be a kind and generous fellow, and it occurred to me that I might as well take his advice upon the subject. There appeared to be no interval of time between the forming of my resolution to call upon him and the finding myself in his office, attended by my extempore comrades. I do not remember that my friend, Charlie Swan, expressed any surprise at seeing me; only that he was listening attentively to my story, and endeavouring to help me to the best of his ability.

All this time I was vaguely feeling in my pockets for a five-pound note. I do

not, as a rule, carry five-pound notes in my pockets; but I had a notion that one ought to be secreted there somewhere, and that it might form a useful help towards starting these young fellows on a new career. I must have told Charlie of my inability to find it, for he said he would

willingly supply the deficiency, which, of course, I undertook to repay. The note was not produced at the moment, because he said he believed there were vacancies on one of the Company's ships, and he would leave me for a moment to see whether they were available.

Strange to say, I did not wait for my friend's return. I found myself, instead, in Water Street—on the outside of the office doors. I was in haste, too, to get once more to the landing-stage; and, as I hurried along, I heard myself called by name. Some invisible power was holding me, and calling to me loudly. I strove to answer, until, through a mist of cloudy shadow, I came upon a sunlit scene which broadened out into woods, and pasture lands, and running streams. I was awake, and lying upon the rustic seat; and my wife was asking what had induced me to sleep so soundly in the middle of the day.

Now note the jocularly of my answer.

“Well,” said I, “the fact is—I have been rather busy. I have been on the Mersey, thence to a feeding-shop, after that to see Charlie Swan. He looks very well, and sends you his love.”

Which was a fiction.

There you have my dream as succinctly as I can put it.

II.

Perhaps you may picture, but you can never hope to realise, the amazement and consternation which came upon me when I read the following letter. It was delivered to me about a week after the date of my dream:—

Water Street, Liverpool.

My dear Chummie,

You are a nice sort of chap, don't you think. Blundering into a fellow's office at the busiest time of the day, and sending him on a hunt to find two places for a pair of tramps he knows nothing about! And then—as soon as his back is turned—cutting off without saying a word! What the deuce has come to you, and where are you? I did not even know you were in Liverpool. Just hurry up and explain yourself.

Your two hedge-sparrows are on the way to the Black Sea. We packed them off in a Mediterranean boat, where they will get plenty of rope's end unless they move about pretty smart. If they turn up trumps—and I confess that I rather fancy them—you may depend that we shall not lose sight of them. I gave them the fiver you wanted, and they asked for your address. Probably you will hear from them. Have you got any more of the same stock on hand?

By the way, a restaurant fellow turned up yesterday. Said you had walked into his place the same day, ordered covers for two, and *bolted without paying!* Said he didn't mind because you were a friend of mine, confound you! However, I paid him his account, but in future you had better let me know of your movements. I shall have to bail you out one of these days—

But I was not thinking of Charlie's chaff. He was always an impertinent rascal; at any other time he would have got it back again by return of post. As I gazed at his letter, in absolute stupefaction, I seemed to be acting my dream over again. An indefinable feeling of horror and nervous alarm began to creep over me; and I fled to my study to think the thing out.

It was a long time before I could manage to collect my thoughts into any reasonable channel. One thing, however, was certain; I had appeared in Liverpool in some unmistakable form, and had returned home to the rustic seat without having, for one moment, taken my body with me. How I came to make the journey; what secret power had made use of me in order to befriend these two young men; why I should have been chosen as a means to an end—all this was beyond me. I was not, so far as I was aware, under the will or power of any human being. I had never seen a



"FINDING MYSELF IN HIS OFFICE."

choke, you know, cropped hair, and number something. Love to the wife. Don't mind my chaff.

Yours always,

CH. SWAN.

materialised spirit, and had never heard that (what are called) apparitions have been remarkable for anything beyond bad grammar and a lamentable ignorance of

orthography. This thing was an altogether different case, and beyond all explanation. Clairvoyance and hypnotism claim to be able to send away the disembodied spirit, while the material body gives utterance to what that spirit—far away—is looking upon. But I have never heard that they claim to be able so to materialise their messenger as to make it *visible*, and *coherent*, and *methodically exact*, in the presence of those to whom it is sent. Let me say, here, that Liverpool is more than two hundred miles away from my home. I must have traversed the distance twice, and spent most of my time in that city, in a little under an hour and a-half.

Well, after exhausting every possible conjecture, I wrote to Charlie. I reimbursed him for his outlay on my behalf, and tried to explain my disappearance from his office as best I could. I asked him, in a tentative sort of way, if he had noticed anything peculiar about me. People had told me, I said, that I was not looking well; had he noticed anything *distrail* in my manner of conducting myself? Had he observed any indication of those temporary fits of abstraction, which, I feared, were growing upon me?

My friend replied—in his usual fashion—that I looked “rather rum about the gills,” somewhat after the style (Charlie’s metaphors never hang together) of “an over-boiled apple dumpling”; that my features were those of “a glass-eyed dummy,” probably referable—as he had mentally decided—to that condition of being known as “drunk again”; and that if he had been a policeman, there would have been another five shillings in the magistrate’s poor-box next morning.

All this, although very smart and funny, did not help me much; and I feared to ask him anything more. I determined, therefore, to wait and see what the future would bring forth. If those two young fellows should write, I might get a more connected account of the details of my

strange experience. Meantime, I would take no one into my confidence. Charlie had no suspicion of the real facts, and I alone knew—what I knew.



“‘NEVER GET DRUNK—IT’S BAD FORM.’”

It was some two months after Charlie’s letter, that I received another, bearing the postmark of a foreign port. This letter was headed “s.s. Araucania,” and it began with the words “Dear Skip.” It was full of generous expressions of gratitude, described the voyage, the life on board, the details of their work, and their love of it. They were to be transferred to another ship belonging to the same Company. The captain had behaved most kindly to them; had hinted at possible promotion, and had dismissed them with the following sound advice:—

“Never forget to say your prayers; never get drunk—it’s bad form; and never swear until you can do so on your own quarter-deck.”

The letter concluded with a promise to “look in upon” me “and report” whenever they should arrive in England, and was signed “Laurence Royd” and “Stephen Royd.”

III.

Two years passed away; and if, at odd times, a momentary recollection brought the strange experience to my mind, I had

learned to meet it with instant dismissal as an unaccountable hallucination. It had ceased to occupy any place in the regions of reality. But I was fated to receive a further proof of the possibility of impossibilities. A card was brought to me one day, with the request that I would favour two visitors with an interview. Upon the card were written (not printed) the names of "Laurence Royd" and "Stephen Royd."

To say that I was completely unnerved at the sight is a mere expression. Had I been summoned to confront two real and genuine ghosts, I should have flown to embrace the opportunity. But to meet two items of a dream, to shake hands with them in broad daylight, to treat them as veritable realities, to hear the tones of their voice! For some moments I could not call up sufficient courage to face the ordeal; but a feeling of curious fascination attracted me, and I made my way to the room into which they had been shown. I am not ashamed to say that, as I laid my hand upon the closed door, an instinctive petition for strength flew to my lips; for power, and nerve, and steady control seemed to have gone from me. I entered the room in this state of mind, and knew, at a glance, that I was face to face with the principal actors in my dream-drama.

The recognition was mutual. There could be no question as to their corporeal reality. The grip of their hands seemed to me to suggest the hold upon a rope in a furious gale of wind. Breezy storm, and bronzing sun, and the spray of giant waves were written all over them. Two fine stalwart youths they were, in good sooth, and the onset of their welcome belonged to no visionary shadows.

"Skip," said one, "we have been a long time about it; but here we are at last. How are we to tell you all we want to say?"

Then they began—both together. They told me their history from the time when I had met them upon the New Brighton

ferry-boat down to the moment when they had landed in England, a day or two previously. It is not necessary to the story that I should recount the various scenes in their life during this period, but I gradually led them back to the time of our first meeting. It turned out to be a reproduction of what I knew already; but I gathered these further facts.

Their own mother had died, and their father had married again. The second marriage was not a happy one, and these two had run away from home. They had picked up odd jobs about the coast, and had been employed—now and again—on some of the coasting steamers. This, however, had been but temporary work, and they had, at last, found themselves hopelessly stranded. Then it was that I came to the rescue. Something had told them that I, if anyone, could help them. They had therefore determined to tell me their story, and I knew the sequel.

"But," said Laurence, as the recital drew to a close, "we shall never forget that if it hadn't been for you there would have been 'man overboard' that



"A CARD WAS BROUGHT."

day, and the ballast we carried would have kept us under. Wouldn't it, Steenie?"

Still I drove them back to our first

meeting. I said I wished particularly to remember certain points. It was so long ago that my memory needed jogging. For instance, what was I doing when they first saw me? Was I asleep?

Asleep? No! More as if I was thinking—hard.

Did I shake hands—or offer to shake hands—with them?

No. I had a kind of a sort of a far-away look; but I answered them when they spoke, and told them to follow me when we arrived at the Liverpool landing-stage.

Did they see me leave my friend's office?

No. They suddenly missed me, and stayed about outside, thinking that I should come back. While I was with them I had spoken but little, seeming to prefer to intimate my wishes by signs and gestures.

"We thought," Steenie interposed, "that you looked pale and ill; and your voice was weakly. But we put that down to bad health."

That I looked pale and ill I could well understand; who would not, after so rapid a flight through space? But where did

the voice, however weakly, come from? Not from the throat of that sleeping figure, lying upon the rustic seat more than two hundred miles away.

"There is one thing more," said Laurence. "You fitted us out with a five-pound note. Mr. Swan said you had asked him to give it to us. We had never had so much money, at once, in all our lives. We gratefully return it now"—he laid a sealed envelope before me—"but what it has done for us we can never hope to repay."

And that was the end of it.

Laurence and Stephen Royd stayed with me for two days, and then went back to rejoin their ship. They had been lucky enough to obtain berths in the

same vessel, and had never been very far apart. They were in receipt of a good income; they were in need of nothing, and promotion had come to them more than once. I bade them good-bye with the sense that I was taking leave of a part of myself, and I have neither seen them nor heard of them since that day.



"MAN OVERBOARD!"



HOW A COMIC ILLUSTRATOR WORKS.

A CHAT WITH MR. L. RAVEN-HILL.

BY GLEESON WHITE.

CLAPHAM and art are rarely associated in the public mind. Indeed, that respectable suburb, once the stronghold of artless well-to-do Evangelicals, has been, for years past, the synonym for all that the superior critic dubs Philistine. Yet, on the north side of Clapham Common, you will find a row of old houses that are delightful enough, outside and in, to tempt an artist to become a member of a still more bourgeois locality. Only in Cheyne Walk, Chiswick Mall, or certain out-of-the-way parts of the Kensingtons, could you find their equal, while in point of altitude and outlook Clapham holds its own, and waits re-discovery as an almost ideal locality.

Hitherto, it had always been a matter of surprise that an artist so up-to-date as Mr. Raven-Hill was content to dwell far from the haunts of his fellows; but as I passed through the old, panelled hall to

his studio the mystery was solved, and I remembered how Hampstead, Chelsea, and other parts, deserted for awhile by Fashion, have been recaptured by painters, who, in turn, were followed by "society" once more, and felt inclined to interview him as a pioneer, rather than as a "character" artist.

You are bidden by most worthy students of humanity to take notice of the home surroundings of a man, that you may deduce his character therefrom. Indeed, an expert sociologist would hold himself cheaply, did he not feel quite able to reconstruct the man from his habitat, as surely as a naturalist could build up an extinct animal from a chance fossil-bone. If this be true, Mr. Raven-Hill must possess in his composition no little of the best Japanese art, a distinct strain of Chippendale and old oak, a touch of the Paris poster, and a *souçon* of William



DISEMBARKATION OF TROOPS.

Drawn by Mr. Raven-Hill when a boy.

Morris. Nor would such a deduction carry you very far from the truth. The people who see in the superb prints by Utamaro, Toyo-kuni, Hoku-sai, and Hiroshigé, that hang on the walls, nothing very different from the drawings on a penny fan, might wonder where Japan was represented in Mr. Raven-Hill's art; but experts know better. They know that in the work of Mr. Whistler Japan

lives anew, and that the drawings of Mr. Raven-Hill owe no little to intelligent study of that wonderful land of illustrators. These subtleties, however, are matters for professional artists, and the popular draughtsman of *Pick-me-up*, *The Pall Mall Budget*,

The Butterfly, and a host of other papers, is probably more familiar to the masses for his humour than for his art.

For, even to-day, the average man in the street is apt to think Art requires a gold frame, enclosing a hand-painted design. To say that a penny paper may, and often does, hold more genuine art than a room at the Royal Academy, merely stamps the speaker as a fanatic, or a democrat with dangerous tendencies. Yet one might safely prophesy that the comic papers of the last ten years will leave reputations, made in their pages,

that will endure when half the average exhibitors at the average gallery are entirely forgotten; and thus a clever recorder of English social life, whether set down with the limited technique of John Leech—the entirely satisfactory handling of a Charles Keene—or the manner informed by the best traditions of French and English schools of Mr. Raven-Hill—may look forward to an honourable im-

mortality, at least as long as that which awaits the painter of easel-pictures. Mr. Raven-Hill consents to be interviewed in a way that makes you forget you are an inquisitor with a mission. Unlike one common type of celebrity, he does not attempt to



ON THE SLIPS—WHITSTARLE.

Etched by L. Raven-Hill.

conceal an acre of egotism by a fig-leaf of modesty, nor does he, as is the habit of another popular type, bristle with apparently irrelevant anecdotes of celebrities and incidents that somehow invariably leave the recounter as the hero of his own stories. The editor of a very witty paper, the ex-editor of the most artistic little magazine England has yet seen, and the future editor of a weekly that should mark an epoch in illustrated journalism, does not seek to be impressive. When chatting with him you quite forget the administrator and the shrewd *rédac-*



THE LATEST PRODIGY.

Drawn by L. Raven-Hill.

DEAR OLD PARTY (with a view to a little moral teaching): "Now, do either of you little boys say naughty words?"

ELDER BROTHER: "Well, mum, I ain't much 'and at it, but young Bill here's a treat. Cuss for the lady, Bill."



IN THE GHETTO—THE FRIED-FISH SHOP.

Drawn by L. Raven-Hill.

teur-en-chef, and discover only the pen-draughtsman and painter keenly interested in his craft, and full of vital curiosity on all subjects that pertain to picture-making.

Certain questions have to be put—formalities that a prisoner, newly arrived at a gaol, or a peer on taking his seat in the House, each has to undergo, in not very widely differing ways.

To these official queries, Mr. Raven-Hill makes answer that he was born in Bath, that he passed most of his boyhood in Bristol. That a group of soldiers from Ireland, disembarking from a troopship at the Avonmouth Docks, attracted his boyish attention one day; and that, as he looked at them, he imbibed enough facts to make afterwards a drawing of troops on the march, which decided his father to give his son a chance of distinguishing himself in art. Hence the business career for which he had been destined was abandoned; for the chance was grasped eagerly, and the result warranted the insight of a parent regarding his son's prospects in life—which is almost more rare than genius itself. Then Mr. Raven-Hill studied at the Lambeth School of Art, and afterwards in Paris under Aimée Marot and others, until the student was full-fledged and rapidly emerged into

publicity, to gain the popular applause that awaits a humorous draughtsman.

"But I feel I really owe everything in art," he observes, modestly, "to the influence of Charles Ricketts, who, with C. H. Shannon, was my fellow-student at Lambeth. There we all three worked in the class for wood-engraving, and whenever I was instinctively inclined to go wrong, Ricketts pulled me right again. I remember fagging at a drawing in the sketching class, and quite losing all hope of ever getting its composition well arranged, when Ricketts came and made it all clear. No! the school was not under the direction of any artist of special note; various members of the Royal Academy visited it from time to time and criticised our work."

"What did I first show? I think it was a pre-historic subject of the age of stone, entitled, "In Arcadia," which was hung at the Royal Institute in 1887. It was bought (if I remember rightly) by Mr. Dunthorne. Afterwards, I had another of the same sort—a conflict between pre-historic men and a bear—at the New English Art Club in 1888, and contributed to several galleries; but the scholastic side of painting never appealed to me so strongly as its technical excellence. I think I am a realist by temperament. Of course, I pay attention to sil-

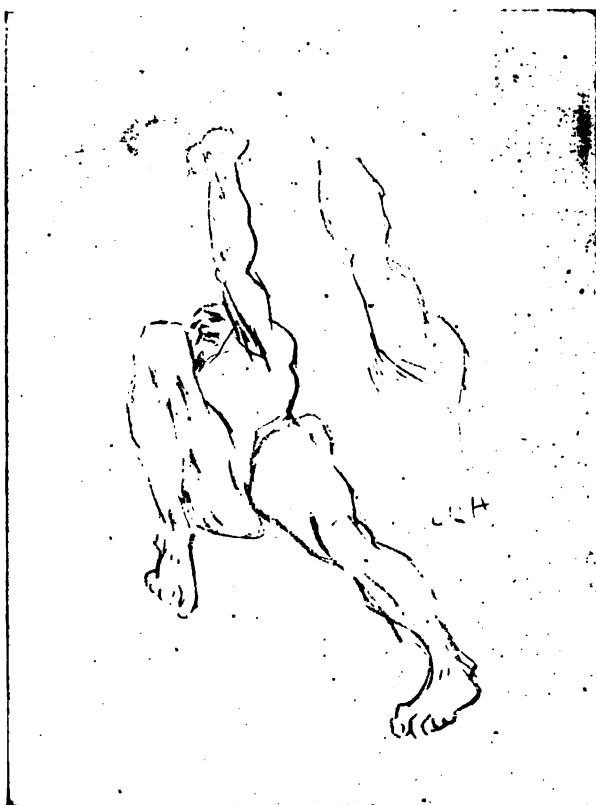
houette and to composition. In these I have been influenced, undoubtedly, by Charles Keene and Ricketts. Indeed, when I first knew Keene's work, and made friends with the man, I was so delighted with the point of view he took—which was the one that had always impressed me most—that unconsciously I looked in Nature to discover what he would have seen there, and so my work came to resemble his; not by deliberately copying his methods, but by seeing the subjects and selecting their details in a way not unlike that he would have adopted.

"Then I contributed a good many things to a defunct periodical called *The Nutshell*. For this we drew on a peculiar material which we nicknamed diachylon plaster. These drawings were transferred to stone or in some way mechanically reproduced."

Here Mr. Raven-Hill told me of several other contributors to the forgotten paper; but as they might not like me to set curious readers unearthing back numbers at the British Museum to discover the 'prentice efforts of men who have since "arrived," it is kindest to leave their names unreported here.

"Did I do much for *Judy*? Yes, for many years, before I went to Paris, and afterwards. But in Paris I went in for painting, chiefly, and on my return was often hung at the Academy. I even used to sell in those days;" and Mr. Raven-Hill smiled to think of selling his paintings—for the British public today insists that he is a "black-and-white

artist"—a humourist—and slights his remarkably clever oil-paintings in a way that does not score to its credit. "Later, I did much illustration in *Black and White*, and other papers, and in *Pick-me-up*. *The Butterfly* was a venture I started; it depended chiefly on Greiffenhagen and a few other men. Yes, I did the biggest number of things in it, because, being editor, I had to fill up pages when the other fellows failed to send in stuff. As you say, it was a good thing in its way, but looking over it now that one can examine it in a coldly critical manner, I do not think it was quite as good as we thought it then.



STUDY.

By L. Raven-Hill.

"Do I draw straight in pen-and-ink? No, as a rule, when I have an idea for a subject, I jot it down on an odd bit of

paper like these," and Mr. Raven-Hill turned from his waistcoat pocket a collection of scraps with rough notes upon them. "Then I make a pencil sketch and rub it out, if necessary, again and again until it



STUDY.

By L. Raven-Hill.

satisfies me. Then I ink it in. Some of my best things have been done straight away in an hour—others have been a long time in the making.

"I jot down jokes in the same way—or else, if I am lazy, trust to memory. I think I have forgotten most of my best jokes," added Mr. Raven-Hill, in an introspective way, with a faint chuckle at the points that never saw daylight. "I constantly make sketches and studies in the streets, and rarely—I may say never—from professional models. It is my aim to draw types, not portraits. Special individuals do not often interest me; it is the type built up from a dozen men I try to secure. In fact, I believe in the Japanese system of constant study of nature, and the drawing itself produced from memory of things seen.

"I often make studies from myself. When I am going to illustrate a joke, I

go over the previous incidents in my mind, and think of the various things that led up to it, and imagine, as far as I can, what the actors were doing before the moment I want to depict. For instance, if I want to draw a man with his coat half off, I stand before this glass, and pull off my own coat slowly a dozen times in different ways, until I catch the position that seems to me to best express the movement. I like the actors to be unconscious of one's humour—hence my jokes are rarely quoted without the drawing, because they are part of it, and owe what fun they possess to the pictorial presentation of the incident. So with regard to the text of the joke. I talk over the whole conversation so that it comes in naturally as it might have done with reference to the unreported dialogue that preceded it. Indeed, I speak and act the whole scene to myself before a glass. Often a landscape seems to me so good a setting for a joke, that I deliberately work out one to suit it."

"Do I re-write the legends of my pictures?—Yes! over and over again."

"You will give us a 'Trilby,' then, some day," I said. "I see the American press attribute Mr. Du Maurier's literary success to a similar habit."

Mr. Raven-Hill laughingly declined to confess that he had a novel in his mind's eye, and changed the topic to an amusing account of a French interviewer, who was not very keen upon details of the artist's professional career, but was anxious to discover whether Mr. Raven-Hill had figured in the Divorce Court, and inconsolable to find he could obtain no incident of gallantry, to impart a genuine Parisian flavour to his interview with an English artist who has attracted the favourable notice of the French press.

Then we talked of Mr. Raven-Hill's recent exhibition, where a painting, "Thinning Grapes," and another, a clever study of a circus, showed the artist in an



STUDY OF MISS JULIA RAVEN-HILL.

Drawn by L. Raven-Hill.

aspect rarely seen by the public ; of the "Ghetto" studies, and other drawings of the studies of babies, which have captured the taste of the British matron and the artist—a pair not often pleased by the same thing. Every now and again Mr. Raven-Hill would emphasise his point by reference to some of his superb Japanese prints, or to the work of other illustrators, past and present ; for he is as enthusiastic in his praise of the good work of other men as if he were still an unsuccessful beginner. Then the mystery of joke-making—a serious science—was discussed darkly ; but this is obviously a secret that must not be made open—for if the public learned to manufacture jokes, as well as laugh at them, where would the comic paper be ?

But all this time I had chatted on pictures and journals, and never chronicled the really charming *bric-à-brac* which adorns the beautiful old house, nor asked Mr. Raven-Hill any questions concerning his profits, nor his prices. Judging from paragraphs which get into all the papers, these things interest a certain section of the public, vitally. But fortunately the artistic rank of illustrators is not yet governed by the price they obtain per page. The popular novelist may be grouped from the twelve pound a thousand class, to the guinea a thousand words ; but so far the man who obtains ten guineas a page is not held on that account ten times better than his younger rival, who must needs accept a guinea for publicity's sake. Yet if anyone wishes to commission this popular artist, he will discover that the sterling criticism of a cheque could easily be quoted to support the artistic appreciation which Mr. Raven-Hill's critics so liberally bestow upon his work. Of all our younger black-and-white men, none has higher promise, or can show a more consistently advancing record. He is rapidly finding himself, and emerging from

the various phrases of hero-worship with its accompanying unconscious flattery of imitation, to a style all his own ; one may safely prophecy a very brilliant career to one of the best draughtsmen of character in black-and-white that even this period of its revival can show. When, as in Mr. Pennell's splendid monograph of contemporary pen-draughtsmen, you find the English section, including Mr. Raven-Hill, among many artists of the first rank, it is reason-



SONDERSHAUSEN : " Von moment, I tink I drop sixpence ! "

able to feel patriotic pride, and to rely on these artists to retain the new homage awarded by the Continent to English art.

WAIFS.

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER I.



HEY were Arabs—not of the Great Desert of Sahara, but of that greater one called London. She, when the police or School Board were not “chiveying” her, and when she could scrape together sufficient capital to acquire a stock-in-trade, sell matches in the street. He was a retail news-vendor in a small way, and shouted “Star! Hecker! Extry Speshul! All the winners!” as only London arab boyhood can. It cannot be said they had not a rag to their backs, for they wore little else; no one could call their hats shabby or their boots leaky, inasmuch as they didn’t wear any. They were sweet-hearts. It happened in this wise. One night in bitter winter she was sitting on a doorstep crying with cold and hunger. Her father had been dragged to the police station for “bashing” her mother, who had been carried to the hospital. Their goods and chattels had been taken to the broker’s by the landlord, who had locked the door and taken the key, so that Midge was homeless.

Mickey, having had a good day, had indulged in a supper consisting of a penny-worth of chip potatoes fried in grease. They were succulent, hot, and comforting. He was walking along, wondering how many pounds’ worth he could put away if he had the means, and registering a resolution to make the experiment when he had. Just then he heard the sound of sobs that came from an adjacent doorway and Midge’s heart, and, descrying a huddled-up bundle of rags and little else than bones, shook her emaciated frame.

“Jeer!” he said, sitting down beside her, “wodyer makin’ that bloomin’ rahw for?”

“‘Cause I ca-ca-can’t ‘elp it,” she whimpered, her teeth chattering and her limbs trembling with cold. “I’m as co-cold as

hice, an’ I ain’t ‘ad no grub since yestiny mornin’.”

Mickey was not a polished boy; he simply remarked, “Shut up! ‘Ere!” Then he tried an experiment he had not contemplated, namely, how few chips he could do with, and he gave Midge the other nine-tenths. He was a little arab, but he had a big heart. He took her to his home, let her sleep on his bundle of straw, while he reposed on the mat in the passage. When his landlady found it out she said, with much blasphemy, that he was not a bad sort. He could not play the rôle of the Good Samaritan to the letter, and give his *protégée* twopence, inasmuch as he did not possess so much, but from that inaugural banquet dated their union of hearts.

After that they were seldom to be seen apart. Together they loafed about the Strand at theatre doors, picking up stray coppers by officiously directing playgoers to their respective entrances, or fetching cabs for those returning. Happy mothers, leading happy, well-clad, well-cared-for children from carriage to box-office doors shivered as they beheld this arab twain trapesing barefooted through the snow-slush, and the good women blessed God for being so good to their own bairns, while the others blessed their bairns for being so good as to win His favour. Together they prowled around the stacks of empty baskets in Covent Garden in quest of stray fruit among the heaps of refuse; together tripped it to the strains of piano-organs on the footpath, together threaded their way through the densest crowds wherever a row or a fire was in progress, and dodged the emissaries of the School Board and other myrmidons of the law. Whenever Mickey deservedly got his ears boxed for recommending respectable citizens to get their hair cut, it was Midge who clamoured, “Yah! who are yer ‘ittin’

of? Why don't yer 'it one o' yer own size?" And if anyone, big or little, interfered with Midge, it was Mickey who, without considering any difference in weight or age, went for the assailant. Often, perched on the back rail of cabs, or carriages, they would make excursions westward, and, trudging homewards through palatial squares, speculate what they would do if they achieved greatness, or had it thrust upon them; and all their speculations were joint ones, airy castles wherein Midge was *châtelaine* and Mickey master, and where, though they did not quite so express it, love was lord of all.

Mickey had the average amount of mischief common to the genus boy in his disposition, which is saying a lot, and Nature had given him one advantage in this respect. He was a marvellous whistler, and could imitate to the life the note or any bird he heard, could emit from his lips and teeth a shrieking sound that would cause any old lady to drop any parcel, bring any cab from any distance, or a ripple so mellow that the hearers, fancying that some throstle had fluttered townwards, dreamed of the hedgerows that throstle had left behind. Often on summer nights seated on his doorstep, he would delight his fellow slum-dwellers with imitations of birds he had heard in the parks or in the Kentish hop gardens.

It was through Midge that he turned this gift to practical account. One night not only found her supperless and penniless, with no stock-in-trade of vestas for the next day, but Mickey himself in a similar financial condition. "It don't so much matter for me," he mused, "but Midge is a gell: she ain't 'ad a morsel to-day, an' there ain't much prospect of 'er 'avin' one termorrer."

At a public-house door stood a man extracting quintessence of discord from a cornet. He ceased and shuffled off in compliance with the entreaty of those within to "For Gawd's sake, cheese it!"

Mickey conceived an idea. Taking up his position at the "glasses only" entrance, he began to whistle—

"Sweet — sweet — sweet — sweet — sweeeeeet!!"

"Crikey! if there ain't a canary ahtside!" said one gentleman, and his companions held their breath to listen. Then the note changed—"That's a linnet," said the barman, "an' it'll want some matchin'." Then, to everybody's astonishment, the whistling swung into the air of a popular comic song with a whirling waltz refrain. Opening the door, they saw a ragged, barefooted, bareheaded, street urchin, with a crowd collecting around him. Mickey went off at last with his heart lighter and his pocket heavier than they had been for some time. What a feast he and Midge would have to-night—chips, pease-pudding, and—ah, yes! good idea, fried fish—even had he had the stock he would have had to sell a good many quires of *Stars* to have made the net profit he clenched in his grimy little fists. He stood under a lamp to count it.

"How much?" asked a strange husky voice. "Three an' six? Look here, I'll give you twice that every night if you'll whistle for me. I'm takin' a variety show round the seaside places. Will you come?"

"Yes."

"All right, sonny—keep it dark—and come to this address to-morrow morning."

The next day Mickey disappeared from Squalid Court, and Midge was desolate as Calypso bereft of Ulysses.

CHAPTER II.

MR. SPANGOLINI'S Variety Combination had never experienced a more successful season. They had "worked" the South Coast towns for many summers, but never had they drawn greater crowds, never had the "treasury" shown better results. But although Mr. Spangolini's

baritone songs, accompanied by Mrs. Spangolini on the harmonium, were very effective, and though the great Muggridge "fetched 'em" with his extensive *répertoire* of new and popular comic songs, the



THE CHAMPION BOY SIFFLEUR.

feature of the entertainment, which, to again quote Mr. Spangolini, "took the biscuit," was the portion contributed by Master Michael Marvello, the Champion Boy Bird-Imitator and Siffleur. Crowds gathered round the "show" on summer nights, whether their "pitch" was on sands or pier, and Mr. Spangolini, who knew his business, always chose the interval after Mickey's "turn" to hand round the sea-shell wherewith he collected the outward and visible sign of the audience's inward appreciation of his entertainment.

Mickey was very happy in his new life, breathing bracing sea air, wearing decent clothes, mixing with decent people, being commended and applauded instead of blackguarded and threatened; in his little way a personage, instead of an outcast.

In this golden contentment there was but one grain of alloy—the reflection that, while fortune was raining her favours upon him, poor little Midge was not sharing them. At the cost of much labour, time, and ink, he managed to indite the following epistle, designed to cheer her until his return:

Margit.

"Der Mij—i amm al rite i shai bee bak sunne an i wil bringome lots ov hoof. Mikke."

This effusion was addressed to

"Mig—were tha lets out barera—Skwald Kort Klaar Markt."

But alas love's arrow never reached its mark, and, after wandering all over Sweden and Norway, dropped, covered with a variety of inscriptions in a variety of languages, into the Dead Letter Office in London, where doubtless still it lies.

And little Midge, her big dark eyes growing darker, and her thin, pinched face thinner and smaller, loafed along the gutters of the highways and byways alone—waiting and hoping for the news that never came of Mickey. He had left no trace of his whereabouts; she could not make inquiries of his parents, for she knew no more where or who they were than did Mickey himself. There were so many ragamuffin urchins so like him in their griminess and raggedness, that it was some time before he was missed, and when that time arrived it was casually supposed that he had been "pinched" for something, there were so many possible grounds it was impossible to say for what, and so Mickey "dropped out," leaving no void save in Midge's heart. Times and oft she would sit at the only window of the only room her parents inhabited, listening to a blind fiddler across the way singing the songs he had learned in his fledgling days among the Kentish orchards and hop-gardens. And Midge would sigh—"Yus! it sings werry pretty, but it can't whistle 'arf as well as Mickey

used ter. There never was a bird as could sing so like a bird as 'im."

At last the time came when Midge too was missing from the scenes where arabs most do congregate. For once in a way the School Board man found her at home, but this time he took no proceedings; a summons was being framed elsewhere.

The summer was waning. In the country Nature was discarding her green and yellow gowns, and beginning to wear robes of brown and gold and crimson. But in Squalid Court they little knew at any time what fashion Nature was following, they saw so little of her there.

Midge's father was out of prison, and her mother had returned from the hospital. Strangely enough, they were neither drunk nor quarrelling. They sat one on each side of a ragged mattress whereon Midge was lying, very wan and weary, a hectic spot above each little cheek-bone, a strange light in the deep-sunk blue eyes.

"Father," she said, "you won't git pinched agin, will yer? Say yer won't, just to please yer little gell—an' yer won't 'it mother any more—will yer?"

"'Saln ma Gawd! I won't, Midge."

"When Mickey comes back, if he ever does, arter—arter I'm gorn, tell him, mother, I hope he'll get on to be a respecterble boy an' make lots of money. I should a liked to see him once agin, 'cause he was werry good 'arted, an' we was little sweethearts, mother, 'im an' me. But p'raps 'e 'as got on an' is respecterble, an' wen folks is respecterble, they don't think much abaht them as ain't. Not as I thought Mickey was that sorter boy."

Only the man's heavy breathing, and the woman's uncontrollable sobbing—only these, and one other sound—the "tick-tick!" of the "death-watch" in the window pane—stirred the deep night silence.

Now that they were going to lose her, they realised that Midge was to them more than they had dreamed. He remembered that he had dandled her in her baby days upon his shoulder, she that Midge had fed at her bosom.

The little thin hands picked listlessly at the ragged counterpane that covered her. Then Midge whispered:

"Tell Mickey I never forgot 'im, though p'raps 'e's forgot me!"

"Sweet! sweet — sweet — sweet — sweet—sweet! jug-jug!"



"'YOU WON'T GIT PINCHED AGIN, WILL YER?'"

On the summer night-air, through the open casement, came a rippling cadence, as from some songster of the grove calling

beckoned to the lad who stood without, and who in a few moments entered the room, then, blanching as his eyes fell on



“‘MIDGE! MIDGE! HE SOBBED.’”

his mate and wooing her to follow him from smoky city ways to where the woods were green.

“Hark at that linnet!” whispered Midge’s father to her mother. But the little girl, a smile lighting up her face like a flickering flame, summoning her waning strength, said:

“It ain’t no linnet—it’s ‘im, it’s ‘im! I said as ‘ow he’d never forget his little sweetheart. Mickey! Mickey!”

Her father stole to the window, and

that little face, crept on tiptoe across the bare uneven boards.

In his brown hands he took her fragile wasted ones, looked through sudden tears into her eyes.

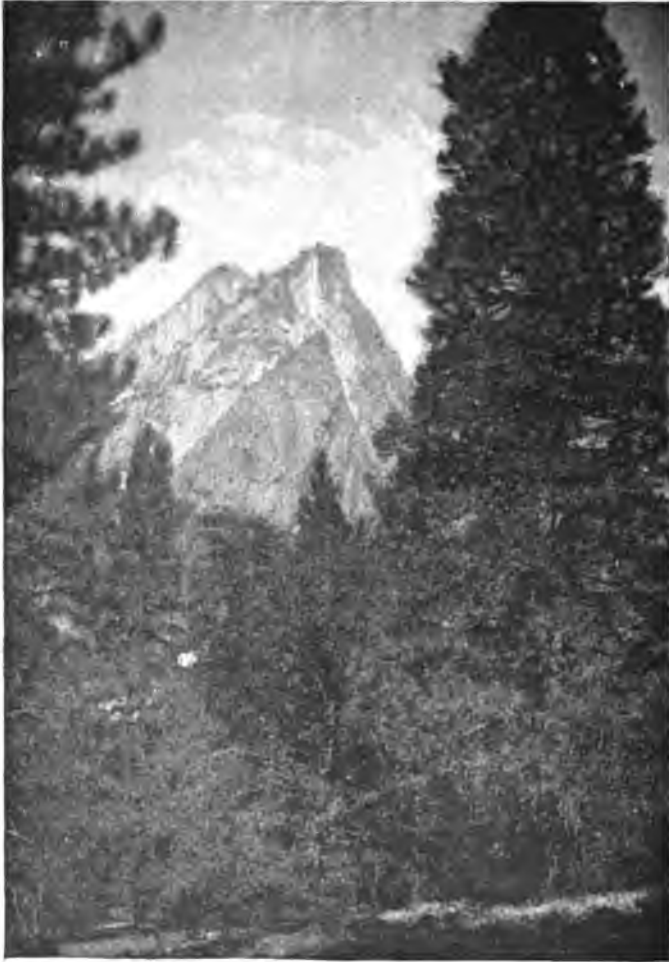
“Mickey! I’m glad yer come back to say ‘good-bye.’ It’s me as is—goin’—now.”

“Midge! Midge!” he sobbed.

Did she hear? Yes, for the eyes brightened a moment, and then were fixed in that gaze which sees no more—this side the Veil.

IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY WILLIAM DAY.



THE THREE BROTHERS, 3,830 FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY.



THE WASHINGTON COLUMN, 2,400 FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY.



MOUNT BRODRICK AND CAP OF LIBERTY, 7,060 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.



ROCKY HEIGHT, NEAR BRIDAL VEIL FALL.



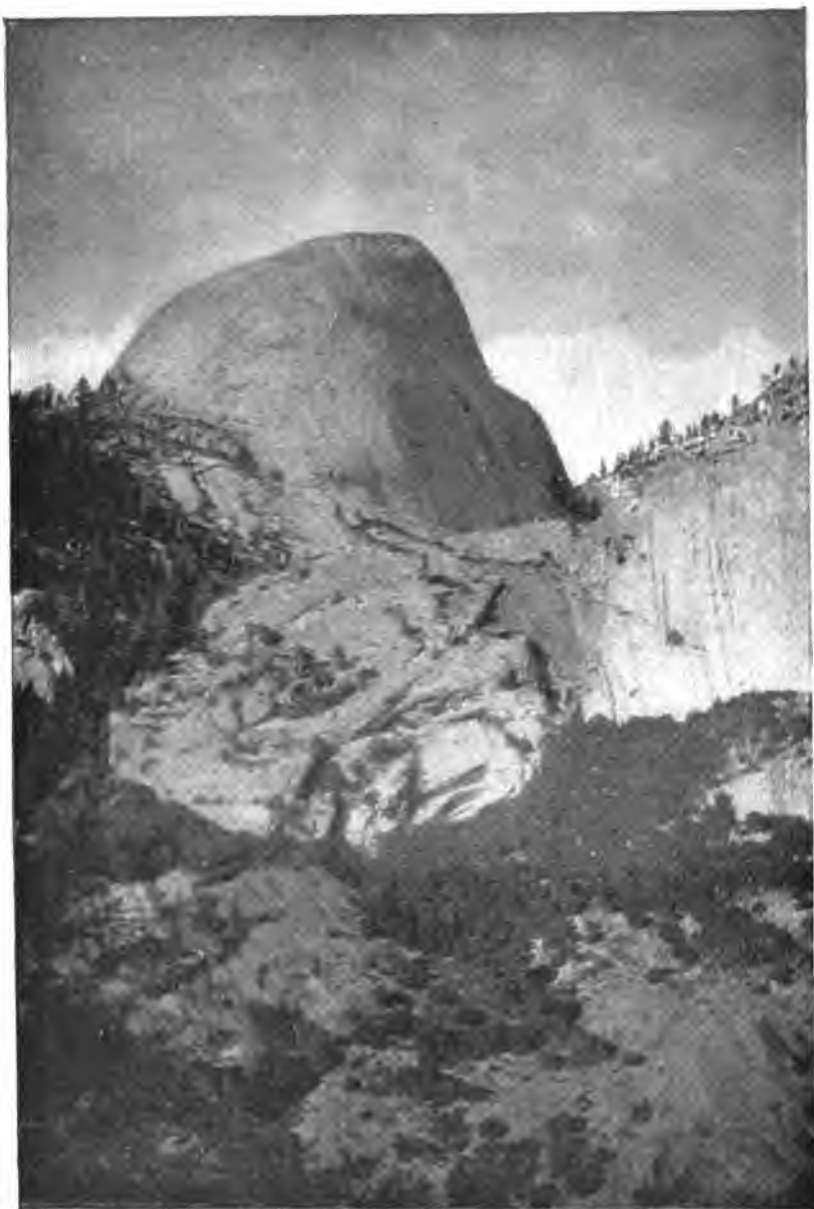
YOSEMITE POINT, 3,220 FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY.



PILLARS OF GRANITE NEAR UNION POINT, 2,290 FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY.



THE SENTINEL ROCKS, 2,290 FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY.



BACK OF THE GREAT HALF DOME, 4,735 FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY.



THE NORTH DOME, SHOWING THE PECULIAR FORMATION ('ROYAL ARCHES').



THE NORTH DOME (3,570 FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY), WITH THE "ROYAL ARCHES"
FROM THE MERCED RIVER.



THE GREAT HALF DOME (4,375 FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY), FROM THE MERCED RIVER.



THE EAST END OF THE VALLEY, WITH NORTH DOME AND HALF DOME.



YOSEMITE VALLEY, FROM "ARTISTS' POINT."



THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS, FROM GLACIER POINT, 7,201 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.



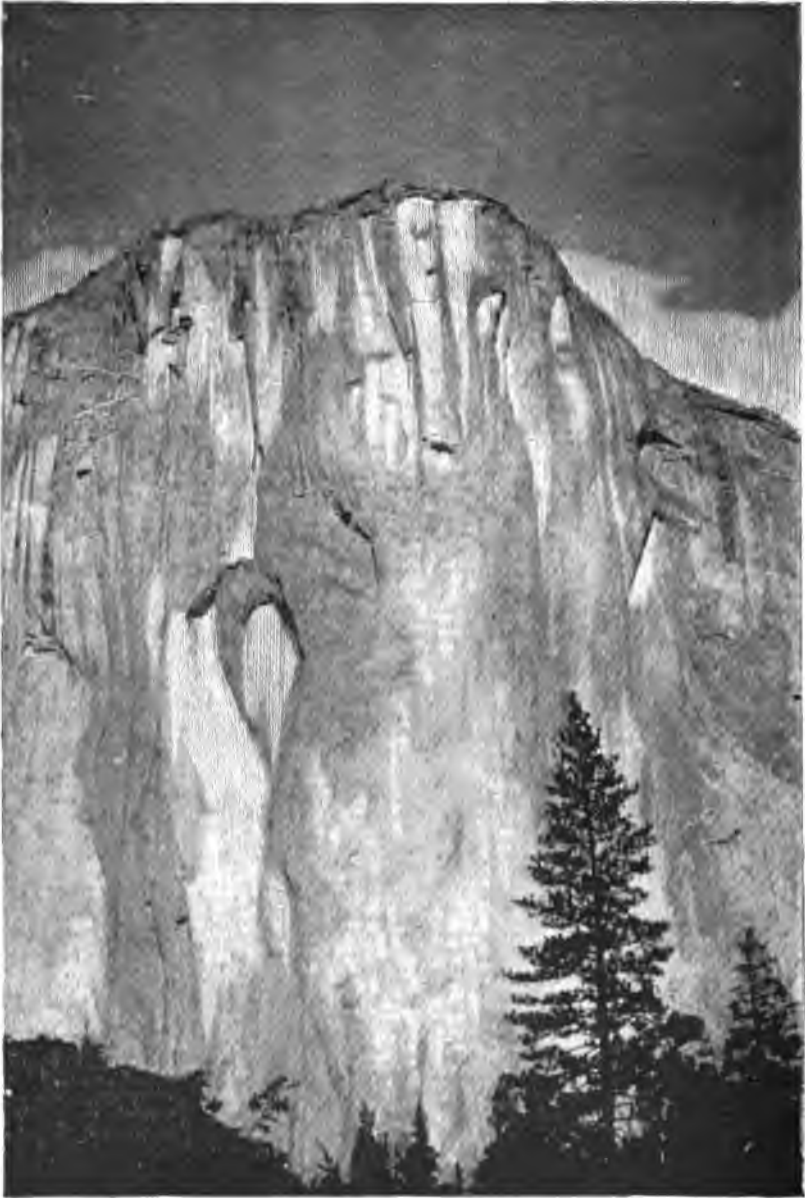
VERNAL FALLS, WITH A DESCENT OF 750 FEET.



NEVADA FALLS, FROM ABOVE.



VERNAL FALLS, FROM ABOVE.



EL CAPITAN, 3,300 FEET HIGH.



VIEW FROM GLACIER POINT OF THE SENAZA CAÑON, 8,823 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.



YOSEMITE POINT (3,220 FEET), AND INDIAN CAÑON.



A BOX OF BON-BONS.

BY L. D. MORSE.

I SENT my Sweet a box of bon-bons rare,
Cupid's confections, coloured pink and green,
Moulded in curious shapes with skilful care,
Rich as the dainties of an Eastern queen.
Alas, the comfits lasted but a day,
I was forgotten when she threw the box away.

I sent my Rose gay flowers to grace her room,
Having the whispered prayer beneath each leaf,
Perchance her pleasure in the pansy's bloom
Might send a tender thought to my relief.
Again, alas, my fond hopes came to naught,
The flowers faded, with them died the thought.

I sent my love my heart—a wounded thing
Glowing with gentle passion deep and true.
Her answer I awaited trembling,
Would she accept it, bid me live anew?
She, laughing, took my heart, and
broke it, spilled
The honest love for her with which 'twas filled.



A WOMAN INTERVENES.*

BY ROBERT BARR.

CHAPTER XII.

ALTHOUGH Miss Jennie Brewster arrived in London angry with the world in general, and with several of its inhabitants in particular, she soon began to revel in the delights of the great city. It was so old that it was new to her, and she visited Westminster Abbey and other of its ancient landmarks in rapid succession. The cheapness of the hansoms delighted her, and she spent most of her time dashing around in a cab. She put up at one of the big hotels, and ordered many new dresses at a place in Regent Street. She bought most of the newspapers, morning and evening, and declared she could not find an interesting article in the whole assortment. From her point of view they were stupid and unenterprising, and she resolved to run down the editor of one of the big dailies when she got time, interview him, and discover how he reconciled it with his conscience to get out so dull a sheet every day.

She wrote to her editor in New York that London, though a slow town, was full of good material, and that nobody had touched it in the writing line since Dickens' time; therefore, she proposed to write a series of articles on the metropolis that would wake them up a bit. The editor cabled her to go ahead, and she went. Her adventures will form the subject of some future chapters.

Kenyon and Wentworth, having settled to the satisfaction of all concerned the business that had taken them to Canada, now turned their attention to the mine on which they had a three months' option of purchase. Kenyon estimated that the property worked as a mica mine alone would pay a handsome dividend on £50,000, while if a good market was to

be had for the spar in which the mica was found, the mine would be cheap at £200,000. He said to Wentworth, however, that as they were to pay only £20,000 for the property, it seemed hardly fair to inflate the price to ten times that amount.

"Not a bit of it, John," said Wentworth, who was a practical man. "If the mine will pay a good dividend on that amount, then that is the right price for it. Now we haven't any time to lose, so we must get to work. The first thing to do is to take these specimens of spar to some man who knows all about china manufacture, and find what demand there is for it in this country, and at what price. That I will attend to. The next thing is to get some good man, who understands all about the formation of companies, to join us. You spoke about the mine to young Longworth on board ship, and his name would be a great help to us in the city. You go and see him, and interest him in the project if you can. When these two tasks are accomplished, we shall have made an excellent beginning."

Wentworth was an energetic man, who did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He speedily discovered that a Mr. Melville was manager and part-owner of one of the largest china establishments in the country, with offices in London, and this man he sought an interview with, taking with him some of the specimens of spar.

"I want to know," he said to Melville, "if you use this material in the making of china. Is there much of a market for it, and at what price?"

Melville turned the specimen over and over in his hand, examining it critically. His great knowledge of his own business

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"YOU HAVE A PRODIGIOUS HEAD FOR BUSINESS, SUSIE!"

enabled him instantly to recognise the value of the mineral, but his face showed no eagerness or enthusiasm. When he spoke, it was not to answer the questions, but to ask some on his own account.

"Where does this come from?"

"From a mine in America."

"Is there much of it there?"

"I control a mountain of it."

"Really. You are canvassing for orders, perhaps?"

"No. I intend to form a company for the working of that mine."

"What price are you asking for the property? Is the mine in operation, or is it merely projected?"

"It is in operation; that is, it is being operated as a mica mine, but my partner, Kenyon, who is a mining engineer, says this is more valuable than the mica. We are asking £200,000 for the mine."

"That is a very large sum," said Melville, placing the specimen on the desk before him. "I doubt if you will get it."

"Well, we expect to get it. Kenyon is at this moment with Mr. Longworth, who spoke of joining us. Longworth's objection was that the sum asked was too small."

"Old John Longworth is a good man to be associated with in a scheme of this kind."

"I am speaking of his nephew, William Longworth."

"Ah, that is not quite the same thing. I know both uncle and nephew. Did you wish me to take stock in the company?"

"I should be delighted to have you do so, but what I called for was to find out what you thought of this specimen, and to get an idea of the demand there is for it."

"Well, candidly, I don't think much of it. You see this kind of spar is one of the most common things in nature."

"But not in that state of purity, surely?"

"Perhaps not, but still pure enough for our purposes. If you will leave this specimen with me I will consult the manager of our works. I am merely giving you my own impression, he will be able to offer you a more definite opinion. If you will leave your address with me I will ask him to write to you. That will be more satisfactory."

This was somewhat disappointing, but Wentworth had to make the best of it, and the letter from the manager, when it ultimately came, was even more discomforting. The manager of the works asserted that the specimen submitted to him was of no commercial value, so far as he was able to judge.

Meanwhile, Kenyon had fared no better with young Longworth. Longworth had some difficulty in recollecting that he had ever met Kenyon on shipboard or anywhere else, and he had no remembrance of the mine at all. He questioned John until he learned all the engineer knew about the matter, and then told his visitor abruptly that the scheme did not commend itself to him.

John Kenyon walked along Cheapside feeling very much downhearted over his rebuff with Longworth. The pretended forgetfulness of the young man, of course, he took at its proper value. He, nevertheless, felt very sorry the interview had been so futile, and, instead of going back to Wentworth and telling him his experience, he thought it best to walk off a little of his disappointment first. He was somewhat startled when a man accosted him, and, glancing up, he saw, standing there, a tall footman, arrayed in a grey coat that came down to his heels.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the footman, "but Miss Longworth would like to speak to you."

"Miss Longworth!" said Kenyon, in surprise; "where is she?"

"She is here in her carriage, sir."

The carriage had drawn up beside the pavement, and John Kenyon looked

round in confusion to see that Miss Longworth was regarding him and the footman with an amused air. An elderly woman sat in the carriage opposite her, while a grave and dignified coachman, attired somewhat similarly to the footman, kept his place like a seated statue in front. John Kenyon took off his hat, as he approached the young woman, whom he had not seen since the last day on the steamer.

"How are you, Mr. Kenyon?" said Edith Longworth, brightly, holding out her hand to the young man by her carriage. "Will you not step in? I want to talk with you, and I am afraid the police will not allow us to block such a crowded thoroughfare as Cheapside."

As she said this, the nimble footman threw open the door of the carriage, while John, not knowing what to say, stepped inside and took his seat.

"Holborn," said the young woman to the coachman; then, turning to Kenyon, she continued, "Will you not tell me where you are going, so that I may know where to set you down?"

"To tell the truth," said John, "I do not think I was going anywhere. I am afraid I have not yet got over the delight of being back in London again, so I sometimes walk along the streets in rather a purposeless manner."

"Well, you did not look very delighted when I first caught sight of you. I thought you were most dejected, and that gave me courage enough to ask you to come and talk to me. I said to myself, there is something wrong with the mica mine, and, with a woman's curiosity, I wanted to know all about it. Now tell me."

"There is really very little to tell. We have hardly begun yet. Wentworth is to-day looking over the figures I gave him, and I have been making a beginning by seeing some people who, I thought, might be interested in the mine."

"And were they?"

"No, they were not."

"Then that was the reason you were looking so distressed."

"I suppose it was."

"Well now, Mr. Kenyon, if you get discouraged after an interview with the first person you think will be interested in the mine, what will you do when a dozen or more people refuse to have anything to do with it?"

"I'm sure I do not know. I am afraid I am not the right person to float a mine on the London market. I am really a student, you see, and flatter myself I am a man of science. I know what I am about when I am in a mine miles away from civilisation; but when I get among men, I feel somehow at a loss. I do not understand them. When a man tells me one thing to-day, and to-morrow calmly forgets all about it, I confess it—well—confuses me."

"Then the man you have seen to-day has forgotten what he told you yesterday. Is that the case?"

"Yes, that is partly the case."

"But, Mr. Kenyon, the success of your project is not going to depend upon what one man says, or two, or three, is it?"

"No, I don't suppose it is."

"Then, if I were you, I would not feel discouraged because one man has forgotten. I wish I were acquainted with your one man, and I would make him ashamed of himself, I think."

Kenyon flushed as she said this, but made no reply.

The coachman looked round as he came to Holborn, and Miss Longworth nodded to him, so he went on, without stopping, up into Oxford Street.

"Now, I take a great interest in your mine, Mr. Kenyon, and hope to see you succeed with it. I wish I could help you, or, rather, I wish you would be frank with me, and let me know how I can help you. I know a good deal about city men and their ways, and I think I may be able to give you some good.

advice, at least, if you would have the condescension to consult me."

Again Kenyon flushed. "You are making game of me now, Miss Longworth. Of course, as you said on board ship, it is but a very small matter."

"I never said any such thing. When did I say that?"

"You said that £50,000 was a small matter."

"Did I? Well, I am like your man who has forgotten; I have forgotten that. I remember saying something about its being too small an amount for my father to deal with. Was not that what I said?"

"Yes, I think that was it. It conveyed the idea to my mind that you thought £50,000 a very trifling sum indeed."

Edith Longworth laughed. "What a terrible memory you have! I do not wonder at your city man forgetting. Are you sure what you told him did not happen longer ago than yesterday?"

"Yes, it happened some time before."

"Ah, I thought so; I am afraid it is your own terrible memory and not his forgetfulness that is to blame."

"Oh, I am not blaming him at all. A man has every right to change his mind, if he wants to."

"I thought only a woman had that privilege."

"No; for my part I freely accord it to everybody; only sometimes it is a little depressing."

"I can imagine that; in fact I think no one could be a more undesirable acquaintance than a man who forgets to-day what he promised yesterday, especially if anything particular depended upon it. Now why cannot you come to our house some evening and have a talk about the mine with my cousin or my father? My father could give you much valuable advice in reference to it, and I am anxious that my cousin should help to carry this project on to success. It is better to talk with them there than at their office, because they are both so busy during the day that

I am afraid they might not be able to give the time necessary to its discussion."

John Kenyon shook his head. "I am afraid," he said, "that would do no good. I do not think your cousin cares to have anything to do with the mine."

"How can you say that? Did he not discuss the matter with you on board ship?"

"Yes; we had some conversation about it there, but I imagine that—I really do not think he would care to go any farther with it."

"Ah, I see," said Edith Longworth. "My cousin is the man who forgot to-day what he said yesterday."

"What am I to say, Miss Longworth? I do not want to say 'Yes,' and I cannot truthfully say 'No.'"

"You need say nothing. I know exactly how it has been. So he does not want to have anything to do with it. What reason did he give?"

"You will not say anything to him about the matter? I should be very sorry if he thought that I talked to anyone else in reference to it."

"Oh, certainly not; I will say nothing to him at all."

"Well, he gave no particular reason; he simply seemed to have changed his mind. But I must say this, he did not appear to be very enthusiastic about it when I talked with him on board ship."

"Well, you see, Mr. Kenyon, it rests with me now to maintain the honour of the Longworth family. Do you want to make all the profit there is to be made in the mica mine—that is yourself and your friend Mr. Wentworth?"

"How do you mean 'All the profit?'"

"Well, I mean—would you share the profit with anybody?"

"Certainly, if that person could help us to form the company."

"Very well, it was on that basis you were going to take in my cousin as a partner, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Then I should like to share in the profits of the mine if he does not take an interest in it. If you will let me pay the preliminary expenses of forming this company, and if you will then give me a share of what you make, I shall be glad to furnish the money you need at the outset."

John Kenyon looked at Miss Longworth with a smile. "You are very ingenious, Miss Longworth, but I can see, in spite of your way of putting it, that what you propose is merely a form of charity. Suppose we did not succeed in forming our company, how could we repay you the money?"

"You would not need to repay the money. I would take that risk. It is, in a way, a sort of speculation. If you form the company, then I shall expect a very large reward for furnishing the funds. It is purely selfishness on my part. I believe I have a head for business. Women in this country do not get such chances of developing their business talents as they seem to have in America. In that country there are women who have made fortunes for themselves. I believe in your mine, and I believe you will succeed in forming your company. If you, or if Mr. Wentworth, were capitalists, of course there would be no need of my assistance. If I were alone, I could not form a company. You and Mr. Wentworth can do what I cannot do. You can appear before the public and attend to all preliminaries. On the other hand, I believe I can do what neither of you can do; that is, I can supply a certain amount of money each week to pay the expenses of forming the company; because a company is not formed in London for nothing, I assure you. Perhaps you think you have simply to go and see a sufficient number of people and get your company formed. I fancy you will find it not so easy as all that. Besides this business interest I have in it, I have a very friendly interest in Mr. Wentworth." As she said this,

she bent over towards John Kenyon and spoke in a lower tone of voice. "Please do not tell him so, because I think that he is a young man who has possibilities of being conceited."

"I shall say nothing about it," said Kenyon, dolefully.

"Please do not. By the way, I wish you would give me Mr. Wentworth's address, so that I may communicate with him if a good idea strikes me, or if I find out something of value in forming our company."

Kenyon took out a card, wrote the address of Wentworth upon it, and handed it to her.

"Thank you," she said. "You see I deeply sympathised with Mr. Wentworth for what he had to pass through on the steamer."

"He was very grateful for all you did for him on that occasion," replied Kenyon.

"I am glad of that. People, as a general thing, are not grateful for what their friends do for them. I am glad, therefore, that Mr. Wentworth is an exception. Well, suppose you talk with him about what I have said, before you make up your own mind. I shall be quite content with whatever share of the profits you allow me."

"Ah, that is not business, Miss Longworth."

"No, it is not; but I am dealing with you—that is with Mr. Wentworth—in this matter, and I am sure both of you will do what is right. Perhaps it would be better not to tell him who is to furnish the money. Just say you have met a friend to-day who offers, for a reasonable share of the profits, to supply all the money necessary for the preliminary expenses. You will consult with him about it, will you not?"

"Yes, if it is your wish."

"Certainly it is my wish; and I also wish you to do it so nicely that you will conceal my name from it more success-

fully than you concealed my cousin's name from me this afternoon."

"I am afraid I am very awkward," said John, blushing.

"No, you are very honest, that's all. You have not become accustomed to the art of telling what is not true. Now this is where we live; will you come in?"

"Thank you, no; I'm afraid not," said John. "I must really be going now."

"Let the coachman take you to your station."

"No, no, it is not worth the trouble; it is only a step from here."

"It is no trouble. Which is your station, South Kensington?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Drive to South Kensington Station, Parker," she said to the coachman; and then, running up the steps, she waved her hand in good-bye, as the carriage turned.

And so John Kenyon, without the price of the carriage and horses to his name, drove in this gorgeous equipage to the Underground Station, and took the train for the city.

As he stepped from the carriage at South Kensington, young Mr. Longworth came out of the station on his way home, and was simply dumbfounded to see Kenyon in the Longworth's carriage.

John passed him without noticing who it was, and just as the coachman was going to start again, Longworth said to him:

"Parker, have you been picking up fares in the street?"

"Oh no, sir," replied the respectable Parker, "the young gentleman as just left us, came from the city with Miss Longworth."

"Did he, indeed? Where did you pick him up, Parker?"

"We picked him up in Cheapside, sir."

"Ah, very good. I will just step inside," and with that, muttering some imprecations on the cheek of Kenyon, he

stepped into the carriage and drove home.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE chances are, that no matter under what circumstances young Longworth and Kenyon had first met, the former would have disliked the latter. Although strong friendships are formed between people who are very much unlike, still it must not be forgotten that equally strong hatreds have arisen between people merely because they are of opposite natures. No two young men could have been more unlike each other, and as Longworth recalled the different meetings he had had with Kenyon, he admitted to himself that he disliked the fellow extremely. The evident friendship which his cousin felt for Kenyon added a bitterness to this dislike that was rapidly turning it into hate. However, he calmed down sufficiently, on going home in the carriage, to know that it was better to say nothing about her meeting with Kenyon unless she introduced the subject. After all, the carriage was hers, not his, and he recognised that fact. He wondered how much Kenyon had told her of the interview at his uncle's office. He flattered himself, however, that he knew enough of women to be sure that she would very speedily refer to the subject, and then he hoped to find out just how much had been said. To his surprise, his cousin said nothing at all about the matter, neither that evening nor the next morning, and, consequently, he went to his office in rather a bewildered state of mind.

On arriving at his room in the city, he found Melville waiting for him.

Melville shook hands with young Longworth, and, taking a mineral specimen from his pocket, placed it on the young man's desk, saying:

"I suppose you know where that comes from?"

Longworth looked at it in a bewildered

sort of way, turning it round and round in his hand.

"I haven't the slightest idea, really."

"No? I was told you were interested in the mine from which this was taken. Mr. Wentworth called on me yesterday, and gave your name as one of those who were concerned with the mine."

"Ah, yes, I see; yes, yes, I have—some interest in the mine."

"Well, it is about that I came to talk with you. Where is the mine situated?"

"It is near the Ottawa River, I believe, some distance above Montreal. I am not certain about its exact position, but it is somewhere in that neighbourhood."

"I thought by the way Wentworth talked it was in the United States. He mentioned another person as being his partner in the affair; I forget his name."

"John Kenyon, probably."

"Kenyon! Yes, I think that was the name. Yes, I am sure it was. Now may I ask what is your connection with that mine? Are you a partner of Wentworth's and Kenyon's? Are you the chief owner of the mine, or is the mine owned by them?"

"In the first place, Mr. Melville, I should like to know why you ask me these questions?"

Melville laughed. "Well, I will tell you. We should like to know what chance there is of our getting a controlling interest in the mine. That is very frankly put, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. But whom do you mean by 'we'? Who else besides yourself?"

"By 'we' I mean the China Company to which I belong. This mineral is useful in making china. That I suppose you know."

"Yes, I was aware of that," answered Longworth, although he heard it now for the first time.

"Very well then; I should like to know who is the owner of the mine."

"The owner of the mine at present is some foreigner whose name and address I

do not know. The two young men you speak of have an option on that mine for a certain length of time; how long I don't know. They have been urging me to go in with them to form a company for the floating of that mine for £200,000 on the London market."

"He mentioned £200,000," said Melville. "It struck me as rather a large amount."

"Do you think so? Well, the objection I had to it was that it was too small."

"It seems to me the young men have an exaggerated idea of the value of this mineral if they think it will pay dividends on £200,000."

"This mineral is not all there is in the mine. In fact it is already paying a dividend on £50,000 or thereabouts, because of the mica in it. It is being mined for mica alone. To tell the truth I did not know much about the other mineral."

"And do you think the mine is worth £200,000?"

"Frankly I do not."

"Then why are you connected with it?"

"I am not connected with it—at least not definitely connected with it. I have the matter under consideration. Of course, if there is anything approaching a swindle in it, I shall have nothing to do with it. It will depend largely on the figures that the young men show me whether I have anything to do with it or not."

"I see; I understand your position;" then lowering his voice, Melville leaned over towards young Longworth and said: "You are a man of business. Now I want to ask you what would be the chance of our getting the mine at something like the original option price, which is, of course, very much less than £200,000? We do not want to have too many in it. In fact, if you could get it for us at a reasonable rate, and did not care to be troubled with the property

yourself, we would take the whole ourselves."

Young Longworth pondered a moment, and then said to Melville:

"Do you mean to freeze out the other two fellows, as they say in America?"

"I do not know about freezing out, but, of course, with the other two there is so much less profit to be divided. We should like to deal with just as few as possible."

"Exactly. I see what you mean. Well, I think it can be done. Are you in any great hurry for the mine?"

"Not particularly. Why?"

"Well, if things are worked rightly, I don't know but that we could get it for the original option. That would mean, of course, to wait until this first option had run out."

"Wouldn't there be a little danger in that? They may form their company in the meantime, and then we should lose everything. Our interest in the matter is as much to prevent anyone else getting hold of the mine as to get it ourselves."

"I see. I will think it over. I believe it can be done without much risk; but, of course, we shall have to be reasonably quiet about the matter."

"Oh, certainly, certainly."

"Very good. I will see you again after I have thought over the affair, and we can come to some arrangement."

"I may say that our manager has written a note to Wentworth, saying that this mineral is of no particular use to us."

"Exactly," said young Longworth, with a look of intelligence.

"So, of course, in speaking with Wentworth about the matter, it is just as well not to mention us in any way."

"I shall not do so."

"Very well. I will leave the matter in your hands for the present."

"Yes, do so. I will think over it this afternoon, and probably see Wentworth and Kenyon to-morrow. There is no

immediate hurry, for I happen to know they have not done anything yet."

With that Mr. Melville took his leave, and young Longworth paced up and down the room, evolving a plan that would at once bring him money, and give him the satisfaction of making it lively for John Kenyon.

That night at home young Longworth waited for his cousin to say something about Kenyon; but he soon saw that she did not intend to speak of him at all. So he said to her:

"Edith, do you remember Kenyon and Longworth—who were on board our steamer?"

"Do I remember them? Certainly."

"Well, do you know they had a mining property for sale?"

"Yes."

"I have been thinking about it. To tell the truth, Kenyon called at my office a day or two ago, and, at that time, not having given the subject much thought, I could not give him any encouragement; but I have been pondering over it since, and have almost concluded to help them. What do you think about it?"

"Oh, I think it would be an excellent plan. I am sure the property is a good one, or John Kenyon would have nothing to do with it. I shall write a note to them, if you think it best, inviting them up here to talk to you about it."

"Oh, that will not be necessary at all. I do not want people to come here to talk business. My office is the proper place."

"Still, we met them in a friendly way on board the steamer, and I think it would be nice if they would come here some evening, and talk over the matter with you."

"I don't believe in introducing business into a person's home. This would be a purely business conversation, and it may as well take place at my office, or at Wentworth's, if he has one, as I suppose he has."

"Oh, certainly; his address is——"

"Oh, you know it, do you?"

Edith blushed as she realised what she had said; then she remarked, "Is there any harm in my knowing the business address of Mr. Wentworth?"

"Oh, not at all—not at all. I merely wondered how you happened to know his address when I didn't."

"Well, it doesn't matter how I know it. I am glad you are going to join him, and I am sure you will be successful. Will you see them to-morrow?"

"I think so. I shall call on Wentworth and have a talk with him about it. Of course we may not be able to come to a workable arrangement. If not, it really does not so very much matter. But if I can make satisfactory terms with them, I will help them to form their company."

When Edith went to her own room she wrote a note. It was addressed to George Wentworth in the city, but above that address was the name John Kenyon. She said:—

"Dear Mr. Kenyon,—I felt certain at the time you spoke, although I said nothing of it, that my cousin was not so much at fault in forgetting his conversation as you thought. We had a talk to-night about the mine, and when he calls upon you to-morrow, as he intends to do, I want you to know that I said nothing whatever to him about what you said to me. He mentioned the subject first. I wanted you to know this because you might feel embarrassed when you met him by thinking I had sent him to you. That is not at all the case. He goes to you of his own accord, and I am sure you will find his assistance in forming a company very valuable. I am glad to think you will be partners.

"Yours very truly,
"EDITH LONGWORTH."

She gave this letter to her maid to post, and young Longworth met the maid in the hall with the letter in her hand.

He somehow suspected, after the foregoing conversation, to whom the letter was addressed.

"Where are you going with that?"

"To the post, sir."

"I am going out; to save you the trouble I will take it."

After passing the corner, he looked at the address on the envelope; then he swore to himself a little. If he had been a villain in a play he would have opened the letter; but he did not. He merely dropped it into the first pillar-box he came to, and in due time it reached John Kenyon.

CHAPTER XIV.

IF a bad beginning presages a good ending, the two amateur company promoters ought to have been well pleased, but, such is the inconsistency of human nature, they were not. Wentworth was the least depressed by the ominous start, although he admitted that the letter received from the manager of the china manufactory asserting that the spar shown to him was of no particular value, was a serious setback. Kenyon maintained that Melville and Brand, his managers of the works, were either ignorant or falsifiers of fact. The mineral, he insisted, was all he claimed it to be.

"I hardly see how that helps us," said Wentworth. "They can't be ignorant, for they know how to make china, while we don't. On the other hand, why should they lie to us? What object could they have in not telling the truth?"

This was a question that John was not prepared to answer, so, being a sensible man, he remained silent.

When he read Edith Longworth's letter he felt more encouraged, and, in due time, William Longworth himself wrote, asking for an appointment, saying he had reconsidered the matter, and, if satisfactory arrangements could be made, he would be glad to assist them in forming a company.

When the three young men met in Wentworth's office, Longworth appeared to have become reasonably enthusiastic about the project, but assured them that a company could not be formed in the economical manner they had intended. Much depended on appearances in the city; handsome offices would have to be obtained, a good firm of solicitors should be chosen, and there would be much printing and advertising to be done.

Kenyon pointed out that all this required time and money, both of which requisites were short.

"We are making a strike for £60,000 each," said Longworth, calmly, focussing his glittering monocle on Kenyon. "That sum of money is not picked up in London every day, and it is never picked up anywhere without taking a little risk. If you economise on your sprat you will not catch your gudgeon."

"But we haven't the money to risk," persisted Kenyon.

"Then, my dear sir," said Longworth, "cease to fish for gudgeon, and return to the highly respectable profession of mining engineering. If I am going to join you I can't afford to go on to certain failure. If you can't pay for the lottery ticket it is foolish to expect to draw the grand prize, now isn't it?"

Wentworth, who knew more of the city and its ways than his partner did, at once recognised the truth of Longworth's theories on the subject.

"You are quite right, Mr. Longworth," he said; "and I think that all we need now discuss are the terms of our agreement with each other."

"There will be little difficulty on that score," replied Longworth. "I will take a third of the risk and a third of the profits, if that is satisfactory to you."

The agreement was completed on this basis, and Wentworth felt that a long step had been taken towards the end desired, but Kenyon wondered why their new partner had so suddenly changed his mind. Offices

were taken near the Bank, and much time and money were spent in fitting them up. Both Kenyon and Wentworth chafed at the delay, but their partner pointed out that nothing was to be gained by undue haste. Any attempt to rush things would have a bad effect in the city. Capital was timorous, and nothing must be done prematurely.

All in all, Kenyon and Wentworth received many excellent business maxims from their partner, and it is to be hoped they profited by them.

Prospectuses were printed, and a firm of solicitors was retained; but in spite of all this no real progress was made towards the formation of the Canadian Mica Mining Company (Limited).

William Longworth had an eye for beauty. One eye was generally covered by a round disc of glass, except when it fell out of its place and dangled in front of his waistcoat. Whether the monocle assisted his sight or not, it is certain that William knew a pretty girl when he saw her. One of the housemaids in the Longworth household left suddenly, without just cause or provocation, as the advertisements say, and in her place was engaged a girl so pretty that when William Longworth caught sight of her, his monocle dropped from its place, and he stared at her with his two natural eyes, unassisted by optical science. He tried to speak to her on one or two occasions when he met her alone, but he could get no answer from the girl, who was very shy and demure, and knew her place, as they say. All this only enhanced her beauty in young Longworth's estimation, and he thought highly of his cousin's taste in the choosing of this young person to dust the furniture.

William had a room in the house which was partly sitting-room and partly office, and where he kept many of his papers. He was supposed to study matters of business deeply in this room, and it gave him a good excuse for arriving late at the office in the morning. He had been sit-

ting up into the small hours, he would tell his uncle, although he would sometimes vary the excuse by saying that it was quieter in his room than in the city, and that he had spent the early part of the morning in reading documents.

The first time that William got an answer from the new housemaid was when he expressed his anxiety about the care of this room. He said that servants generally were very careless, and that he hoped she would attend to the room, and see that his papers were kept nicely in order. This, without glancing up at him, the girl promised to do, and William thereafter found his room kept with a scrupulous neatness which would have delighted the most particular of men.

One morning when William was sitting in this room, enjoying an after-breakfast cigarette, the door opened softly, and the new housemaid entered. Seeing him there, she seemed confused and was about to retire again, when William, throwing his cigarette away, sprang to his feet.

"No, don't go," he said, "I was just about to ring."

The girl paused with her hand on the door.

"Yes," he continued, "I was just going to ring, but you have saved me the trouble; but, by the way, what is your name?"

"Susy, if you please, sir," replied the girl, modestly.

"Ah well, Susy, just shut the door for a moment."

The girl did so, but evidently with some reluctance.

"Well, Susy," said William, jauntily, "I suppose that I'm not the first one who has told you that you are very pretty."

"Oh, sir," said Susy, blushing and looking down on the carpet.

"Yes, Susy, and you take such good care of this room that I want to thank you for it," continued William.

Here he fumbled in his pocket for a moment, and drew out half-a-sovereign.

"Here, my girl, is something for your trouble. Keep this for yourself."

"Oh, I couldn't think of taking money, sir," said the girl, drawing back. "I couldn't, indeed, sir."

"Nonsense," said William, "isn't it enough?"

"Oh, it's more than enough. Miss Longworth pays me well for what I do, sir, and it's only my duty to keep things tidy."

"Yes, Susy, that is very true, but very few of us do our duty, you know, in this world."

"But we ought to, sir," said the girl, in a tone of quiet reproof that made the young man smile.

"Perhaps," said the young man; "but then, you see, we are not all pretty and good, like you. I'm sorry you won't take the money. I hope you are not offended at me for offering it," and William adjusted his monocle, and looked his sweetest at the young person standing before him.

"Oh, no, sir," she said, "I'm not at all offended, and I thank you very much, very much indeed, sir, and I would like to ask you a question, if you wouldn't think me too bold."

"Bold?" cried William. "Why I think you are the shyest little woman I have ever seen. I'll be very pleased to answer any question you may ask me. What is it?"

"You see, sir, I've got a little money of my own."

"Well, I declare, Susy, this is very interesting. I'd no idea you were an heiress."

"Oh, not an heiress, sir, far from it. It's only a little matter of four or five hundred pounds, sir," said Susy, dropping him an awkward little curtsy, which he thought most charming. "The money is in the bank, and draws no interest, and I thought I would like to invest it where it would bring in something."

"Certainly, Susy, and a most laudable

desire on your part. Was it about that you wished to question me?"

"Yes, if you please, sir. I saw this paper on your desk, and I thought I would ask you if it would be safe for me to put my money in these mines, sir. Seeing the paper here, I supposed you had something to do with it."

William whistled a long, incredulous note, and said: "So you have been reading my papers, have you, miss?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the girl, looking up at him with startled eyes. "I only saw the name, Canadian Mica Mine, on this, and the paper said it would pay ten per cent., and I thought if you had anything to do with it that my money would be quite safe."

"Oh, that goes without saying," said William; "but if I were you, my dear, I should not put my money in the mica mine."

"Oh, then, you haven't anything to do with the mine, sir?"

"Yes, Susy, I have. You see, fools build houses, and wise men live in them."

"So I have heard," said Susy, thoughtfully.

"Well, two young fools are building the house that we will call the Canadian Mica Mine, and I am the wise man, don't you see, Susy?" said the young man, with a sweet smile.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand, sir."

"I don't suppose, Susy," replied the young man, with a laugh, "that there are many who do; but I think, in a month's time, I will own this mica mine, and then, my dear, if you still want to own a share or two, I shall be very pleased to give you a few without your spending any money at all."

"Oh, would you, sir?" cried Susy, in glad surprise; "and who owns the mine now?"

"Oh, two young fellows; you wouldn't

know their names if I told them to you."

"And are they going to sell it to you, sir?"

William laughed heartily, and said:

"Oh, no, they themselves will be sold."

"But how can that be if they don't own the mine. You see, I'm only a very stupid girl, and don't understand business. That's why I asked you about my money."

"I don't suppose you know what an option is, do you, Susy?"

"No, sir, I don't; I never heard of it before."

"Well, these two young men have what is called an option on the mine, which is to say that they are to pay a certain sum of money at a certain time and the mine is theirs, but if they don't pay the certain sum at the certain time, the mine isn't theirs."

"And won't they pay the money, sir?"

"No, Susy, they will not, because, you see, they haven't got it. Then these two fools will be sold, for they think they are going to get the money and they are not."

"And you have the money to buy the mine when the option runs out, sir."

"By Jove!" said William, in surprise, "you have a prodigious head for business, Susy; I never saw anyone pick it up so fast. You will have to take lessons from me, and go on the market and speculate yourself."

"Oh, I should like to do that, sir, I should indeed."

"Well," said William, kindly, "when ever you have time, come to me and I will give you lessons." The young man came towards her holding out his hand, but the girl slipped away from him and opened the door.

"I think," he said, in a whisper, "that you might give me a kiss after all this valuable information."

"Oh, Mr. William!" cried Susy, horrified.

He stepped forward and tried to catch

her, but the girl was too nimble for him, and sprang out into the passage.

"I think," protested William, "that this is getting information under false pretences; I expected my fee, you know."

"And you shall have it," said the girl, laughing softly, "when I get ten per cent. on my money."

"Egad," said William to himself, as he entered his room again, "I will see that you get it. She's as clever as an outside broker."

When young Longworth had left for his office, Susy swept and dusted out his room again, and then went downstairs.

"Where's the mistress?" she asked a fellow-servant.

"In the library," was the answer, and to the library Susy went, entering the room without knocking, much to the amazement of Edith Longworth, who sat near the window with a book in her lap. But further surprise was in store for the lady of the house. The housemaid closed the door, and then selecting a comfortable chair, threw herself down in it, exclaiming:

"Oh dear me; I'm so tired."

"Susy," said Miss Longworth, "what is the meaning of this?"

"It means mum," said Susy, "that I'm going to chuck it."

"Going to *what*?" asked Miss Longworth, amazed.

"Going to chuck it. Don't you understand? Going to give up my situation. I'm tired of it."

"Very well," said the young woman, rising, "you may give notice in the proper

way. You have no right to come into this room in this impudent manner. Be so good as to go to your own room."

"My!" said Susy, "you can do the dignified. I must practice and see if I can accomplish an attitude like that. If you were a little prettier, Miss Longworth, I should call that striking," and the girl threw back her head and laughed.

Something in the laugh aroused Miss Longworth's recollection, and a chill of fear came over her, but, looking at the girl again, she saw she was mistaken. Susy jumped up, still laughing, and drew a pin from the little cap she wore, flinging it on the chair; then she pulled off her wig, and stood before Edith Longworth her natural self.

"Miss Brewster!" gasped the astonished Edith. "What are you doing in my house in that disguise?"

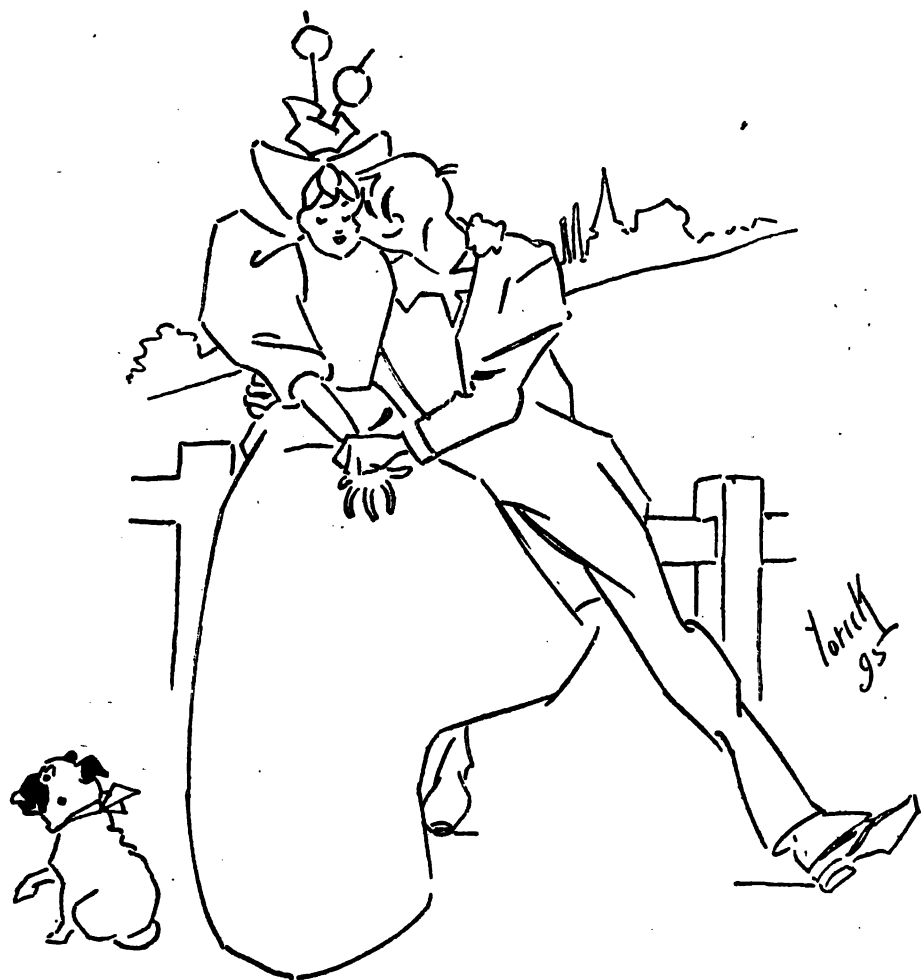
"Oh," said Jennie, "I'm the lady slavey, and how do you think I have acted the part? Now sit down, Miss Dignity, and I will tell you something about your own family. I thought you were a set of rogues, and now I can prove it."

"Will you leave my house this instant?" cried Edith, in anger. "I shall not listen to you."

"Oh yes, you will," said Jennie, "for I shall follow your own example and not let you out until you do hear what I have to tell you."

Saying which the amateur housemaid skipped nimbly to the door, and placed her back against it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE CHAPERONE.

"Now then, Edie; 'e ain't lookin'!"

ENGLISHWOMEN ABROAD.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY.

THE ladies' papers have of late been full of requests for advice upon subjects connected with foreign travel, and it is to be expected that shoals of English-



women will be scattered over the Continent during the next few weeks. One of the questions they never ask the editors of these papers is: "What shall I leave behind me?" But it would be a useful one, nevertheless. The truth is, that the Englishwoman abroad regards herself too much in the light of a "paying guest," and is prone to cultivate that censorious and critical mental attitude which characterises the average dweller in boarding-houses. She packs up with her much too diffuse luggage, a whole bundle of insular prejudices, a vial or two of scorn and contempt for "foreign ways," and rolls up the whole in a pachydermatous wrapping of conscious superiority. It is anything but politic to display this

conviction of the inferiority of all other nations while we are in their midst, even if we can conscientiously entertain it.

There are a few of our countrywomen of sufficiently open mind to acknowledge that there may be some matters in which the inhabitants of other lands are not only our equals, but even occasionally excel us in a manner that is truly surprising to the insular mind, permeated as it is with a sort of personal and particular jingoism. Probably, the possessor of the sentiment calls it by the grand name of patriotism. We have a way of christening our faults with noble and high-sounding names. Do we not call our obstinacy "firmness"; our prejudices "refinement"; our vanity "proper pride"; our rude remarks "candour"? And so on, exalting into virtues those faults which, seen in others, we recognise at once for what they are. Now, why not leave behind us this egotistic predisposition in favour of ourselves? We should be much more comfortable without it. The patronising airs that it induces very often make us look ridiculous, and occasionally incense those on whom our comfort depends. I once heard an Englishman swear at a waiter because the latter, being a Frenchman in his native land, could not understand our countryman's English. It would have been a matter of surprise if he could. Our English waiters are not linguists, as a rule, so why should we expect to find their peers in other countries in command of our island speech?

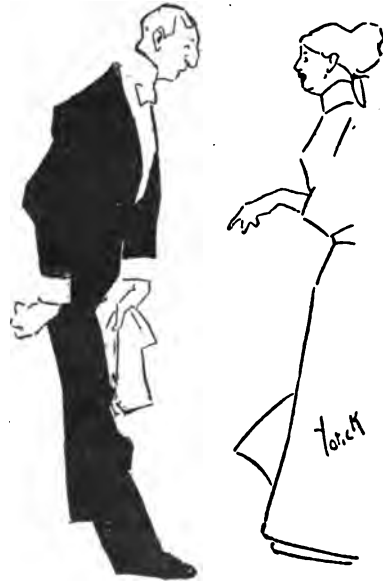
Nemesis was not lame that day. The waiter, though ignorant of English, understood well enough that he had been sworn at, and very few dishes found their way to the unjust and ill-bred individual. Englishwomen do not swear—at least, not usually—but they have an irritating way of turning up their eyes, and simultaneously drawing back the cor-

ners of their mouths, that does very well as an imitation of strong language. It expresses contemptuous surprise in a manner to be plainly understood of every nation; and it is an aggravating habit. A countrywoman of ours remarked once, at a foreign hotel: "How absurd it is for everyone to call the chambermaids 'Mademoiselle.'" Why absurd? The only reason she could have had for thinking it so, was that we do not use the title "Miss" in England in similar circumstances; but it would be better for our hotel chambermaids to be addressed as "Miss," than to have no special custom in the matter, leaving it open to a man to hail a young woman, as I once heard, in the following fashion: "Hi! Mary, Molly, whatever you call yourself! I say! Look here!"

Most of us know French fairly well, and can command a sufficient number of useful sentences in that language to pay our way, so to speak. But our pronunciation is often detestable. Do not many of us say *Madahme* for *Madame*; *oof* for *œuf*; *ploo* for *plus*; and *ploovwar* for *pleuvoir*? There is something so exquisitely neat and finished about the pronunciation of true Parisian French, such as is spoken in all polite circles, that our mistakes must grate very harshly on the ears of our French acquaintances. How often, when the Duc d'Aumale was over here, has he heard himself addressed as the Dook d'Aumahle? But let our mistakes be what they may, we are never allowed to perceive that they amuse our French hearers, though we laugh freely enough at the "funny" errors they make when, out of compliment to us, they venture upon our difficult and intricate tongue. Suppose we leave behind us that particular branch of our lively national sense of humour? We should not feel at all cold without it.

The Germans are not quite so polite, but they have an amiable stolidity that stands them in good stead when they

hear English visitors murdering their mother tongue in the fatherland. One night, at Coblenz, when our small party was about to retire, we thought we would ask the waiter to call us at six the next morning, and give us eggs for breakfast. After a consultation, in which no foreign language but French seemed at all ready to emerge from the recesses of our memory, we asked the unfortunate man to name us at six, using "nennen" instead of "rufen," and to give us four oxen for breakfast — "ochsen" (suggested by "œufs") instead of "eier." He calmly stood, twisting his napkin, waiting till we might choose to make ourselves more clear, which, after immense struggles, we eventually managed to do. We had to draw an egg for him, and never a smile



appeared on that man's face, notwithstanding our surprising demands. It is easy enough to buy a handbook of useful phrases before leaving England, but we had omitted this necessary provision.

When we were starting on a visit to Holland, we tried vainly all over London for a dictionary and grammar of the Dutch language. Nothing of the kind was to be had, so our supply of the language when we left Liverpool Street was limited to one word. It was "stoomboot." Rather insufficient; for, during a week's stay, we should need many things in addition to steamboats. However, our friends told us that French was spoken all over Holland. At the hotels it certainly is. The door-porter is usually Swiss, and the head-waiter always speaks French. But the chambermaids have no language but their own; nor the flymen, the tram drivers, the chair men at Scheveningen, the boys who sell lemonade and other syrupy drinks, nor the women in the delft shops. In most of the important shops there is some one who speaks French, but many of the consonants are altered beyond recognition—"d" becomes "t" and "t" "d"; "b" is pronounced "p" and "p" "b." This is highly confusing to an English ear.

In a linendraper's at The Hague we saw a notice, "English spuk here," so we went cheerily in, thinking we could now buy two or three things we had been unable to ask for before. One of the party demanded a collar, "fifteen inch," he added. The girl who "spuk" English looked as if he had propounded a very difficult conundrum, and we spent a polyglot ten minutes before we got what we wanted. German is not of much use in Holland, though occasionally it serves. The only dictionaries and grammars to be bought at The Hague are for Dutch people learning English, so that, though the pronunciation of the English words is most carefully given, that of the Dutch is left to the imagination. And, besides, the Dutch compiler of the dictionary appears to have had a very slight knowledge of our language. We found him at fault several times. And he has

omitted many useful words, and introduced others quite unfamiliar.

What, for instance, to take a page of *Kramer's Pocket Dictionary* at random, do "riglet" and "rigol" mean? After we



got home, we discovered that at Rotterdam is published a very useful grammar of the Dutch language for the use of English students. It, too, is by a Dutchman, and his knowledge of our tongue is rather scanty; but he at least gives us the pronunciation of his own. What does it matter that he spells diphthong "diph-tongue," and that he renders one of our proverbs, "Meddle with your own affairs"?

The coinage is always one of the troubles of the traveller. French money is easy enough to understand, and one immediately becomes accustomed to it. It is readily impressed on the mind that a 10-franc piece is worth 8s. 4d. Decimal coinage, always simple, also prevails in

Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and Greece. German money is more confusing, owing to the number of small coins; but it is well to keep clearly in the mind that a reichsmark is equal to our shilling.

In Holland, the florin or gulden is worth



2s. The German ten-reichsmark piece and the Dutch ducat are first cousins, and correspond, roughly speaking, with our English half-sovereign. A very usual coin in Holland is a ten-florin piece, and if these are brought into England, one loses on them. The steward on the "stoomboot" will always exchange all moneys for English coins. English sovereigns will be available all over the Continent, but it is well to change them at one's hotel, as in the smaller shops there may be some difficulty. A small purse, such as the limited size of our pockets induces us very frequently to content ourselves with at home, is of little use on the Continent, where the number of coins of small value is so great. Some of us make it a rule to put all copper coins loose into the pocket, but in travelling, when one is perpetually paying money away, it is far better to carry a purse capacious enough to hold the cents and half-cents, the sous and the pfennige. Otherwise one is continually changing silver and gold, and the

weight of the copper coins becomes appreciable. At the Continental booking-offices English money and foreign is exchanged at the following rates:

For one English sovereign . . .	25 francs..
For " " " " . . .	20 marks.
For " " " " . . .	12 guilders.
For 25 francs, French currency	19s. 6d.
For 20 marks, German currency	19s. 6d.
For 12 guilders, Dutch currency	19s. 6d.

The question of dress is an important one, the traveller being usually divided between the desire to take as many pretty things as possible, and the wish to avoid a quantity of luggage. Not only is the latter highly inconvenient, but it is a very expensive matter on the Continent. Nor are there so many porters at foreign stations and landing stages as there are at home. The fashion of blouses largely simplifies the dress question, enabling one to vary the character of one's costume without changing the skirt. A girl has been known to make a three-weeks' tour with only two skirts in her repertory. Sensible girl! Very large boxes are serious impediments abroad. Three or four small bags or portmanteaux are far preferable. A very warm cloak or rug is indispensable for night travelling, whether by boat or rail, though more particularly in the former case. The discomforts of travelling by night may be largely discounted by taking an *En Route* basket, which is fitted with everything necessary for making tea or bouillon, and accompanied either by the bread, biscuit, or other light "solid," without which the beverage seldom produces its full effect of refreshment. I never yet heard of anybody who had ever had a cup of good tea on board a boat, or at a railway station. Should any such fortunate being exist, I should very much enjoy making his or her acquaintance. I bracket that person in my own mind with the ever-elusive being who has, with his or her own eyes, beheld a ghost.

TOBACCO MONEY.

BY J. AUDREY TYSON.

IS he handsome? No. Some sentimental idiots assert that his features are interesting—that his eyes are as soft and gentle as a woman's; but I never thought them so, and if they are they should not be possessed by him. His cheeks are sallow; his brow is wrinkled, and his nose is hooked and thin. He stoops, and has a mincing gait.

Is he intellectual? No. I have heard it said that he was so before he lost what little fortune he had once possessed. He is always prating about what he would do if he had not been visited by adversity, and those whom he calls his friends believe him—fools that they are, else they would leave him to his fate. He, too, is a fool, for none but fools lose fortunes—in fact, they never acquire any except by inheritance. He inherited his. He told me so himself. I believed that; he would not have had one else.

Then he is old. He should have died at least a decade before I met him—two years ago; but he lives on like an old rat, after the rest of his generation has passed away, to be petted and nursed and damned as a nuisance by mankind. One day I told him this, and he admitted that he quite agreed with me. Then I shook hands with him, and congratulated him on his appreciation of the situation. The tears ran down his cheeks, but—why didn't he die?

He has a daughter who— Is she pretty? The devil! how should I know? I'm no judge of beauty. Still, she isn't ill-favoured. She has light hair—you call it blonde, do you not? Well, her figure is slight—not too slight, you understand, but—well, it is rather pleasing to the eye—some eyes, of course, I mean. Mine? Oh, I rather like her.

Now I have been a business man all

my life, and have no patience with triflers. None but triflers are poor. I worked for all I now possess, figured close, and saved my earnings. Let all men do as I have done, and we shall have no triflers. I never married. Why? Because, when I was young, I could not afford the luxury of a wife, and now—oh, now I don't want one, and I'm glad I don't.

Well, as I was about to say, I have always been a business man, and, as such, methodical in my habits. I never smoked until I felt I was able to afford it, and then resolved to apply the rent of a two-storey shed in the rear of my back-yard in Chicago to the monthly purchase of tobacco. The rent amounts to twelve dollars per month, and is sufficient to supply me with three boxes of cigars. This I call my tobacco money, and if the rent is not forthcoming I do not smoke.

The first tenant to supply me with tobacco money was a Methodist exhorter. He was a negro, and earned a livelihood by washing clothes, which were ironed by his wife and twelve-year-old daughter. He did very well for three years, and I smoked regularly; then he ceased to exhort, took to drink, and, after doing without cigars for a fortnight, I evicted him.

I then advertised for a new tenant. Old Bantry saw the notice, and called with his daughter to see the premises. He merely looked around him, and said nothing; but his daughter seemed well-satisfied, and signed the lease for a year. Her name was Dorothy, and she told me she was a seamstress. They moved in on the following day; but during the ensuing week I saw little of them.

One evening, while I was in the back-

yard, watching the fool antics of my dog, which had treed a cat, the girl Dorothy opened the door of the shed, to the existence of which I was indebted for the cigar I was then smoking—for I had demanded the rent in advance. She came towards me with a smile, and wished me a good evening. I knew she was going to ask a favour—women always do when they smile at old men.

"Mr. Foster, I hope you will pardon the liberty I take," she began; "but a dear friend of mine has given me some flower slips, and I thought that, if you have no objection, I would plant them in the flower-bed. May I?"

The flower-bed had not been in use since the premises came into my possession, and was now covered with weeds and grass. I had become used to seeing it that way, and I abominate innovations.

"Really, I should like to oblige you," I said, "but if you plant them there the roots will spread and I shall have them all over the yard."

"Oh, but the roots of geraniums and sweet-williams never spread," she replied.

I don't know whether or not she knew my name was William, but she smiled. As I said before, women always smile when they want something. I wish they wouldn't. Men never do.

"Oh, well," I said, "if you are quite sure of that, plant 'em; but out they come if they travel."

"Thank you so much," she exclaimed, "and if ever you want any blossoms for your button-hole, just help yourself."

Blossoms for my button-hole! It really makes me quite irritable to think of it.

But plant them she did—a lot of sickly green leaves and sticks. During the day she placed papers over them to shield them from the rays of the sun, and at night she watered them from a tomato-can.

Three days later my dog pawed them out. Dorothy was away at the time, but, having seen in the afternoon the havoc the animal had wrought, I concealed my-

self behind the curtains of my room to observe how she would act when she returned and saw the condition of the flowers.

In the evening she came out as usual with her watering-can. I was getting rather tired of watching, but was on the alert and saw her.

When her gaze rested on the flower-bed, she stood still, then putting her hands to her face she ran into the house—crying, I suppose. It made me feel so disgusted and generally upset that I went downstairs to kick my dog, and after I had exercised my foot on him for five minutes I felt better. I never could see any sense in snivelling the way women do.

The next day I strolled past a nurseryman's and saw some trees in his yard with flowers on top of them—out of the reach of dogs. I asked the owner what they were, and he told me they were hollyhocks. I purchased one of the trees and sent it home. Then I took it out to the flower-bed, where I planted it and built a fencing of lath around it. My dog watched the progress of the work, and when it was finished I called him to me and turned his head towards the tree. Then I kicked him and let him go. I think he comprehended my meaning, for since then his tendency to bury bones in that flower-bed has not been particularly noticeable.

The following morning I rose early to note the effect that the tree would have upon the girl.

She did not appear for an hour or more, then she came out with an arm-chair which she placed near the door in order that Old Bantry might sun himself. When she saw the tree she smiled, but did not approach it. I was thus led to infer that the hollyhock was not her favourite flower.

I paid them but little attention after that, and when their month was up, I collected the rent and purchased my monthly allotment of cigars.

Old Bantry sunned himself nearly every morning outside the door of the shed which he occupied, and when the sun did not shine he stayed indoors. I felt under no obligation to be civil to him, so let him alone.

A young woman is always more or less like that fly-paper which lies in my window, yonder, with flies sticking to it. In whatever window you find fly-paper in the summer, you will find flies dangling on it. It is so with women. They induce young fools of the opposite sex to become attached to them, and then divert their minds from business, where they ought to be.

Dorothy Bantry had a dangler.

He was always coming around of nights to take her for a walk or to sit with her on the bench near the hollyhock tree. I have often peeped from behind the curtain of my room to watch them play the fool in the moonlight. Oh, they played it well, I'll credit them with that.

One night, while they were sitting together on the bench, I lighted a cigar, and walked over to them. They looked confused, as well they might, and slid away from one another. The bench was long enough to accommodate three persons, and, as they were now sitting on either end, I seated myself between them.

"Young man," said I to the Dangler, "what is your business?"

"I am a bookkeeper, sir," he replied.

"Who are you working for?" I asked.

"For So-and-so," said he.

"How much do they pay you?"

He hesitated, and seemed finally to decide not to reply. I felt Dorothy's arm steal behind me as if she was going to nudge him; but she quickly withdrew it, thinking, perhaps, that I might believe she had designs upon me.

"Fifteen dollars a week," answered Dorothy.

"Hum," said I; "bright house, very. I like close-figuring houses."

Dorothy and the Dangler seemed to be getting uncomfortable—they squirmed so.

"Fifteen dollars a week," I repeated. "And so, young man, you are going to marry this girl on fifteen dollars a week?"

He did not reply.

"Eh?" I queried.

"He hasn't asked me yet," said Dorothy, shyly.

"The devil!" said I; "but you will ask her, won't you, young man? What the deuce else do you mean by all this spooning around here of nights? Eh? You want her, don't you?"

"God knows I do," he replied.

"Well then," said I.

Dorothy was silent, and my cigar went out. I turned to the Dangler.

"Have you got a match?"

He had one—all these downy-lipped youths carry them to kindle their cigarettes with—so I lighted my cigar.

"You want him, don't you?" I asked Dorothy.

She didn't speak, so I went on—

"Now, see here. I'm tired of this beating about the bush. If you don't want him, what do you encourage him for?—that isn't business. If you do want him, say so."

"I do," said Dorothy.

"Well," said I, rising, "and now that is settled. No earthly good ever comes of this infernal dilly-dallying. Many a man has let a tidy fortune slip away from him while he sat on the fence asking questions of the moon. That may be the modern way of love-making, but, if so, modern love-making is all darned nonsense. Business principles might just as well be applied to that as to anything else. If they are good enough for business, they are good enough for love. If you want my sentiments, there you have 'em. Well, good-night. I suppose you won't be leaving here for some time yet, so if you see the cats on the fence, chase

HOW TO BECOME A CORDON BLEU.

BY M. A. BELLOC.

MOST of us remember the experienced matron's advice to her young married daughter anent the best way of



managing her newly-acquired treasure. "Feed the baste," was her answer to this query ; and the three words embody one of the many *dernières pensées* constantly overlooked by even the wisest of us.

Abroad, the English are credited with possessing a hundred religions and one sauce ; but thanks to the many excellent schools of cookery which have been established of late years all over the kingdom, the latter half of the statement at any rate is now incorrect, though what was once sauce for the gander is more than ever considered sauce for the goose.

Seriously speaking, the career of cook and the pursuit of cooking as a practical art, is one of the few ways of gaining a

livelihood left comparatively open to the average intelligent girl who finds herself thrown on the world at an age when a long apprenticeship or the acquirement of a regular profession are out of the question.

There is a *constant* and *increasing* demand for good plain and high-class cooks, and this both in town and country. A methodical young lady with some knowledge of account-keeping added to her culinary knowledge can easily earn as head cook in a large establishment far more than even a well-paid literary secretary acquainted with shorthand and type-writing, and, what is more, her pecuniary value as cook will increase as the years go on, instead of diminishing, as is the case with almost every other kind of work.

Another, and to many a pleasanter, way of turning culinary and general knowledge to account is to take a position as teacher or lecturer under the auspices of the local School Boards and of the County Council. This opens up a sphere of agreeable work for those who possess a fair education, and the life led by a lady lecturer armed with the necessary diplomas, is infinitely freer and more agreeable than that led by a governess or companion—the more so that the teacher has much of her time to herself, part of which she is generally allowed to devote to private tuition, which sometimes takes the form, in country districts, of a demonstration lecture and a practical lesson given in the roomy kitchen of some historic country house. It should be added, however, that the demand for cooking-teachers and lecturers has lately decreased owing to the greater supply and to the fact that Board-School teachers are now qualifying themselves to add a practical and theoretical knowledge of cookery to

necessity for making a hole in the crust in order that the steam and deleterious gases might escape. The receipt was faithfully worked out by some of the pupils on their return home; but, as may be imagined, they omitted this necessary item, and the most disastrous results ensued. Similar instances might be multi-

plied indefinitely. And those who wish to really benefit to the full by any training school should make a point of attending the lectures on the chemistry of food, which include such practical subjects as the methods of preserving food, and the action of heat, and of the several processes of cooking, on food.



THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.

THE SEX-PROBLEM.

ONE seldom takes up an article by an advanced writer of the day without finding it put forward as a subject for congratulation that so much of our old-fashioned restraint in dealing with the relations of the sexes should be disappearing. Our pioneers in realism, male and female, have brazened it out with Mrs. Grundy, and that strait-laced dame, under whose gimlet eye they used to quail, has practically left them in possession of the field.

Accordingly, the sex-problem now obtrudes itself everywhere. No phase of passion is too intimate for literary analysis, and the analyst, more often than not, is a woman.

This freedom of discussion is conventionally hailed as a change for the better. It is "emancipation," "revolution," and what not! Nobody with any pretensions to that quality, so much esteemed, I believe, in the fashionable preacher, "modernity," appears to have a word to say against it. I will own that the view I am about to put forward is itself an after-thought. Had any one stopped me in the street yesterday and asked whether I deemed it well that the verb "to love" should be publicly conjugated in print in all its moods and tenses, I should probably have answered—Yes.

But an after-thought there is, in my mind, that threatens to attain the force of a conviction. In talking of the importance of realism we are too apt to imagine that truth does not exist until it is discovered by the essayist or the writer of fiction. As a matter of fact, there has always been a sex-problem in process of being solved. It has been discussed in its most intimate aspects by every pair of lovers in every alcove since society began, and not less so in puritan England than

in profligate France. What then is to be gained by a shallower, and necessarily less effective, discussion of the subject in print I am at a loss to understand. The best-told tale must, of necessity, be a pale reflection of the reality as known to every generation that has handed on the world to its successor.

The realist in fiction is like the man of science, who imagines that his efforts to elucidate the truth are of more importance than the truth itself. It is a sad reflection that all the accumulated wisdom of the world must some day perish—until it occurs to you to ask: What, after all, is wisdom? Is it anything more than an attempt to know that which already is, and which exists independently of our puny attempts to define it? There are finer statues in every block of Carrara marble than have yet been hewn out, and infinitely more to learn about the universe than science has yet ascertained. As regards the interests of truth—abstract truth, a more or less feeble literary description of previously existing and universally-known facts strikes me as the most futile of all undertakings.

Does the emancipated woman ever succeed in telling the emancipated man what he does not already know, or *vice versa*? I doubt it. How then can the views of one or the other, singly or in combination, on the sex-problem, be regarded as an effective contribution to the general fund of knowledge?

This question prepares us for a consideration of what the discussion of the sex-problem really is. What it is not, I have, I trust, made clear without engaging in too elaborate a process of illustration. If I am right, we may put aside once for all the assumption that the world (or at least the adult section of it) is ever the wiser, or the better, for anything that

the English Zola or the French George Moore in his most inspired and most reckless moments, can tell it, seeing that everywhere the secrets of the alcove, already alluded to, are so many *secrets de polichinelle*.

How comes it then, the reader may ask, that this imperfect and necessarily un instructive discussion by the sexes of their mutual relations, in print, is so alluring? I imagine the reason to be this, that while the most virtuous couple may whisper in each other's ear truths which, publicly uttered, would put a French novelist to the blush, the *demi-mot* in print places each of them in similar relations with strange minds, and thus gives rise to a species of promiscuous intercourse; none the less lewd in motive, because in its literary guise it escapes the condemnation of society.

I do not think I am over-stating, or in any sense misrepresenting, the case when I say that "the sex-problem" as a literary theme is at present sailing under false colours. It is the pretext for a debauch into which, it will be observed, the emancipated female throws herself with quite an indecent avidity. Can it be that the New Woman, at least, is at heart a rake? As she and the emancipated man profess a fondness for calling things by their real names, I invite them to re-label the sex-problem as currently discussed.

ETHICS OF THE PETTICOAT.

Probably it will be found that certain modern "developments" in the social position of women have an altogether fictitious importance attached to them through the publicity and the amount of notice they obtain in the press. I find Lady Jeune writing in these terms:—

"The New Woman has determined that she will share the man's life in every sense of the word, and that men are to lead lives surrounded with the safeguards and the self-restraint that have hitherto protected women. . . . Women are to

know all, and men are not to be permitted greater liberty and indulgence than women."

Such is the new creed put in a nutshell. Lady Jeune states it rather than advocates it; for she is one of the few worthy women who show a capacity for looking at both sides of a question. But the creed is there; and what I want to know is, On behalf of how many women the demand for the new order of things is made? I may have been unlucky, but I must confess never yet, in a pretty wide circle of acquaintances, to have met the New Woman in the flesh. To me she is as much of a myth as the Bogey Man. It is true that a few women, professedly "advanced," parrot over feebly the articles of the new creed, while others make guys of themselves in knickerbockers or the divided skirt, which, by the way, is never so successful as when indistinguishable from the ordinary petticoat. But I have never met anyone who advocates either an effeminate race of men or a masculine race of women; and that is what the demand for equality, in its practical aspect, comes to.

There have always been women accused of "wearing the breeches," just as there have always been "milksoys" of men. But they are both a small and entirely negligible deviation from the mean, "sports," in a Darwinian sense, like the four-eared shamrock or the two-headed calf. If the few masculine-minded women are making a greater noise than formerly; it is because of the facilities now offered them for airing their impracticability and their sexual unfitness in print. They are neither increasing in numbers nor in influence. Marriage is still the chief occupation of women, just as for the immense majority of the sex the petticoat is the only wear.

The truth is, that the clamour for equality between the sexes—equality in morals and equality in dress—arises from an entire misapprehension of the facts of

the case. The physical impossibility under which women lie of leading the same lives, or being governed by the same instincts as men, is too obvious to be insisted upon. When women are of the same stature and strength as men, have the same courage, the same aptitudes and the same aggressive instincts—above all, when husband and wife can arrange to have children alternately—it will be time to speak of equality in its larger sense.

Here I would merely call attention to a not unimportant detail with regard to which a certain amount of levelling up or levelling down between the sexes is attainable. It is this: that much of the attraction which the sexes find in each other is due to their diversity—diversity of manners, habits, pursuits, clothes. I have never heard any woman declare her preference for an effeminate man—the man, say, who would rather do a little Berlin woolwork at home, or mind the baby, than handle a bat or an oar; and the long-legged athletic woman has certainly no admirers in the club smoking-room. In proportion as the two sexes were approximated in character and appearance, so would chivalry and tenderness on the one side, and loyalty and trust on the other, decline; and the last state of society might be worse than the first.

The average English woman clings to her petticoat, as if salvation were wrapped up in its folds; and she is right, for it will be a sorry day for the race when she is persuaded to exchange it for a pair of trousers. There is, of course, nothing inherently feminine in the petticoat, which is not far removed from the Roman toga, and which is common to both sexes in the East; but to the male mind in Europe it has become the centre of a host of tender and romantic associations, which it would be madness for women to sacrifice. Every woman who bestrides a bicycle in a pair of knickers now loses more than she wots of in the shape of that indefinite charm which belongs to the petticoat, to which

no man is ever insensible, and which, on analysis, resolves itself into a mere association of ideas.

No doubt if women succeeded in forming that trade union of sex which Schopenhauer suspected them of designing, and if their executive made trousers compulsory, with due precautions for the terrorising of "blacklegs," we should be obliged, in time, to forego our prejudices. But even so, it would be a long and uphill fight for the rank and file to recover their lost ground in our sentimental regard; the plain girl might not do it for a generation. So much for the outward and visible symbols of equality.

On the delicate question of infidelity I do not like to dogmatise. I presume that equality means, in this case, a levelling up. But are women so sure that they would like the coy and bashful man when they found him—the *puceau*, let us say, with the blush of innocence mantling his hirsute cheek? I am not sure that the known perversity or waywardness of the male does not create a flutter of interest in the female bosom which would not otherwise find a place there. Perhaps—who knows?—it may inspire an emulous desire to capture and subjugate the monster; a Delilah-like ambition to shear this Samson's locks, and bind him, tame and harmless, with an apron-string.

There is all this to be considered in the problem, and I am afraid that, by the uncompromising advocates of sexual equality, the more subtle and delicate of the considerations involved in the question are overlooked.

A WORD FOR CYNICS.

I was jotting down pessimism as a subject that called for a little attention in its present-day aspect, when the doubt presented itself to my mind whether, since Schopenhauer went, there are any genuine pessimists. Perhaps in thus doubting the very existence of pessimism I am proving myself a pessimist of the worst order.

But, on reflection, I am convinced that pessimism is, at least, a much rarer condition of mind than is popularly supposed, and that most of the people who profess it, and who would describe themselves as pessimists in the census returns, if the Registrar-General placed an extra column at their disposal, are, at the worst, cynics.

Your true pessimist would be one who held that the elements must some day melt with fervent heat, and who took his measures accordingly. That he could make out an excellent case I do not doubt. If I were put to it I should find it hard to escape the mathematical conclusion that anything like a renovating of this portion of the cosmic system must begin with the world's destruction, and to draw a cheerful conclusion from such premises, is a *tour de force* of which probably few are capable. But this contingency is too far off to be a practical consideration, and so, indeed, are most of the other contingencies of life which would make for pessimism. If then, while passing through this vale of tears, we can pause for a moment to see the lambskins play, and to study a patch of colour in the landscape, we are not pessimists.

From this point of view, I hardly know who is entitled to be placed in that category. Probably, the pessimist owes his existence to the optimist, to whom he is supposed to serve as a counterpoise. Now optimism is one of the commonest of mental conditions. We all share it in some degree. Without it there is no saying how society could be carried on. But, in excess, optimism is synonymous with folly, and it is for that reason, perhaps, that the fashionable quality should be found at the opposite end of the scale. Still, the great majority of doubters are not pessimists in the proper sense of the word,

but cynics, a genus of an infinitely less uncompromising character. And, considering what human nature is, there is probably no safer footing to be found than that of, let us say, a genial cynicism.

I think it time the cynic had a word spoken in his favour. Proverbially, the optimist is the happy man. But consider the disappointments that await him at every turn! A friend does him what appears to be a good turn, and he brims over with satisfaction at the thought that it has been inspired by pure goodness of heart. It presently appears, however, that the friend had some ulterior motive, and—another illusion goes by the board. Now from such disappointments the cynic is necessarily free. There is no reason, if his cynicism is of the proper temper, why he should not always be right in his estimate of human nature, and the consciousness of that tends to promote such an equanimity as should make him a delightful companion. That the cynic is not generally popular is very true, but that is because he is surrounded by knaves who fear to hear the truth from his lips, or whose schemes are defeated by his clear-sightedness.

The cynic is the creation of the society in which he moves. In face of the many flagrant shams now practised—shams in morality, philanthropy, religion, politics, and even friendship—I do not see how the honest man can maintain any other than a cynical attitude. To fall in with the prevailing affectations is to be *particeps criminis*. Whether you listen to a sermon or read a leading article—the conventional three-decker—in the newspaper, you are bound to smile the smile of the Augurs—that is to say unless you are a fool. To my mind, the most wholesome feature of modern society is its cynicism.

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

XIV. (Continued).

ONE morning I had a great idea, which has had the effect of revolutionising our domestic economy. It was at the time when the worst pinch was over, and when we had got back as far as butter and occasional tobacco, with a milkman calling daily, which gives you a great sense of swagger when you have not been used to it.

"Paul, my boy," said I, "I see my way to fitting up this house with a whole staff of servants for nothing."

He looked pleased but not surprised. He had a wholly unwarranted confidence in my powers, so that if I had suddenly declared that I saw my way to tilting Queen Victoria from her throne and seating myself upon it, he would have come without a question to aid and abet.

I took a piece of paper and wrote: "To Let. A basement floor in exchange for services. Apply—1, Oakley Villas."

"There, Paul," said I, "run down to the *Evening News* office and pay a shilling for three insertions."

There was no need of three insertions. One would have been ample. Within half an hour of the appearance of the first edition, I had an applicant at the end of my bell wire, and for the remainder of the evening Paul was ushering them in and I interviewing them, with hardly a break. I should have been prepared at the outset to take anything in a petticoat, but as we saw the demand increase, our conditions went up and up—white aprons, proper dress for answering door, doing beds and boots, cooking—we became more and more exacting. So at last we made our selection, a Miss Wotton, who asked leave to bring her sister with her. She was a hard-faced, brusque-mannered person, whose appearance in a bachelor's house-

hold was not likely to cause a scandal. Her nose was in itself a certificate of virtue. She was to bring her furniture into the basement, and I was to give her and her sister one of the two upper rooms for a bedroom.

Well, they moved in a few days later. I was out at the time, and the first intimation I had was finding three little dogs in my hall when I returned. I had her up and explained that this was a breach of contract, and that I had no thoughts of running a menagerie. She pleaded very hard for her little dogs, which it seems are a mother and two daughters of some rare breed, so I at last gave in on the point. The other sister appeared to lead a subterranean troglodytic sort of existence, for, though I caught a glimpse of her whisking round the corner at times, it was a good month before I could have sworn to her in a police-court.

For a time the arrangement worked well, and then there came complications. One morning, coming down earlier than usual, I saw a small, bearded man undoing the inside chain of my door. I captured him before he could get it open. "Well," said I, "what's this?"

"If you please, sir," said he, "I'm Miss Wotton's husband."

Dreadful doubts of my housekeeper flashed across my mind, but I thought of her nose and was reassured. An examination revealed everything. She was a married woman. The lines were solemnly produced. Her husband was a scaman. She had passed as a Miss, because she thought I was more likely to take a housekeeper without encumbrances. Her husband had come home unexpectedly from a long voyage, and had returned last night. And—plot within plot—the other woman was not her sister, but a friend, whose

* Copyright, 1904, in the United States of America.

name was Miss Williams. She thought I was more likely to take two sisters than two friends. So we all came to know who the other was, and I, having given Jack permission to remain, assigned the other top room to Miss Williams. From absolute solitude I seemed to be rapidly developing into the keeper of a casual ward.

It was a never-failing source of joy to us to see the procession pass on their way to their rooms at night. First came a dog, then Miss Williams with a candle, then Jack, then another dog, and finally Mrs. Wotton, with her candle in one hand and another dog under her arm. Jack was with us for three weeks, and as I made him holystone the whole place down twice a week until the boards were like a quarter-deck, we got something out of him in return for his lodging.

About this time, finding a few shillings over and no expense imminent, I laid down a cellar, in the shape of a four and a half gallon cask of beer, with a firm resolution that it should never be touched save on high-days and holidays, or when guests had to be entertained. Shortly afterwards Jack went away to sea again, and, after his departure, there were several furious quarrels between the women down below which filled the whole house with treble reproaches and repartees. At last one evening Miss Williams—the quiet one—came to me and announced with sobs that she must go. Mrs. Wotton made her life unbearable, she said. She was determined to be independent, and had fitted up a small shop in a poor quarter of the town. She was going now, at once, to take possession of it.

I was sorry, because I liked Miss Williams, and I said a few words to that effect. She got as far as the hall door, and then came rustling back again into the consulting-room. "Take a drink of your own beer!" she cried, and vanished.

It sounded like some sort of slang imprecation. If she had said, "Oh, pull

up your socks!" I should have been less surprised. And then suddenly the words took a dreadful meaning in my mind, and I rushed to the cellar. The cask was tilted forward on the trestles. I struck it, and it boomed like a drum. I turned the cock and not one drop appeared. Let us draw a veil over the painful scene. Suffice it that Mrs. Wotton got her marching orders then and there, and that next day Paul and I found ourselves alone in the empty house once more.

But we were demoralised by luxury. We could no longer manage without a helper—especially now in the winter-time when fires had to be lit—the most heart-breaking task that a man can undertake. I bethought me of the quiet Miss Williams, and hunted her up in her shop. She was quite willing to come, and saw how she could get out of the rent, but the only difficulty lay with her stock. This sounded formidable at first, but when I came to learn that the whole thing had cost eleven shillings it did not appear insurmountable. In half an hour my watch was pawned and the affair concluded. I returned with an excellent housekeeper, and with a larger-basketful of inferior Swedish matches, bootlaces, cakes of blacklead, and little figures made of sugar than I should have thought it possible to get for the money. So now we have settled down, and I hope a period of comparative peace lies before us.

Good-bye, old chap, and never think that I forget you. Your letters are read and re-read with avidity. I think I have every line you ever wrote me. You simply knock Paley out every time. I am so glad you got out of that brewery business all right. For a time I was really afraid that you must either lose your money or else risk more upon the shares. I can only thank you for your kind offer of blank cheques. So glad you slipped back into your American life so easily after your English hiatus. As you say, it is not a change, but only a modifica-

tion, for the root ideas are all the same. Is it not strange how the two great brother nations are led to misunderstand each other? A man is punished for private libel (over here, at any rate), although the consequences can only be slight. But a man may perpetrate international libel, which is a very far-reaching and heinous offence, and yet go free. Think of the contemptible crew of journalists and satirists who for ever picture the Englishman as haughty and "h" dropping, or the American as vulgar and expectorating. If some millionaire would give them all a trip round the world, we should have some rest—and, between ourselves, if the plug came out of the boat midway, it would be more restful still. And your vote-hunting politicians, with their tail-twisting campaigns, and our editors of the superior weeklies, with their inane tone of superiority, if they were all aboard, how much clearer we should be. Once more, adieu, and may '83 bring you nothing but good.

XV.

1, OAKLEY VILLAS, BIRCHESPOOL,
August 3rd, 1893.

Do you think that such a thing as chance exists? Rather an explosive sentence to start a letter with, but pray cast your mind back over your own life and tell me if you think that we really are the sports of chance. You know how often the turning down this street or that, the accepting or rejecting of an invitation may deflect the whole current of our lives into some other channel. Are we mere leaves fluttered hither by the wind or are we rather, with every conviction that we are free agents, carried steadily along to a definite and pre-determined end? I confess that as I advance through life I become more and more confirmed in that fatalism to which I have always had an inclination.

Look at it in this way. We know that many of the permanent facts of the universe are *not* chance. It is not chance

that the heavenly bodies swing clear of each other, that the seed is furnished with the apparatus which will drift it to a congenial soil, that the creature is adapted to its environment. Show me a whale with its great coat of fat and I want no further proof of design. But logically, as it seems to me, *all* must be design, or *all* must be chance. I do not see how one can slash a line right across the universe, and say that all to the right of that is chance, and all to the left is pre-ordained. You would then have to contend that things which on the face of them are of the same class are really divided by an impassable gulf, and that the lower are regulated while the higher are not. You would, for example, be forced to contend that the number of articulations in a flea's hind leg has engaged the direct superintendence of the Creator, while the mischance which killed a thousand people in a theatre depended upon the dropping of a wax vesta upon the floor, and was an unforeseen flaw in the chain of life. This seems to me to be unthinkable.

It is a very superficial argument to say that if a man holds the views of a fatalist he will therefore cease to strive, and will wait resignedly for what fate may send him. The objector forgets that among the other things fated is that we of northern blood *should* strive and should *not* sit down with folded hands. But when a man has striven, when he has done all he knows, and when in spite of it all a thing comes to pass, let him wait ten years before he says that it is a misfortune. It is part of the main line of his destiny then, and is working to an end. A man loses his fortune, he gains earnestness. His eyesight goes, it leads him to spirituality. The girl loses her beauty. She becomes more sympathetic. We think we are pushing our own way bravely, but there is a great hand in ours all the time.

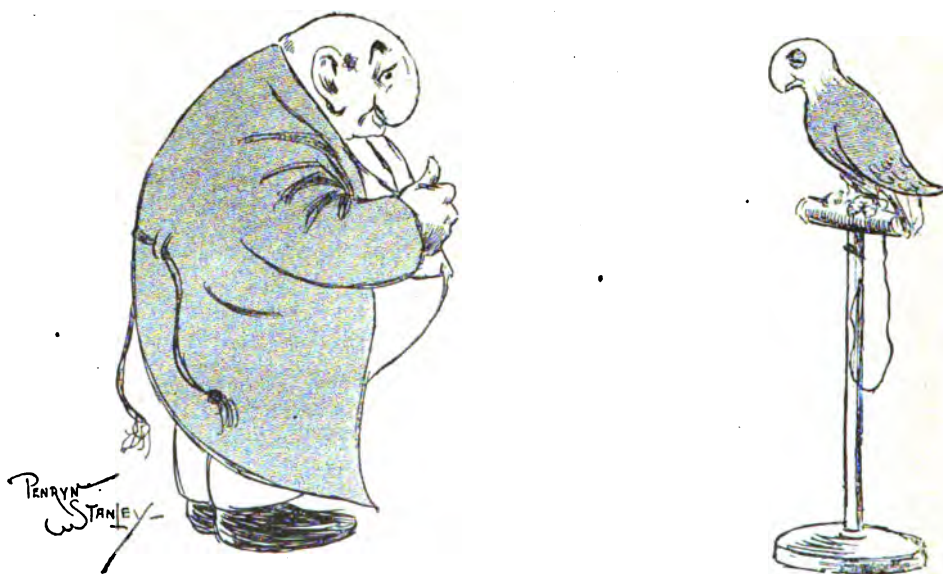
You'll wonder what has taken me off on this line. Only that I seem to see it

all in action in my own life. But as usual I have started merrily off with an appendix, so I shall go back and begin my report as nearly as possible where I ended the last. First of all I may say generally that the clouds were thinning then, and that they broke shortly afterwards. During the last few months we have never once quite lost sight of the sun.

You remember that we (Paul and I) had just engaged a certain Miss Williams

to come and help keep house for us. I felt that on the basement-lodger principle I had not control enough, so we now entered upon a more business-like arrangement by which a sum (though, alas, an absurdly small one) was to be paid her for her services. I would it had been ten times as much, for a better and a more loyal servant man never had. Our fortunes seemed to turn from the hour that she re-entered the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WINKELHEIMER (*meditatively*): "My, vat a peguliar loogking bird!"

SHOULD MAN BE WOMAN'S GOD?

BY MISS FLORENCE WARDEN, THE REV. T. W. M. LUND, COULSON
KERNAHAN, MISS BULAU, BENNETT COLL, MISS EWERETTA
LAWRENCE, W. L. ALDEN, AND G. B. BURGIN.

Here the sexes stand on the same ground. Man will never be woman's god in a greater degree than woman is man's. There exists no worship among women of man as man which has not its counterpart in man's worship of woman as woman. Both sentiments, that of man's worship of woman, and woman's worship of man, are quite unpractical, and have as little effect on the conduct of either worshipper or worshipped, as in the case of most other religions. It is an instinct of humanity to find or make a god for itself, and the attributes of the deity vary according to the temperament of the worshipper. It matters very little, therefore, on what particular god the worshipper's choice rests, as a deity is usually rather a peg on which to hang one's own imaginings, than a powerful ruling and guiding force on one's conduct. When, indeed, imagination ceases to run riot about the chosen deity, the idol may be considered broken, and the worship at an end. When advancing years, every-day intercourse, wider experience, bring knowledge to oust imagination, both god and goddess step quietly down from their pedestal, and take their place on the same level with their worshippers, in the prosaic light of every day.

Miss Florence Warden wants the sexes to stand on equal ground.

Not that the glamour which surrounds each sex for the other, is the less desirable for being evanescent. Many a man has received the impetus which made him a worker instead of a drone, from a woman with nothing more salient about her than the fact of her sex. It was his own imagination, his own ideal, centred by caprice in that particular figure, which inspired him, which lit the fires. And the women for whom men have ruined themselves, were they the less idols, goddesses, that their influence was evil? The deities of the old mythologies did not always conform to our modern standards of propriety.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that woman makes a god of man less often than he pays that compliment to her. From their relative position—she as the sheltered, the protected, the paid-for—he as the holder of the umbrella, the payer of the rent, and of the reckoning—there is so much outward dutifulness and humility on her side, which is counterbalanced by an inward feeling that he is unduly stingy with the £5 notes. Woman, too, being less sensual, less passionate, than the man, is more apt to content herself with the worship con-

ducted by the vicar, and not so prone to go about in search of less remote deities.

Terrible instances have been known, indeed, of the woman being inspired by the man to make herself more worthy of him. She tries to improve her intelligence, which is the last thing he wants of her, a capacity for admiring him at a distance being generally the most that a man requires of a woman in that respect. She embraces his ideals, invariably burlesquing them. She shares his studies, and exhibits an unlimited capacity for failure in most of them. And peace for him only comes when this enthusiasm has passed away. For, as a general rule, a man's ideals and a woman's are as different as their pursuits. And the interest and sympathy which spring from personal friendship and affection, and from the mutual need each sex feels for the companionship of the other, afford a far better hope of enduring satisfaction, either in love or in friendship, than a "worship" which can only endure in the unintelligent.

* * * *

The Rev. T. W. M. Lund asks if it is in her power for man to be anything else. "Should Man be Woman's God?" is, I presume, a *façon de parler*, for whether woman is to find full satisfaction for all the aspirations of her life in merely being the echo of man, offering at his shrine the delicate flattery of an imitation which physical disparities must, in many particulars, set at a considerable distance. The answer to the question lies in the reply to another, *i.e.*, "Is it in her power to be anything else?" Has she a *rôle* of her own to fill? Has she any originating faculty? Or is she but a piece of mechanism which only clicks and whirrs in response to the touch of the male hand? If she is only a machine, then a machine she must remain, and there is an end of it. But if she has a soul of her own—individual, distinct, original—she will, unquestionably, create ideals of her own, and move upon them independently of man. The mistake often made is the assumption that woman is only an inferior man, or, as some women would have it, a superior man. Both are wrong. Humanity is man and woman together. Let either try to do without the other for a single generation, and all question of woman's god or idol would be solved in the extinction of the species.

But the truth is, woman has a whole range of important and peculiar functions, all her own, which give rise to emotions, aspirations, ideas which we men are utterly unable to conceive. This realm, closed to our sex, furnishes her with ideals of great magnitude, nobility, and beauty. Man has his own kingdom, though a far less mysterious and wide-reaching one than woman's, and together they complete the

empire of humanity. Man is prone to forget some big factors in the case, and to draw his conclusions from defective premises. He forgets that woman was his mother, and the mother of his children, and that she has had experience in that process of motherhood which he tries in vain to fathom, and which sets her in quite a different category from himself. He forgets, too, that all the children, male and female, who are to renew the earth, till it, rule it, bless or curse it, owe nearly all they have, of character and direction, to their mother. She has had a free hand in their training, and to her initiation and her ideals is due whatever they become in after life. Not one father in a hundred has a say in the matter, owing to the force of circumstances. In this great function of child-management, woman is thrown upon her own instincts, resources, and originality, and I venture to say that, were she to depend entirely on man for guidance and initiation, she would make a terrible mess of the biggest business in the world. And so, with these characteristic endowments, in which man has absolutely no share, it appears to me that woman has no need to go to man for many of her ideals, and would be making a great mistake if she gave him that best part of worship, which, as Marcus Aurelius tells us, is Imitation.

But humanity is a good deal more than sex, and sex, I take it, is responsible for the grand differentiation between man and woman, and for giving woman that mighty range of function and feeling incomprehensible to man, of which I have been speaking. There is, then, a great field of human interest, pursuit, and enjoyment common to both; and in this field woman may disport herself, I contend, as freely as man himself has a right to do, without losing any of her womanliness and femininity. "Unfeminine" is an epithet which makes a good stone to throw at the woman who soothes nerves with a cigarette; or bowls into the country on her bicycle; or does good service to a cause on a platform; or in any other way leaves the ruts of Custom. "Soiled stockings," after a morning walk, were "unfeminine" in the days of *Pride and Prejudice*! To drive in a hansom a few years ago was to stamp a woman with ill-repute. "Unfeminine" comes handy for damning anything that is unusual, simply because we have never taken the trouble to frame for ourselves a careful definition of its real meaning. Thinking is not a strong point with humanity; a good deal passes for thought, which is simply the registration by the brain of what it notes around it. Reason plays no part in the process. Hence, when we charge unwomanliness on a woman for wearing rational dress, say, it means no more of thought than that it strikes us as a novelty, and as an approximation to the use of male attire. The mistake lies in supposing that practice to be unfeminine, which is not hallowed by centuries of use, or which

seems to be an invasion of the male province. Examine one or two, and see how inconsistent we are in our criticisms. Rational dress is quoted as an instance of woman's imitation of man, and, by consequence, of unwomanliness. And yet it is but the natural adoption of a dress suitable to a pursuit not hitherto open to women. She is here on the common ground of humanity. If the genesis of dress were worked out, it would be found to have developed according to the requirements of the two sexes, and not according to any inherent sexual decorum in one form of clothes or another. There are countries where women wear attire exactly like that of their husbands and brothers, and are above reproach. It is a question of use, not propriety. Rational dress for bicycling is at least as decent as a man's clothing, and far more so than the semi-nudity often seen in the ball-room or the theatre, where it is not only tolerated but admired. Rational dress is the natural response to a need, and not a conscious invasion of man's province. It is strange that so bold and adventurous a pursuit as hunting should never be hit by the "unfeminine" stone. In the hunting-field, woman's emulation of man might be considered to be most signal. I have seen, near Melton, a distinguished horsewoman sarcastically call upon two gentlemen to hold back the great thorn branches of a hedge which stopped progress, while she gave them a lead across it. Riding is as natural to woman as man, but she is far more liable to accidents which might prove indecorous, across country, than on her "wheel."

Many nasty blows have been dealt at the unwomanliness of platform speaking. But women, as a rule, do it so much better than men, that one can only marvel how far the worshipper excels her reputed "god." She is generally, at any rate, championing some cause which will serve the interests of her world. This seems to be a development along the line of the best humanity, not merely on the masculine line. In passing, one cannot help remarking how the sneer levelled at the "platform woman" for her unselfish philanthropy, is spared the woman who spends her morning over her toilette, wastes her afternoon in calls and gossip, returns to drive, dress, dine, and selfishly amuse herself, and fritters away life in useless inanities.

Smoking demands a word. Frankly, I don't like to see a woman smoke, and yet I feel that I have no right to grudge her a solace which I value and enjoy myself. Some women smoke because they like it, and find in it a gentle stimulus to the nervous system, which is Elysium in times of pain and irritability. Why is that to be regarded as an imitation of man? Tobacco is as free to one sex as the other. Some women smoke to assert their freedom. A cigarette is their *drapeau rouge*, their *Marseillaise*. But for an accident, a woman might have done what Sir Walter Raleigh did, and given to man the pleasure of

which he now claims the monopoly. But I think woman's adoption of the weed may teach men a salutary lesson. She may bring home to him how inconsiderably nasty he can be. He makes his breath foul with the stale smoke, and then expects a sensitive woman to caress him and receive his kisses, as though she liked it. Could he adopt a better way to alienate any fair idolatress, if such she be? Perhaps, if men learn how much of charm is brushed away by the use of tobacco in these turned tables, they will make changes that the other sex will hail with gratitude. My own objection to a woman's smoking arises entirely from the fear of its inducing a certain coarseness of flavour, which will make her less divine than she is in the eyes of man, and rob her of that exquisite influence of refinement, which at present makes her a queen, and gives her a character all her own, and never to be copied from our ranker sex.

* * * *

If woman does not worship man, it is man's fault and not woman's. Women are born worshippers. It is they who have kept religion alive among us. They are always looking for someone to set upon a pedestal. When they are children, it is their father or a brother. When they are older, it is somebody else's brother—or failing that, a popular preacher, a High Church curate, a poet, a novelist—sometimes even a distantly worshipped actor. Then it is the accepted lover, the husband, and, finally, the baby. But often before this last stage has been reached they discover that they have dealt in ideals upon too large a scale, and that their gods have feet of clay. Many of them do not get twenty shillings in the pound for their investment. Some of them learn too late that the bank into whose keeping they have entrusted the treasure of their love and worship was bankrupt and bogus from the first, and it often happens that they decide to take no further stock in mundane securities, but to lay up for themselves treasures where “rust and moth do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.”

Coulson Kernahan
says “No.”

For myself, I am not sure that these false ideals of our youth are wholly good. It is all very well to quote George Herbert about aiming at a star, not at a tree, but if you aim at the right sort of tree, you may bring down an apple or a nut; whereas if you aim at a star, you spend your strength to no purpose. And ideals are all very well to set before ourselves, so long as we don't—as idealists generally do—insist upon applying them to other people. The very young, well-meaning prig—and most well-meaning people have been prigs in their youth—has such very clear and cast-iron ideas about what is right and what

wrong, that he is not content to abide by conscience in his law, but insists upon making his conscience a law to everyone else as well. Hence he makes mischief and misery, and is terribly severe in his judgment of those whose actions and motives he cannot measure by his foot rule. Most of us start life with the aim, not only of reforming ourselves, but of reforming all our friends and relatives, and the world in general into the bargain. As we get older we begin to suspect that in undertaking to put mankind right in the bulk, we went into business on a scale a little too large for us. A year or two later we come to the conclusion that one man or woman—ourselves—is as much as we can look after at a time; and before we are thirty we are only too thankful if we can live a cleanly, useful, and honourable life—and then we feel that our hands are as full as we want them.

The same is true of the young man's ideal of woman, and the young woman's of man. He imagines that he is going to marry an angel, she that she is to wed a hero. After marriage he discovers that his wife is only a woman—tender, loving, and faithful, it is true, but liable at times to be touchy and querulous. She, on the other hand, finds that her hero is only a husband, with some sterling qualities, and many provoking ways. Both fancy, for a time, that they have been deceived or have made a fatal mistake, and unless common-sense comes in to prevent them brooding, the breach may widen and serious unhappiness ensue. Hence my voice in this discussion goes dead against man being woman's god, or, for the matter of that, woman, man's. I'd have them—if they are to be happy—recognise at once that here, at least, they are not glorified spirits, but human creatures of clay, who need continually to be loved, helped, borne with, and forgiven. Mr. Barrie lets in some light upon this subject, in regard to the relation of man to woman, as well as of woman to man. In his novel, *When a Man's Single*, he says of one of his characters: "She loved him, but probably no woman can live with a man for many years without having an indulgent contempt for him, and wondering how he is considered a good man of business." And of a woman he says in the same book: "Her soul spoke in her face, and, as Rob looked at her, the sound of his own voice seemed a profanation. Yet Mary was not all soul . . . and she was glad that she had on her green habit instead of that black one."

* * * *

Miss Bulau thinks
not.

As a modern girl, I answer certainly not. Could any woman with real respect for her sex hold that women should crush their individuality and change their tastes in order to live down to the conventional standard of men? The ideal woman of a young man's imagination is usually "kind,

loving, and obedient"—a sort of invertebrate creature whom he would mould to be worthy of himself. Perhaps she resembles his sister, he not knowing (what brother does ?) that there are hidden sides even to his sweet sister's character, and moments when the desire for a wider horizon struggles strongly, though hopelessly, for life within her.

I object strongly to the phrase, "Try to be womanly." Every true woman is so in a greater or less degree, but it is not an acquired or acquirable quality ; rather is it a veil which softens and tones the virtues she possesses in common with a man ; but there can be no womanliness without the nobler, stronger qualities beneath. How the expression is abused is instanced by the sentiment I heard lately from a lady : "I hate seeing girls on bicycles ; it makes their legs muscular ; and to see them ride quite unconcernedly among the traffic is so unwomanly, I think."

To discuss the trivial point of smoking, about two-thirds of the men in the world still retain enough of the barbarian to say, "My wife shall never smoke." If any woman be fool enough to prefer such a man to her cigarette, they will make a well-matched couple. But when a man meets and loves a woman who smokes, his views usually alter, and he learns to understand that conventionality and womanliness are synonymous. If he persists in his prejudiced objection, she should be firm ; not that it is an important matter, but that it forms a dangerous precedent.

For my part, I call it more unwomanly to smoke a cigarette in secret than in public, or to cycle *à la mode* in Battersea Park and return in a cab than to ride fearlessly through the streets. This kind of hypocrisy it is that makes men smile—and justly—at the Woman's Movement.

To sum up, where there is love there will be mutual consideration ; a woman ought to, and will, give up for a man as much as, and more than, he for her ; but she should not be a traitor to her sex, to her race, and to her Creator, by slavishly following ideals which she does not, in her inmost heart, recognise. She must cultivate her individuality ; be proud and fearless and free—be, in short, *first* a human being, and *then* a woman ; then will her husband love and admire her more than often falls to woman's lot ; then will she be his companion, not only his wife, and personify an ideal far higher than his boyish conception of a patient Griselda.

"Place then ! Fear not the coming woman, brother !

Owning herself, she giveth all the more.

She shall be better woman, wife, and mother,
Than man hath known before !"

Bennett Coll
deems it impos-
sible.

I question if it is possible that man could, even if he would, usurp the place of the Deity in woman's worship. For woman is instinctively religious; she is essentially

"A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each,"

and the very responsibilities of possible maternity cause her to aim at high and holy ideals—for the children's sakes. This seems to be the true reason why so many unmarried women betake themselves to Sisterhoods, Deaconess Homes, Nunneries, and the like. Few men, again, have ever dreamed that their mothers' lives could be ruled by anything but a code of moral principles; and it is this faith in his mother which induces man to shield her, and therefore her sex, from all knowledge of the grosser side of life. Conversely, woman is conscious that man does not occupy the highest place. He knows the wickedness of which she is ignorant; he is capable of delinquencies which to her purity would be insult; he is inclined to walk open-eyed into the social puddle, whereas she is always on the look-out for the nearest and safest crossing. Call this the dream of a visionary if you will; pelt me with cases of the Woman who Did—or didn't; I prefer to believe that the highest and noblest types of Honour are to be found amongst women rather than men. Virtually, you concede so much; for why do you doff your hat before you enter a lady's drawing-room? Why do you uncover when you meet her in the street? Why does the captain give the order, "Women first," when the boats are lowered over the side of the sinking ship? Chivalry, you say. Well, but chivalry means at least respect. Why then does woman demand your respect—your reverence? Because you are conscious that she is your superior; not, perhaps, in brain and muscle, but certainly in qualities not so highly developed in you. This I take to be the especial glory of woman. It is her peculiar prerogative to soften our male asperities, round off our awkward corners, tone down our roughness of speech, elevate our ideas, and smooth out the wrinkles of life with Affection's flat-iron. No man, until he begins to think, realises how much he owes to the influence of woman; for while it is true that she may lift him as high as heaven, it is equally true that she may sink him as deep as hell. Fortunately, the majority of women are "on the side of the angels." And herein, as it seems to me, lies the peril of our up-to-date Disenthralled Madams. To place themselves on a general equality with man is to descend to a lower level; they then become no better than ourselves; they degenerate into "uncommonly jolly fellows." In this sense, man *has* become woman's god, but she forfeits the respect

which is her due, while man suffers the loss of her upward influence. The question remains whether the change is a healthy one, not only for man, but for the children who will take his place in the nation.

Altogether, then, I do not see what benefit is to accrue to either sex by woman's adoption of man's customs, habiliments, or principles. You ask me if smoking, for instance, is unwomanly. Not necessarily ; but it is a distinctly unwomanly habit. Amongst the poorer classes hundreds of women smoke ; but only to stave off the desire for food, and that cannot be a universal reason. "Tobacco," says Michelet, "has killed kissing." I do not agree with that sage—yet ; but I can easily conceive the possibility of his being right if every woman is to set up a briar-root. Besides, if she takes tobacco through the lips, why not through the nostrils also ? Are we to revive the turned-up noses of the eighteenth century, which owed their altitude to the snuff-box, the nasal deafness which resulted, and the consequent gallantry of the gutter ? There are thousands of women who cannot understand why man should take into his mouth the fumes of a stinking, acrid, West-Indian plant, which calls for beer rather than Bordeaux. They are happy in their ignorance. But, for my part, I should let every woman choose for herself. The novitiate is of long duration, involving sea-sickness, qualms, chilly ague-fits, and other delights, with the advantage of smelling offensively. In all such matters it is for woman to decide how far she gains or loses by copying—I have never heard that she desires to invent—the habits of the lesser male. It is pretty generally conceded that she is not seen at her best in cricketing or football costume, even as a certain Diana fails to compel admiration while she follows the hounds astride a horse. The seclusion of the gymnasium seems a better choice than the publicity of the open field ; and no one will deny that our daughters should exercise their muscles. Madam Grundy, no doubt, is dead ; and few will regret her decease. But, after all, there is a middle point between that worthy lady's severe propriety and the license—not liberty—of Miss Femina Nova. It is not to this young damsel that men look for the culture which turns them from barbarians to respectable citizens ; but rather to that sweet English womanhood of which no other nation can boast. So far, then, from wishing woman to toe the line which man has chalked out for himself, I trust she will continue to demand our admiration and respect. I have the greatest faith in that unerring instinct, denied to men, which can in a moment differentiate between modesty and immodesty, truth and fiction, right and wrong. Christianity has at least lifted her out of the mud of two thousand years ago, and made her man's social equal ; but she holds a position higher than that. It is her training which, to an enormous extent, lays down the principles which will guide the future nation ; her gentle, and often

unacknowledged, sympathy which makes the wheels of Being move more smoothly ; her unobtrusive loyalty which, unsuspected by us, dictates our course of action ; her love which flicks away as an idle thing every tormenting distraction in this work-a-day world. Therefore, say I, let her maintain her own ideals ; she will not wander very far afield knowing, as she does, that woman is the nobler part of man.

* * * *

Miss Eweretta
Lawrence says by
all means.

Should **man** be Woman's God ? By all means if it so pleases her ! Why not ? Any form of innocent recreation ought surely to be encouraged in an age when our amusements may be reckoned amongst our severest labours. To be adored, won't hurt the man much, for it is a curious fact that the women who worship at the shrine of man are never the women man sells his soul for. "Soul, indeed," snorts the apparition, we all know, alas ! so well, in a fetch-me-down suit, a doubtful shirt, and unkempt short hair. "As if the creature has a soul !" And then the apparition says other things in plain Saxon, very plain Saxon—it's a way it has when speaking of "man."

Women (and men too) have made gods of strange things before now—such as dragons and snakes, and many creeping, crawling monsters, even of spiders !! The woman who made a god of a spider was of the same mental calibre, I fancy, as the woman who makes a god of a man to-day ; and yet, I must confess to being more in sympathy with the former lady than the latter. For surely a god should have something awe-inspiring, soul-subduing, make-one's-hair-stand-up-on-end sort of air about him. And to most of us weak women, the spider combines these aforesaid desirable qualities to an alarming extent. Our tender, fluttering hearts become even as melted wax at the mere sight of him ; and if he should attempt to show any inclination to come closer to us—well, we either run for our lives or scream ourselves into hysterics.

Now, with a man-god how different ! He rarely inspires awe, and should he attempt to come closer, why, I think, in only a very few cases is he run away from, or screamed at, except maybe in fun—as an encouragement. The women who are able to make a god of man are perhaps, after all, to be envied ! To them life is a very simple matter—no complex, social problems ever disturb their placid fatuity ! Their god takes very good care to put his foot down on any unwomanly nonsense of that kind. And yet how is it possible to worship at the shrine of one who is, after all, only a part of herself—woman's other half, her complement—no better, no worse—both so very human, the worshipped and the worshipper. He more able to combat ; she to

endure ; and the world has ever honoured most the warrior. Those who have endured in silence it cares not for, nor holds of much account. Is the world right, and is the worshipper very stupid or only half awake ? If only half awake, then is there still hope ; for she will surely arise ere long from her dreaming, and, stretching forth her hands to man, in perfect love and all good comradeship, will smile in wonderment that she should have worshipped aught so human—even when asleep.

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Of course, a woman ought to adopt a man's ideals, and meekly obey and imitate him. If she would only consent to do this, life, from a masculine point of view, would seem vastly easier and brighter. There is not, however, the remotest possibility that she will ever do anything of the kind, and for this painful state of things man alone is responsible. In a moment of amiable weakness, man taught woman to read and write. This not only enabled her vastly to widen her knowledge of men, but, in time, it led her to think. Now when a woman not only knows man, but thinks about him, and judges his character and actions, all hope that she will look upon him as a superior being, whose will should rightly be her law, vanishes. There may possibly be a few things that the woman of to-day does not know, but certainly man is not one of these. She knows man through and through, and, consequently, she reverences him as little as the Pompeian priest of Isis revered the goddess through whose concealed speaking-tubes he promulgated his impertinent oracles.

W. L. Alden takes
the question for
granted.

Woman resembles a revolution in the fact that she cannot be turned back. By teaching her to read, and write, and think, man has abdicated his own supremacy, and virtually placed it in her hands. We may lecture her, and argue with her to the end of time, but we cannot bring her back to her primitive state of submissiveness. She has become man's equal in everything except political rights, and in some respects she has obtained a position of recognised superiority to man. For example, she can write and publish novels which no man dares to write ; and if ever she is admitted to Parliament she will undoubtedly introduce and debate measures with such frank and fearless candour that male visitors to the House of Commons will ask to have their gallery enclosed with iron net-work, through which their blushes cannot be perceived. To discuss at this late day the question whether woman should or should not reverence man, is like discussing the question whether the earth revolves around the sun or the sun around the earth.

Man is slow to recognise the position which woman has won, and he

still amuses himself by telling her what, in his opinion, constitutes true womanliness. He simply wastes his breath. If a woman wishes to ride the bicycle in knickerbockers, or to smoke cigarettes, she will do it without the slightest regard to man's opinion. In so doing she is acting strictly within her rights. Man, having lost his monopoly of power and reverence, feebly clings to his vanishing monopoly of vices; and when a woman wants to smoke or to wear knickerbockers, he tries to convince her that vices of this sort are manly, and that if she adopts them she is unwomanly. Of course, every woman sees the folly of this pretence. Woman has as much right to choose her own vices and to practise them as man has to choose his. A woman has just the same right to smoke as she has to write physiological novels; and inasmuch as we cannot prevent her from doing either, we should be wiser if we did not expose our feebleness by attempting to argue with her.

If we had never allowed women to learn to read and write, they would never have found us out, and would have continued to think that we were superior beings, and that the whole duty of woman was to reverence and obey us. The mischief is done now, and can never be undone. Woman knows man too well to reverence him, and when, in our turn, we learn to know woman thoroughly we shall—But I must not wander from the subject.

* * * *

G. B. Burgin says
"Yes."

For the last two or three years, the whole English-speaking world has witnessed, with pained amazement, the vagaries and blind burrowings of the Unwomanly Woman, in her attempt to dethrone man from his place as woman's god. That this attempt should have degenerated into license was inevitable. The members of the shrieking sisterhood each endeavoured to shriek louder than the other; every member of it, in the effort to draw attention to her own individuality, threw aside the ordinary conventionalities of sex, uncovered every social ulcer, just to show that she knew all about it, and proudly revelled in its putridity. Men—the honest, clean-living men—felt in some mysterious way that they were blots on the earth's surface; impure men—the men of filthy lives and unchaste conversation—revelled in this movement, backed up as it was by suggestive literature, concerning the quality of which the less said the better. The ordinary French novel became stale and insipid when the salacious muck-rake of the Unwomanly Woman revealed the inexpressible nastiness of a world she had entered only to make nastier. The Unwomanly Woman's method of endeavouring to dethrone man from his godhead, was to write a novel, mix two or three plots into one, season it with *risqué* situations, serve up a fic-

titious person, whom she fondly imagined to be the ordinary British husband, and depict an utterly impossible woman—a morbid, hysterical being, thinking only of her own importance—as a long-suffering saint, who should be emancipated from her ignoble thralldom. Sometimes, the husband had a past ; whereupon the Unwomanly Woman promptly decided that he should never by any possibility have a future. The old-world delusion of marrying a husband in order to love and look up to him, to rest on his strength, to gain support for her own weakness, does not seem to have occurred to the Unwomanly Woman. She ignores the fact that the union of any two people in this work-a-day world must be one of give and take. And the mischief of this attempt to dethrone man has not ended here. The girl fresh from the school-room has the whole of her ideals polluted at the source ; her curiosity is stimulated with regard to topics the very mention of which a few years ago would have turned her pink with confusion ; she embraces the Unwomanly Woman—the Unwomanly Woman who has done her best to destroy true womanliness—looks down upon every possible husband with prurient contempt, and generally despises her own father because he is a man.

Coming down to a few of the elementary reasons why man should be woman's god, we find that man is physically stronger than woman ; that from the beginning of time it has been woman's lot to look up to man, to worship his strength, to seek at his hands protection, food, clothes, shelter, and, in return, to imbue him with a reverence for her weakness, to excite his chivalry, to teach him that it is excellent to have a giant's strength but tyrannous to use it like a giant. Man should be woman's god because it strengthens the weaker to look up to and mould itself upon the stronger ; because the knowledge that he is looked up to and relied upon by woman, gives man tenderness and compassion for the weak. I am taking the case of the average decent, healthy-minded Englishman, not that of the "male hogs in armour" who sometimes afflict the world. There can be no truer training in femininity than for a woman to follow the conventional ideals of a good man—ideals which have obtained through the ages, and which raise woman from the condition of an Indian squaw or Aborigine's lubra to that of man's helpmate. The woman who is intellectually above the average of her sex is generally a law unto herself ; what she gains in intellect she loses in femininity. There is quite enough masculine intellect wherewith to carry on the business of the world, but there is nothing to replace a good wife and mother. As a rule, the intellectual woman marries the wrong man before her intellect develops, only to spend the rest of her life in abusing man generally, and her husband in particular. It does not endear a woman to a man for him

to find her gradually becoming a cheap caricature of himself without his strength; it does not endear her to him to find that she is perfectly willing to discuss over afternoon tea the world's open sewers; it does not endear her to him to find her endeavouring to escape from the performance of every womanly duty. There is a certain amount of work to be done in the world by everyone. Man, by virtue of his superior strength, must do the rough part of it; woman, by reason of her weakness, is allotted the easier portion, although she has her own peculiar trials and afflictions. Remembering that in nine cases out of ten the man she marries is spending the whole of his energies in the attempt to provide her with bread—that she, practically, owes her means of subsistence to him—it is the worst possible policy, to put it on no higher ground than that of expediency, for a woman to attempt to lower the status of man and seek to transfer her allegiance elsewhere. The only effect of such an impossible policy would be for man to feel it perfectly justifiable to treat her as an ordinary competitor in the game of life, and to withdraw the button from his foil when they came to open disagreement. Woman's real strength is in her weakness; man's, in protecting that weakness from itself. When woman attempts to dethrone man from his godhood, she must also be prepared to relinquish the privileges which he has conceded to her womanhood.



MISS OCTOBER.

Drawn by F. H. Townsend.

THE IDLER.

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MISS OCTOBER (1895).

HERE, gossip, stay. A moment wait.
You see that girl against the gate,
Attired in garments plain and sober,
In hues of russet brown and slate?
That's Miss October.

She wears a muddy-weather skirt—
It's full six inches from the dirt,
And round the hem, faced in with leather;
While in her cap two gems engirt
A falcon's feather.

Across the gate and down the park
She glances—now her eyes seem dark,
Now blue, now grey—the pretty traitors!
Speaking of gates, do you remark
Her doeskin gaiters?

A chestnut leaf, torn, sapless, weak,
Falls, in a fluttering, yellow streak,
And, drifting, settles on her shoulder.
I'd make it an excuse to speak
If I were bolder.

Ah! mistress, you're a pretty girl!
But still your lip will sometimes curl,
Your keen and piercing glances awe me,
And often in the wind you'll whirl
Tears sad or stormy.

But though you make me cold at night,
And leave my trees in woful plight—
You do, you merciless disrober!—
You stimulate my appetite,
Crisp Miss October.

JESSIE POPE.

THAT WIFE OF MINE.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER I.

THAT wife of mine was always a mischief. I think it was born in her and that she could not help it. You see it was like this: She had come of a very large family, a family blessed with the very highest and best of health and spirits, always up to some game or other, or, as they called it, "making things stir a little."

And when Rosey took it into her dear little fluffy head to fall in love with me, a poor parson with a very little private income to add to a minor-canonry and a small living in a certain cathedral town, known by the name of Northtowers, she certainly did seem a little out of her proper place. For never was a little woman blessed with such a fund of healthy animal spirits as that wife of mine. And for months, nay, I may even say for years, after we settled down in a sunny little house in the Close at Northtowers, Rosey just yearned to do something, anything, which would set all the cut-and-dried old fogies who lived in the other houses thoroughly by the ears.

However, for several years, by dint of judicious diverting of her thoughts when I saw that she was beginning to rebel against the restraint of life in the old Close, I succeeded in keeping her free of what might be called outbreaks of mischief.

"Joe," she said to me one night, when we had been living for over four years in Northtowers Close, "I know what the end of it will be. I shall do something really desperate. I feel it coming on me."

We had just come in from an unusually stiff, not to say stuffy, dinner-party at the Deanery, and, as I had perceived during the course of the dinner, Rosey had been sent in with the wrong man. "Yes, I know it must have been a ghastly bore for

you, childie," I said, soothingly. "I saw you were bored to death. But really Mrs. Boyne had to put him somewhere and——"

"But it's the *third* time," cried Rosey, tragically.

I burst out laughing. I really could not help it. "Never mind, little woman," I said, striking a match and setting my pipe going, "when you and I find ourselves in



"I SHALL DO SOMETHING REALLY DESPERATE."

a Deanery, a nice, snug, comfortable Deanery, we'll try to think out our dinners

so that one little woman does not have the same bore three times running."

"When I am mistress of a nice, snug, Deanery," said Rosey, in a tone of much decision, "we will never ask bores to dinner at all."

"If bores happen to sit in high places, we should have to ask them sometimes whether we thought them bores or not," I remarked quietly, though, really, as there was not the very slightest chance of my ever becoming a Dean, or an Archdeacon, or a Bishop, or anything of the kind, it was just a little premature to be already arranging the order of our dinner-parties. Rosey, however, did not seem to see it, and continued speaking.

"Now, there was the Bishop," she said, in a tone such as would most assuredly have made Mrs. Bishop simply sit up and shiver, "was there ever such a man to ask out to dinner? He never lifted his nose from his plate as long as there was a plate before him, and the only times he did speak, he grumped out, 'Well, well, time will show, time will show.' But I shouldn't think time will ever show *him* as Archbishop of Canterbury," she wound up, with profound contempt.

"My dear child," I said, in reply to this tirade, "it is very certain that when we get that nice snug Deanery, we shall have to ask the Bishop to dinner, and that pretty often, no matter what he is like."

"Ah, well," said Rosey, in a matter-of-fact tone, "we have not got the snug Deanery yet, and, until we do, I don't see that it is any good for us to put ourselves out about a parcel of musty, fusty old bores like the Bishop and all the rest of them."

"Musty, fusty old bores like the Bishop and all the rest of them!" Why, bless me, if the good ladies in Northtowers, who went into fits for a fortnight if the Bishop happened to meet them in the street and remember them, which he generally didn't, could have heard this rank heresy on

Rosey's part, I really do not think that Northtowers Close would have been wide enough to contain their fury. Mercifully, however, the little ebullition fizzed off harmlessly enough in the sacred and safe recesses of my own particular den, and nobody was any the wiser for it but myself.

By the next morning Rosey had quite got over the weariness of the entertainment, and I thought no more about it.

And about a week after this, a rumour crept through the Close, and thence outwards to the town itself. And the rumour said that the Dean—our genial, jovial, and much respected Dean—well, that he was not free from the suspicion of—well, of what are commonly termed "*carryings on*."

It is well nigh impossible for me to adequately express to you the consternation which this suspicion occasioned. Really, you might have thought that Northtowers Close in a body had taken leave of its senses.

And this was the story, as I gathered it from others, and knew it by the evidence of my own senses. The previous afternoon, when the Dean was safely out of the road at Evensong, a lady called at the Deanery and asked to see Mrs. Boyne. Now, Mrs. Boyne was not generally to be seen at this hour, being usually at the Cathedral, like her lord and master. But that day Mrs. Boyne happened to be kept within doors by a very bad cold, so the butler told the lady that his mistress was certainly in the house, but that she was not very well, and he did not think she would be able to see anyone. But if the lady would walk in, he would inquire.

"Say to Madame," said the stranger, in a pretty foreign accent, "that it is most important that I should see her, almost a matter of life and death. I will not keep her long if she will only see me."

Mrs. Boyne, not being very ill, did see the lady, who was forthwith ushered into her presence by the discreet servant.

"I am quite a stranger to you, Madame," said the lady, on entering the room. "I have never been in Northtowers before in my life. But they told me at the principal book-shop that you would be able to give

town? Of course, I will give you any information that I can, but I am afraid it will but be what you could learn from anybody else in Northtowers."

The little foreign lady clasped her hands



"THE LITTLE FOREIGN LADY CLASPED HER HANDS."

me some informations about the clergy of this town."

"Well, really," said Mrs. Boyne, thoroughly surprised, "this is very extraordinary. What can anyone wish to learn about the clergy of Northtowers, which cannot be learned of anyone in the

and thanked the Dean's wife over and over again. "Oh, how good, how kind you are," she exclaimed, in a trembling voice. "How good! I wished to go to a lady of position, because it is a very delicate question that I 'ave to put to you, and while one would protect one's

self and 'ave one's rights, a good woman does not wish to make mischief. The fact is this, Madame. Last June, I was staying in Ostende, and there I met a gentleman who told me that his name was Smith. He was elderly, rich, or 'e said so, a clergyman of the Church of England, and 'e came from Northtowers and held a 'igh office in the great church there. That," she explained, with an airy wave of the hand, "means here, in this town. Forgive me that my command of your charming language is not greater."

"But," the Dean's wife blurted out, "there is not a clergyman called Smith in Northtowers. I assure you of that."

"So I found when I got here," said the stranger, in explanatory tones. "If I do not fatigue you, Madame, I will tell you my trouble. This Mr. Smith after being with me, that is continually in my society during nearly three weeks, proposed to marry me, and I—I am a widow, Madame—I accepted him. For a few weeks after we parted, all went well, then his letters began to fall off and to grow cold, though I, poor little trusting one, know not in what I offend. At last, I can bear it no longer, I say that I must 'ave explanation. He write then and say that a English clergyman cannot possibly marry a Catholique. I write back to 'im and say that I will become a English Churchwoman—for what is one religion more than another, if one is good?" appealing with outspread hands to the older woman.

"Well, I wouldn't quite say *that*," said Mrs. Boyne.

"No? But it is all the same to me," the little stranger replied indifferently. "Then he write back and say it is 'is ultimatum, and I am left desolated. So I come to Northtowers to find 'im, and when I find 'im, I never leave 'im, never."

At this point Mrs. Boyne put in a question, like a wedge between the rapid sentences of the voluble foreigner. "And what do you want me to do?" she inquired.

"To find 'im," was the startling reply.

"But there is no Mr. Smith in Northtowers," said the Dean's wife, with much decision.

"I quite believe that, but there is a Mr. Somebodyelse, who, when he is at Ostende, calls 'imself Mr. Smith," said the stranger darkly.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the Dean's wife blankly. For this was a depth of wickedness which she had not suspected could exist in a dull and hum-drum place like Northtowers, and to think it of one of the clergy in the town was a thing of which she would as soon suspect her own very reverend husband at once.

Nevertheless, facts are facts and stubborn things, and here was a dear little confiding woman, with her pretty foreign accent, and her clinging trustful gestures and her positive statements that such a thing not only could be but actually was, and in the face of all this, what was a poor unsophisticated lady, whose vision of the outer world was only such as could be obtained from the safe haven of the bosom of the Church, to think?

"Tell me," she said, in a deep voice which meant that she was very greatly moved, "what do you suspect? What is your idea of this?"

"I think that when I do find *my* Mr. Smith," replied the stranger, in a tone of conviction, "that I shall find he is, say Mr. Jones; and that I shall find also that there is a Madame Jones."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the lady. She was far more excited and moved to any longer say "good" before it. "Then have you any clue?"

"I thought I saw him in the street an hour ago; but he was a long way off and I could not catch 'im."

There was a moment's silence—"What is he like?"

"He is large, a little corpulent," the stranger replied; "and he wears glasses for his eyes, not quite clear, but a little dark."

"Do you mean smoked glasses?" the Dean's wife asked, in a voice of thunder.

"Ah, yes, that is it. Smoked glasses, yes," was the reply of the other. "But, Madame, something tells me that you know him from the description?" Her tone was eagerness itself, and she edged a little nearer as if afraid of missing a single word.

"No, no, I did not say so," said the Dean's wife, hurriedly. "Pardon me for not speaking quite plainly to you. It is not fair to say what I only think. I admit that I do know a—a gentleman to whom your description would apply, and I will sound him judiciously as to your story."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Madame," the little woman cried, rapturously. "And will you add to your kindness—and 'ow kind you 'ave been to me—by telling me one thing? Is he married?"

"To the best of my belief, the gentleman I mean is a bachelor," said Mrs. Boyne, in a guarded tone. She rose from her seat then, and put out her hand kindly. "If you will come to me in three days from now at this hour, I shall be here quite alone, and I will then tell you whether I think your description tallies with my suspicions or not."

"Madame," cried the little stranger, with a gasp. Then she bent down and touched the outstretched hand with her lips. When she had glided away, Mrs. Boyne saw that there was a tear shining on the back of her hand.

"Stay!" she called.

The little woman turned. "Madame?" she said, inquiringly.

"By what name shall I speak of you to him?" she asked.

"Call me Ninon," was the reply, and before the lady could move, the little foreign woman was gone.

CHAPTER II.

It must have been but a few minutes after this that the Dean said to me, as we

met in the side-aisle after disrobing, "Come across to the Deanery with me, Dallas, and I will give you that book we were talking about before service."

I thanked him, and waited for him while he gave some small instructions to his own verger, and then we walked away together. As we crossed the Close itself, we overtook the Canon then in residence, who was walking daintily along, picking his way so as to avoid the wide pools of water, about which the good Dean was just then greatly troubled. So we three walked along together.



"THE CANON WAS WALKING DAINTILY ALONG."

"Come in," said the Dean, hospitably, as we reached the door of the Deanery.

"I'll just look in for a moment and see how Mrs. Boyne is," replied Canon.

Crosse. "But don't ask me to stay, Dean, for I am very busy, and my house-keeper is always as crusty as you please when I keep a meal waiting."

"Ah, you ought to look out for a Mrs. Crosse instead of that crabbed house-keeper of yours," laughed the Dean, with a jovial air, as he put his latchkey in the door.

"No, no, I am very well off as I am," he replied.

"A good wife would be the making of you," said the Dean, in a tone of conviction.

We all laughed at that as if it was one of the best jokes in the world. And I bethought of my little wife's fury at having three times been sent in to dinner with this same prosy old gentleman, and wondered whether if he were to get married—and more unlikely things have happened—his wife would be as bored by him as she had been?

Mrs. Boyne received us with an air that was wholly new to me. To the Canon she was chilly and very polite, and she replied to his quite anxious inquiries very frigidly. To me she was as markedly cordial, and she asked after my wife in a way which made me sure that she was feeling some compunctions on the score of that last dinner-party.

And presently she asked a question, a strange question, and moreover, she asked it in a strange way. "Canon Crosse," she said abruptly, "who was Ninon?"

He looked up with a start. "Ninon?" he said, "Ninon was a French woman of infamous character and a beautiful complexion, who was proposed to by her own grandson when she was over eighty years old."

Mrs. Boyne nearly choked with indignation. "I was not alluding to *that* person," she remarked coldly. "Does the name convey nothing to you?"

"Absolutely nothing," replied the Canon staring at her, with his short-sighted eyes looming large through the

coloured or rather smoked glasses which he habitually wore.

"Did you never know *any* one who was called Ninon?" she went on, pressing the subject still further.

"Never," replied the Canon, "I should as soon expect to know anyone called Phryne." He spoke as if he were a little offended, and immediately got up and bade us all adieu.

And as soon as he had gone, impulse got the better of Mrs. Boyne, and she told us all about her mysterious visitor, and exactly what had transpired between them. And long before she had got to the end of her story, the Dean and I were both pretty well doubled up with laughter, and sat roaring one against the other, till the very tears ran down our faces.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," Mrs. Boyne said, quite crossly, two or three times.

But we did laugh, both of us, and we continued to laugh, until the clock warned me that it was time to go home to dinner.

I went home across the Close, fairly chuckling to myself over the bits of classical and modern information that old Crosse had given to the Dean's wife. I was still grinning broadly when I went into my own house. Rosey looked at me in amazement, not untempered with a certain curiosity as to what I might be laughing at. For ever so long I simply couldn't tell her, but, at last, I managed to do so, and Rosey very nearly went into hysterics over the recital. "And what was the explanation?" she asked at last.

"Explanation? Why, we never got so far as that," I replied. "The Dean and I could not ask a question or think of any explanation for roaring with laughter."

I duly warned Rosey that it would be best not to breathe a single word of it to anyone in the town, but the following day the rumour that the dear old Dean had been found out by his wife in certain "carryings on," was all over the place, and for two days Northtowers' folk talked:

and thought of nothing else. Callers at the Deanery were legion.

Then somehow the little tide of gossip turned and fastened itself upon the poor prosy old Canon, and on the morning of the third day, the Dean, knowing nothing at all of the allegations against his own

him, but, as the Dean said, she was really not to blame, for everything tallied with what she knew of him, in such an extraordinary way, that to disbelieve would have been like doubting the evidence of her own senses.

"You *were* in Ostend last summer for



"THE RUMOUR WAS ALL OVER THE PLACE."

character, went over to the Residence and saw the Canon, telling him all about his wife's strange visitor, and of her extraordinary story. The Canon was very indignant at first to think that Mrs. Boyne should have given any credence to such a story as being in any way connected with

several weeks," the Dean reminded him.

"Of course I was," answered the other, testily. "And I stayed all the time at my sister's villa—my sister, Lady Challoner, you know."

"Well, there has been a mistake some-

where or other," observed the Dean, seeing that his old friend was getting crusty about the matter. "When the lady comes again, my wife will tell her that she cannot in any way help her to find this recreant knight of hers. So don't think any more about it at all."

"It's no joke to know that there is a rampageous foreign woman prowling round wanting to marry you, though," grumbled the Canon.

"But she takes you for someone else," said the Dean, soothingly.

"Pray, Dallas," said the Dean to me an hour later, "don't let this absurd story creep out among the townspeople. My wife will see this good lady and tell her that some one has imposed upon her, and

it will quietly die out, and we who know it and have had a good laugh over it will forget it. Still," with a gay burst of laughter, "it was rich about Ninon and Phryne, wasn't it?"

I was not sure whether the dear old chap would have thought it quite such a joke if he had known that the whole town was ringing with *his* supposed shortcomings; however, what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve. There's a good deal of common sense in that adage.

And that very afternoon when I went home after evensong, going straight into my study by a little door which led from the Close to the room, and which opened with a latch-key, I ran against someone in



"WE SAT DOWN ON THE SOFA, AND—BOARED!"

the dark, who was trying to open the door. I recognised my wife by the size and outline of her figure. "Oh, is that you, Joe?" she exclaimed. "How you startled me."

I took the key from her hand and opened the door. The gas was lighted in the room within, but was turned down low. I turned it up. "Hallo," I exclaimed, staring at Rosey. "Why, Rosey, what—Rosey—you must be mad, mad," I cried.

She was standing flushed and defiant, dressed in deep mourning, with her fluffy golden hair hidden by a dark, curly wig, her face rouged, her eye-lashes darkened, and her whole appearance so changed that

I should not have known her if I had met her in the street.

"Was it *you*?" I asked, scarce above a whisper.

She nodded. "Yes," she said, triumphantly, "I've done it."

"Done what?"

"Roused them all up, and paid the old Canon out. Mrs. Boyne, who does not know me from Adam, has just been giving me some most motherly advice, and says I am much too pretty to hunt down a man who wants to shirk me, and I promised her faithfully that I would go home."

And then we looked at each other, and, somehow, we sat down on the sofa and—roared!



THE ROOF, THE RING, AND THE ROBBER.

BY WILL PHILLIP HOOPER.

I.

"I DON'T care, I think it was an awfully mean thing to do," mused Miss Constance Coleman as she sat, surrounded by all the embellishments of civilised life, in a bric-à-brac-laden chamber of her uncle's house. "Yes, I think it was horrid," she continued, while playing with an antique silver ring in which was set a wonderful opal, "to make the will so that I'll never get the ninety thousand dollars if I lose the ring before I am twenty-five years of age, though uncle did acknowledge that he doubted if this strange clause would hold in law. And the worst of it is, I must wear the ring every day, too. It's all very well to say the stone is a protection to me—that it's green light will shine forth when any danger threatens. I don't believe a word of the old foolish superstition. Let me see; it's been—yes—almost five months since grandfather died, and, though I've worn the ring continually, not a gleam of green light have I detected."

She slipped the ring from her finger. "It does make me nervous since uncle explained that the ring is worth ninety thousand dollars, and that I shall fail to get that amount if it is missing on my twenty-fifth birthday."

Miss Constance Coleman had just returned from a reception, and as there was business to be discussed with her uncle and guardian the following day, she had come to spend the night at his house on West 22nd Street, instead of going Harlemwards, where she lived with her maiden aunt. She was quite unaware that a certain Mr. Hillbank Murray, a mining expert, had settled himself in a choice suite in the upper floor of a 22nd Street house. To-night, after returning from the

theatre, he had just made himself comfortable with the latest novel, when the sharp gong of a fire-engine made him fly to the window. After three years' absence from New York, the prospect of a big midnight fire was an excitement not to be ignored. When several machines, with their accompanying clatter, had hurled themselves by, the idea came to him to try what could be seen from the roof, so, rushing into the hall, he opened the door to the steep stairs and climbed until his head made an impression on the trap-door. Using some language appropriate to the occasion, he managed to lift the cover and clamber on to the flat roof.

After a few minutes, however, a feeling of chilliness warned him to retrace his steps; and wandering back from roof to roof, he raised the trap door, descended the steep stairs, and, opening his room door, was paralyzed at the sight of a beautiful girl, clothed in a fashionable white gown, sitting with her back towards him, in a luxurious Japanese chair, the mirror reflecting a most charming face.

He was brought to himself by suddenly realising that the young lady had raised her beautiful, lustrous grey eyes, and was gazing, with a bewildered look, at him in the mirror. Suddenly her eyes dropped again to the ring in her hand, then, springing to her feet, she screamed, "*The green light!*" and fell unconscious into his arms.

In a second Murray realised that he had descended into the wrong house. Regardless of the awkwardness of his own position, he lifted his lovely burden on to a couch, saturated his handkerchief with cologne and placed it on her brow, picked up the ring, which had rolled under his feet, and, tossing it on to the table, turned to make his retreat. As he did so, how-



"SHE WAS GAZING WITH A BEWILDERED LOOK AT HIM IN THE MIRROR,"

ever, he found himself face to face with a man, who had evidently been aroused from one of the adjoining rooms by the young lady's scream.

The new-comer, instead of advancing to her rescue, withdrew with an alacrity which seemed almost undignified, and locked himself in some safe retreat, while Murray proceeded to regain the roof.

The view from the top of a New York house is at all times interesting, and from some situations, particularly at night, it is magnificent. Three hours on a cold, damp roof, however, surrounded by nothing but ugly chimneys, and in a very cool breeze, is not conducive to an appreciation of the beautiful.

For three hours Murray had been hiding behind brick walls and hugging the smoke-pipes, fearing to make another attempt to descend into his unknown dwelling.

Now he was impatiently waiting for the first streak of dawn. Occasionally he found time to puzzle over the familiar something in the face of the man who had fled from his approach in the strange house.

For a while his position was not lacking in excitement, for the alarmed inmates of the house he had so calmly and unwittingly invaded had attempted, in a half-hearted, timorous sort of a way, to hunt for him on the roofs, so it required some of his knowledge of Indian tactics to crawl quietly around and conceal himself among the chimneys and division walls. Finally, the eastern sky brightened up his prospects. He found himself on his own roof, and lost no time in descending, but, chilled to the bone, plunged into his bed.

It was twelve o'clock the following noon before he sat up in bed and critically surveyed himself in a mirror.

He had returned from the West with a beard, fashionably trimmed, of course, after reaching Chicago, but still a beard, and he remembered that last night, before

making his eventful trip on the roof, he had removed his high, stiff linen collar which was uncomfortable after his Western freedom of dress, and had knotted a red silk handkerchief in its place, while his dress coat had been laid aside for a rough smoking-jacket.

He realised that his appearance was not quite as prepossessing as he could have wished. It now occurred to him that a shave would make him look ten years younger. He also had an indistinct impression that a nice girl-cousin had once told him that his chin was—was—good. This decided him; and with a firm hand and a sharp razor, he transformed himself into what he was glad to acknowledge as not such a bad-looking fellow; then, after trimming down his moustache, his own laundry-woman would not have known him.

II.

"GOOD gracious, uncle," said Constance Coleman, as she handed her pompous relative the morning paper at their late breakfast, "do look at this heading."

A \$200,000 ROBBERY.

A BURLY BURGLAR, A COURAGEOUS
COUNT, AND A MILLIONAIRE MAIDEN.

A Brave Guest Protects his Host's
House, and Defeats the Thief!

An Exciting Fight with a Desperate
ex-Convict!

"Well, well, the amount may be a trifle exaggerated," replied the evidently pleased guardian, "but still it is just as I always said. That ring is worth to you ninety thousand dollars. Undoubtedly, we have to thank the Count that the burglar's depredations extended no farther!"

"But, look at the big headlines,"

chimed in Constance. "Courageous Count! Courageous, indeed! Now, I was not so unconscious as to be utterly ignorant of what took place, and I know there was no struggle."

At this moment, the distinguished guest sauntered into the breakfast-room all smiles and graces. His alabaster brow was adorned with three showy pieces of court-plaster, and, after gushing over Miss Coleman, he unloaded a shower of polite morning salutations on the suave and urbane host.

After this ceremony, they plunged into the discussion of the preceding night's excitement.

"Ah, mine bootiful young lady, but zat was a great fight; how I deed beat heem." But the Count's modest recitation was interrupted by the heiress saying:

"If you had him in your power, why did you let him escape?"

"Oh, mine dear Mees Coleman, I vas so deestressed, so great vas mine anxiety to look after your welfare zat after geeting ze diamonds away from heem, I could not for one moment longer neglect you."

"So kind I am sure," demurely answered Miss Coleman; "I trust it will not embarrass you, you are so modest and retiring, to see this perhaps slightly exaggerated account of your — your — heroism in the daily papers."

But, at this point, a special detective from headquarters was announced, and the cheering intelligence given them that the police were on the track of the burglar; he was known to be one of a desperate band for whom the authorities had long been looking. All of which was very soothing to people who had never been robbed.

On account of the lateness of his rising, Murray neglected the morning papers, and pursued his way Harlemwards to present a letter of introduction to relatives of a friend he had left in the wilds.

On reaching his destination, and while waiting in the reception-room, he glanced at a morning paper, and was charmingly entertained by a blood-curdling description of the fight with a burglar in the house of his next door neighbour. It was thrilling to read of the heroism of Count Zuroff, a guest of Mr. Coleman, who, single-handed and alone, saved the life of a young and beautiful heiress, prevented the house from becoming a heap of ashes, and protected the family plate and precious gems; all excepting an opal ring of peculiar power, an heirloom of great value to its rightful owner.

Gradually it dawned upon Murray that this pleasing fairy-tale referred to his last night's adventure. He puzzled over the familiar something in the face of the man who fled from him that night, and, while thus pondering, caught sight of a handkerchief lying on a table. Its large monogram, no longer in style, struck him as familiar; and on inspection he found it was one of his own handkerchiefs.

Before he recovered from his surprise, one of the young ladies of the house entered the room; and, after giving him a most cordial welcome, said:

"I see you seem fascinated by the burglar's handkerchief!" which called Murray's attention to the fact that he still held it in both hands.

Without allowing time for a reply, she continued:

"Yes, it's a real live burglar's handkerchief, and there's going to be a reward of \$10,000 for its owner, too. You see, just as you were coming in, Constance Coleman—Oh! she's such a lovely girl!—was telling us all about the robbery. Though she refuses to give the Count any credit for saving her, still, I think they are engaged just the same. She is just on her way home, which is right near by. It was her uncle's house where she was staying when the burglar entered."

Murray, who had been through several



"I MUST ASK YOU FOR YOUR OWN SAKE TO GO WITH ME AT ONCE."

trying ordeals on the frontier with Indians, greasers, and cow-boys, had never felt quite so utterly unprepared and so uncertain of the outcome of the situation. He felt sure that there would be an exciting scene when the robbed heiress's gaze met his face.

So as the young lady entered, he stood trying to brace himself for any event.

Miss Coleman acknowledged the introduction in the conventional way, and Murray realised the loss of his beard had utterly changed his appearance beyond recognition.

She was more lovely than he had thought. Indeed she must be beautiful to stand the test of an unbecoming hat, which seemed to do its best to conceal and distort her piquant face. Her lustrous

eyes changed in colour from brown to blue and blue to grey with every movement of her graceful head.

Suddenly the dead silence brought Murray to himself, and he found the three girls looking at him in mingled amazement and amusement.

It seems he had stood gazing at Miss Coleman utterly unconscious of the fact that several remarks had been addressed to him. In his embarrassment he had seized the first idea which floated into his brain. Then, in a quiet, measured tone, he said:

"I beg your indulgence a moment longer, ladies, for the benefit of Miss Coleman. She thinks herself threatened by some financial loss—I ought to explain that during my life in Mexico,

I learned from an old, old woman, who was a descendant of a line of famous Spanish seers, the faculty not exactly of mind reading or palmistry, but still a certain ability to explain some things—to tell of past events and sometimes to correctly forecast the future. The moment Miss Coleman came into the room, I seemed to see her, not here, but seated in a luxurious Japanese chair in a chamber, her back towards the door, and facing a mirror, dressed in an evening costume of white lace. Her head is drooped in her hand, she holds a quaint silver ring—pardon me, Miss Coleman—it will assist me to look at your palm.” This pause was filled by the girls with various exclamations of surprise.

“Oh, isn’t it wonderful! It’s just as Constance was telling us!”

After seating himself by the heiress and gently taking her soft pink fingers, he resumed in a monotonous voice, as if then seeing what he described—“Yes, the ring holds a stone, an opal; but you start; you lift your head and look in the mirror; you see the reflection of a man standing behind you in the doorway, a man with dark hair and moustache and a pointed beard, a red silk handkerchief tied around his neck; he wears a coat of rough, dark material.”

Without heeding the cry of surprise from Miss Coleman, he continued:

“Your eyes drop again to the ring, then you spring from your chair, exclaiming: ‘The green light!’ and sink unconscious.”

“When you faint, the ring falls to the floor. After lifting you to a couch, he pulls the bell violently, then, turning to depart, he picks up the ring near the door, and, tossing it on to a table, leaves and meets——”

“Count Zuroff,” announces the servant, as another caller entered the room.

“Ah! ladies, how mooch pleasure to find all zees beauty in one leetle room.”

And much to the disappointment of the

excited audience, the thread of the discourse was broken. The voice, the accent, and something familiar in the appearance of the Count, made Murray almost spring from his chair.

After hurriedly introducing the two men, one of the young ladies continued:

“You don’t know what a lovely time we were having before you came in—oh! I don’t mean that—I mean you just came in at such an exciting moment. Mr. Murray is a—a—mind reader. I don’t suppose that would interest you, only he was just going to tell us who robbed the Coleman house last night—oh! you are visiting there. How interesting, of course. But to resume. The ring! What became of the ring, Mr. Murray?”

“Ah,” answered Murray, in an altered tone, thoughtfully rubbing his forehead, “I regret to say the connection is broken. Perhaps at another time, if everything is favourable, I may be able to resume. Anyway,” continued Murray, turning towards Miss Coleman, beside whom the Count had seated himself with an irritating air of proprietorship, “anyway, for your sake, I will always try.”

“Oh, but you have left out the most lovely part,” responded Miss Coleman. “It was just awfully romantic. After I fainted, the — the — thoughtful burglar saturated his own handkerchief in Cologne water, and laid it on my head. Wasn’t that too lovely? And see, here it is,” taking up the monogrammed handkerchief from the table.

This seemed to exasperate the titled foreigner. Springing to his feet, he exclaimed, “Ah! but deed I not give heem a good pounding. Ah, ladies, but that was a scene; you know I arrived just as ze robber was taking ze jewelry from ze table.”

And the Count, with his broken accent and his lively imagination, gave a long description of his pretended encounter.

While going through this performance, he strode around the room filling Murray’s

mind with vivid recollections of a Western experience.

"But," chimed in one of the young ladies, "why did you let him escape?"

"Oh! but my solicitude for poor Mees Coleman; zere she vos, fainted dead away, and I could not let her remain thus."

During this animated description, not a word, not a gesture had escaped Murray's observation, who, with breathless interest, had been eyeing the Count like a hawk.

Pleasing as were the foreign gentleman's particulars of his own prowess, the young ladies could not be distracted from Murray's wonderful gift, and they all urged him, if he could not regain the broken thread in regard to the ring, to try his power on one of the others.

"Ah," replied Murray, with a most honest look, "but you know it is not within my control to read anyone I might wish. I simply describe what I can see. Sometimes when a person approaches me, I suddenly get a view of some of their past life, or perhaps, I see a glimpse of the future."

While talking, he had moved restlessly round the room. Suddenly he stopped where he could get a full light on the Count, who was vainly attempting to hold the heiress's hand and attention.

"Ah! I see the count dealing cards," suddenly said Murray, resuming his former clear monotonous tone. "Yes, and there are three others seated around a rough, wooden table in a big, bare, smoky room. One of the players is still a boy, a smooth-faced, honest boy, evidently a new-comer."

The Count, who at first appeared unmoved, suddenly started.

"There is a pile of money on the table—behind them stands a motley crowd—cow-boys, half-breeds, greasers, and miners."

At every word the Count now seemed to grow visibly paler.

"Ah, what is that I see! You are

winning again and again! It is the boy's last dollar. He suddenly reaches across the table and catches your wrist. He cries that you have cheated, and proves his words. You are exposed—the false cards are found, you—you—snatch a revolver from under the table—your aim is quick and deadly—there is a sharp report—your victim throws up both hands to Heaven and falls—and you, Felix Brodix, are a murderer!"

It was so still you could have heard a pin drop. All of the girls wanted to faint, but were too interested in catching every word of the thrilling narrative.

With a face the colour of old parchment, with eyes like beads of fire, his hands claspings the chair in bands of steel, Felix Brodix, *alias* Count Zuroff, sat motionless. Suddenly Murray reached out his right arm, giving a good imitation of attempting to grasp the imposter at the same time, saying:

"You are my prisoner."

The words acted like an electric shock. In one second Felix Brodix dodged the extended arm, sprang over the furniture, flew through the room, and out of the house.

While one of the sisters was trying to settle down to a comfortable fit of hysterics, the other was besieging Murray with a hundred questions, and Constance sat motionless, leaning on the table, her face clasped in both hands.

"Pardon me," said Murray to her in a business-like way, "but I must ask you, for your own sake, to go with me at once back to your uncle's house. We must get there if possible before Brodix."

A moment later they were on their way, their first care being to send telegrams to her uncle and to the house, warning them of the character of their visitor, in case he should run the risk of returning.

Hardly a word was spoken till they were nearly at 22nd Street. Suddenly Constance, with an apparent effort, said:

"If he is a—a—a murderer, why do you not take steps for his arrest?"

"Do I look like a dead man?" replied Murray.

"Oh! I'm so glad," gasped his companion. "Bad as he is, it's a relief to know he is not guilty of that crime. Oh, no!" quickly added she, with heightening colour, noticing Murray's earnest gaze. "No, it's not anything of that sort, I—I—know the foolish rumour in regard to my accepting that man's attentions, but it's all an ungrounded exaggeration."

The uncle was in a state of calm anxiety, waiting at the house. In a few words, Murray told the story of his first trip West some eight years ago, and his experience with the so-called Count, a notorious outlaw and criminal. He then turned to the last night's expedition, and described his roof adventure.

After these explanations, a great silence fell.

Mr. Coleman finally pulled himself together and said in chilly accents, "A most careful search has failed to discover the ring since it was in Mr.—Mr.—Murray's possession. And in regard to his guest, the Count Zuroff, he was a literary genius of an ancient and wealthy

family, who brought with him letters of introduction of unimpeachable character from distinguished people in Boston. Any slurs on his spotless reputation, would not only be in bad taste, but——"

Here Miss Coleman, with a burst of indignation, which was greeted with a grateful look from Murray, began pointing out glaring defects in Zuroff's story, when this cheerful conference was interrupted by a messenger boy, with a cab, bringing an order for the Count's baggage, and a hastily written explanation about being suddenly called away.

After long hesitation, Mr. Coleman directed one of his family to send a polite answer, but no baggage.

At midnight, the sharp report of a revolver was heard in the rear of the Coleman residence, where a burglar, in attempting to make an entrance, was shot by a policeman. The man was afterwards identified as a notorious criminal, Felix Brodix, lately passing under the name of the Count Zuroff.

The opal ring was found in his possession. Three months later it belonged to Mrs. Hillbank Murray, and it had not changed owners.



CHANCE.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. F. SULLIVAN.

I HAD droned through thirty years of toil, well-nigh ungladdened by a holiday, striving to reach a goal which seemed as distant as at the start. I was a careful

ing toward the end of April—I cursed the fire and climate, my career, and my own self, sprang up and stamped my foot, and shouted savagely, “Curse carefulness and



“I SAT BEFORE MY FIRE.”

man — left nought to Chance — fastened my faith to plan and calculation and laborious foresight; but these had played me false; and I was weary, soured, and morose.

One evening as I sat before my fire—a fire that would not burn, one Arctic even-

plan and foresight—fiends that mock at fools! Now for a holiday, let come what may!” And so I flung all business to the winds; all prudence and regard for interests; and then and there I hurled some necessities into a travelling bag; then I reached down a dusty guide, and found a train to Dover for the next morning.

The train had cleared the platform, and emerged into the outer fog, when I perceived a strange face peering in at the window of my compartment; a strange figure opened the door, and swung itself in.

I have said a “strange” figure, for its

garb was not one usually seen in public—a convict's dress, dotted with the broad arrow. The new-comer leisurely closed the door; then settled himself in his corner, and turned a piercing gaze on me—a gaze unchanged by my return glare of resentment. The face was a strange face—full of evil, yet full of good—a face whose expression seemed to change momentarily, now lovable and attractive, then hateful and repellent, again a compound of these extremes—a face so fascinating that, as I gazed upon it, I grew ever more powerless to turn away my eyes, forced as by a spell to watch breathlessly for its next change; and so, drawn toward it, I bent forward to glare at it with open mouth; and so we sat and gazed, either at each, for I know not how long a space of time. And, as I glared, all sense of earthly responsibility seemed to fall from me, all sense of cause and result; all sense of means to an end; all love of foresight, plan, and stratagem; I seemed to feel that from that moment the load of construction should fall from me—that henceforth the future should work out the scheme of life for me, not I for it. At length the stranger smiled; and *then* a thrill of such wild hopes and anticipations as I had never before conceived went through me—yet withal so jumbled and confused as to bewilder me.

At last the stranger turned away his gaze, and I sank back exhausted and dull, as one does who has spent hours in the excitement of reckless gambling.

"You wonder who I am?" said the stranger; and I began to perceive that his voice had as many changes as his expression, and these changes as full of attraction and repulsion and their combinations.

"You—you appear to be an escaped—to have escaped from a prison," I replied.

"An escaped criminal," you would have said? Yes. And more—a thief—forget—homicide."

He perceived my look of horror, and

laughed lightly, and continued, "All these this time—not a philanthropist—not a bishop—not a victim. By Chance, all these. I have sought you out because you please me as you never pleased me before; your new state of mind, born last night at eleven by the side of your fire which would not burn, is grateful to me. Heretofore I have taken but little interest in you, for you were not one of mine; I say I have taken but little interest in you save to baulk and thwart you now and again.

"Say, have you prospered by your plans, your care for the future, your means to an end—your foresight?—bah! That word sickens me! As though a man could foresee what cast of the dice his prudent plans will secure him! You would throw bran in the wind to guess where it would fall; and the higher you toil up the mountain to do it, the wilder the wind and the wilder the guess—yet you toil up! But now you—whither are you bound in this journey?" I had forgotten. I looked at my ticket, and said "Milan."

"Then any place on the line would do as well? Rheims—Bâle—Como? Or off the line—Riviera—Cairo—Japan?"

"Yes," I said, carelessly.

"I love you now!" said the stranger, bending toward me. "My love is worth the having—I am CHANCE."

He held out his hand to me, and I grasped it; and the remaining interest in my plans of life fell from me.

"Remember," he said, "I am on your side now, and that virtue and crime do not exist, but only Chance, as far as may concern this present world. Therefore rely on me. Men judge not men by their own acts, but mine. And so good luck to you!"

* * * *

He had gone, and I was alone in the compartment. I was changed. The day before, and as long before that as I could remember, I had been the steady, dull, careful creature, whose image recalled to

mind, made me recoil and shudder. I had been face to face with Chance, and drew my new-found cloak of recklessness away from contact with the plodder I had been. I tossed a coin, saying, "Milan or China," with head for China, woman for Milan; and Chance ordained Milan.

There was a girl on board the Calais boat who interested me—a pretty girl. I have no knack of limning heroines; she was a brown-haired, very English girl, and took my fancy.

I returned again and again to the neighbourhood of the deck shelter to look at her, and



"ON BOARD THE CALAIS BOAT."

every time she took my fancy more. I was not married, having had no leisure to think of marriage. Then I saw she had a father with her—and another friend, whom, from the first, I hated. He was young, taller than I, and handsomer.

All through the night, as we rumbled and rocked toward Bâle, I could not sleep for thinking of that girl in the other compartment; all through the whirling game of hide-and-seek through cork-screw

tunnels over the St. Gotthard, I saw no scenery—I saw that girl. It might be CHANCE had thrown her in my way. At Göschenen I got out and walked along the train to look at her; and there she was, as usual, talking to *him*.

At Milan she went to the Francia, and so did I. At table she was absorbed in the young man, and I felt too angered at that to open conversation with her. I did not hear their destination, and in the morning they were gone—I knew not where. Again I trusted Chance, and went to Venice; and tried a Chance hotel, and there she was.

I could not keep myself away from her. Chance favoured me; they placed me next to her at table, and I talked to her at last, as often as her taste for him I hated and *his* confounded chatter would permit me. And she was gracious to me—insomuch that soon I ventured on proposing trips in company with them, although in these I fell into the father's company much more than hers. Yet, for all that, I swore within me I would snatch the girl from him I hated, trusting Chance to help me still.

I gleaned she was engaged to him, although she called him "Mr." when in company—but that might go for nothing; yes or no, I meant her for myself. How I had altered! I had grown utterly unscrupulous: I knew no more, nor cared for, wrong and right, and thought no more of conscience since the grip of CHANCE had tightened on my hand. My thought was simply how to rid myself of that young rival; not that I invented deep

plots and snares to bring my ends about ; I was too wholly given up to Chance to have capacity for machinations. The crudest forms of villainy were those that fastened on my mind ; to undermine the girl's affection for the man by falsehoods—haphazard, clumsy lies. I whispered stories of having known him years ago as one escaped from justice only by a quibble. She did not straightway make it known to him—my great misgiving, once the clumsy nonsense had passed my lips—but listened, while I added and added to the story, ever trusting blindly in Chance.

At length he overheard, and then I thought he changed in manner toward me ; then I thought, from signs, and this and that, she must have told him. Thereon, I blindly worked upon the father, telling him stories—heaven only knows if these new stories tallied with the others !

He listened, too, and thanked me for the warning. But day by day—still in my clumsy fashion—I grew suspicious they were fooling me to trap me in the end ; it maddened me to think that fellow was deriding me, and planning with the girl to draw me out. One brilliant night, as they were listening to music, swinging in a gondola beside the garden, and I glowered at them, all lonely in another gondola, my gondolier, descending silently from off the poop, placed a caressing hand upon my shoulder—as I felt its touch I muttered, “I will kill him!”—and the rower, whispering “I am with you, trust to CHANCE,” was on the poop again.

That night I waited, heard him pass my door, and watched him to his room ; and took a hanger down from the wardrobe—it was heavier and stouter than such hangers mostly are ; sufficient, anyhow, to

kill—and followed. He stood beside the bed, his back to me, and with a blow I crushed him to the floor, then wildly hammered twenty other blows ; then all the room whirled in the candle-flicker—there seemed to be a corpse upon the bed. Had I killed two—a dozen ? For my life, I did not know. I knew I closed the door, crept to my room, and cowered till the light.

And with the light grew sounds, and other sounds ; but not the sounds I waited for, and knew as though I heard them daily. Then I felt the sounds I knew were coming ; and they came. A frightened whispering and a hurried hum, a noiseless noise that thundered in my head, and then a tapping—and I opened to it. The girl had taken both my hands



“I GLOWERED AT THEM.”

in hers, and stood bewildered, stammering “Why—?” and “Why—?” and then the servants and the landlord seemed to echo “Why—?” and then two carabinieri came tramping up the stairs, entered that room, came out again, and seemed to echo “Why—?”

And then the girl seemed saying, "He is dazed ; it has bewildered him"—whereon I fancied she came with me, and with the carabineers, into another room where lay her father, white, with his head bound up ; and an official seemed to be asking questions. Then I learned with my returning senses, I had saved her father from a murderer ; I had killed the fellow in the act of killing *him*. I learned that he, the rival I had slaughtered, was no new hand at crime ; had followed them from London for the gold the father carried ; and, having stunned him, was at work when, seeing the old man waking, he resolved to try the trick of chloroform to finish all—but at this juncture I had intervened to save the victim, and—too vehement—had slain the slayer.

I was standing—free, a worthy citizen—upon the Riva, when, strolling to my side, a carabineer saluted, and I looked upon, and knew, him. "Yes, I am CHANCE," said he, "and Chance, good friend, has served you well, as one of those he loves. Hail, noble soul ! The world caresses you who are no criminal, but a rescuer ! Mark all my Sunday gallantry of cords ; my gay cockade and glorious uniform—admire me ; I am CHANCE the GLORIFIED !"

* * * *

And she and I were married, and, by little and little, I began to plan again unconsciously. We made our little schemes for doing this and that, and I discovered that we were none too rich ; and so at length (after some moons of happy honeymoon) I planned to gather once again the threads, scattered and tangled, of my avocation, and so returned to London. But the months passed wearily away without success ; and those who

formerly had to come to me—the few there were—forsook me now, declining to deal with one who practised vagaries such as



"HAD TAKEN BOTH MY HANDS IN HER'S."

insanely throwing up his calling. Still she was ever standing at my side to help and comfort ; and I spurned despair, and tried a new profession ; and (this failing, just as the former) still I plodded on, resolved to triumph. Now, at intervals, I seemed to fancy that a shadow hovered about my wife, and we grew ever poorer. And with our poverty the shadow grew ever more clear, and I could see its form was like a lurking thief's, and where she went, it went. Still she seemed all unconscious the thing was there, although she grew more pale, and thin and careworn, till I could have cried.

Once, as I sat, the shadow passed the window—more than a shadow now—a

slouching form—and gazed within on me, its face repellent with evil, menace, and foreboding; then I knew the face, and, springing from my chair, threw up the window and confronted it. “Begone!” I cried, “I loathe you; I am altered from him you knew, and loved, and trapped. The frenzy—or what it was—that made me suffer you, and made your ways my own, has passed from me. I’m honest once again, and I have that to live for which shall raise me far above the reach of vulgar Chance. My honest effort, based upon plan and method, shall prevail, by long and weary toil, it shall prevail defying Chance!”

“Defying?” said the form; and in its eye there gleamed such cruel malice as made me shrink. “Defying? Men have launched defiance at the winds, the waves, the thunder, and sometimes won; and men have snapped their fingers at law, and reason, and tyrannic rule, and sometimes won; but man has never launched defiance at opposing Chance, and won—nor ever shall!”

“Then I will be the first!” I cried, and waved him off; whereon he sent a peal of hideous laughter through the air, and passed away from sight.

Through night and day, through cold and heat, I toiled for very bread, and hardly found it; and she grew more careworn. Then I went mad, and wandered here and there, aimless and numbed; and Chance was everywhere—why, I had never known his potency! For men mistook him for the qualities which move their hatred, and their admiration, their love, their fear, their sorrow; there were crowds who bore him shoulder high in triumph, swearing they bore integrity and nobleness; and there were crowds who yelled and hooted him, thinking they hooted at dishonesty; and there were those who loved him tenderly as true affection and devotedness; and hardly one there was who recognised the form of Chance beneath the mummer’s habit!

And then, still mad, I took a cup and poured some poison in, and mixed with wine or what-not, and set it down a moment ere I swallowed the final draught, to set her free of one who had incurred the awful wrath of Chance, and dragged her down—for I was mad, I say—why further words?

But, while I turned away that moment, she, not knowing, drank the draught, and gave the child to drink.

* * * *

They bore me here, with no slight struggle, from the court; a crowd of yelling demons waited round the doors, and tried to tear me from the con-



“CHANCE, THE MURDERER!”

stables, to rend me limb from limb—the murderer of wife and child. All day within the court, Chance, the accursed, had ruled; now hovering behind the witnesses to make them speak a hazard word to prejudice my case; now

by the judge to make his mood severe with chance dyspepsia ; now by the jury to turn their thoughts just then to bitterness and harden them.

Outside, behind the crowd, hideous with malice, he had stood and chuckled, grima-
cing at me ; now I sit alone, condemned to death, within my silent cell.

And here, once more, is CHANCE, clad once again in that same dress in which I saw him first—the convict's dress spotted with little arrows ; his face has all it can

of ill, and nought of good, and with a leer he speaks to me :

"By Chance, a murderer ! Your toiling up the mountain all in vain, with me for foe ! Better have warred against *all* other forces, combined or separate, than striven with *me* ! Better have listened when I said that virtue and crime do not exist, but only Chance, as far as may concern this present world. Men judge not men by their own acts, but mine. I triumph—I am CHANCE, the MURDERER."



ROMANCE IN BLACK AND WHITE:

A CHAT WITH MR. H. R. MILLAR.

BY WALLACE LAWLER.

AMONG the black and white work of this generation, Mr. Harold Millar's drawings of romantic and imaginative subjects occupy a foremost place. As a



From "*The Humours of Spain*."

[By kind permission of Messrs. Walter Scott & Co.]

child, Mr. Millar was deeply impressed by the illustrations in an early edition of *Lallah Rookh*—crude in their drawing, I am afraid, and conventional in their treatment—and, as he has advanced in power of expression, he has clung to the subjects which most strongly appealed to his early imagination. One of these illustrations, which specially influenced him, is here reproduced.

At the end of the garden attached to

Mr. Millar's bright little house at Tooting, there is a den of a studio, full, like Tartarin's cabin, of murderous implements: Goorkha kukris, Malay krishes, rifles, swords, and revolvers.

"What do you think of this place?" he exclaimed, when he found me waiting for him there a short time ago. "Designed and built it myself, and nearly everything it holds, easel and chair and all. See what I've brought home," he ran on, as he made a few playful passes at me with a heavy kukri; "twenty-one and a-half inches long—half an inch longer than the biggest one which the Rev. J. G. Wood knows of," and, as he proceeded to fasten it in a place of honour on the wall, I asked him to tell me a little about his early experiences, and his subsequent achievements in art.

"Of course," he said, "as is generally the case, the commencement was hard, and my work frequently fruitless and unsatisfactory. My father, like most artists' fathers, saw no chance for me as a maker of pictures, and wanted me to be an engineer. As you can see from these models, I have always had, and still retain, a love for engines;" and he showed me some large and excellent models of locomotives, complete with regulator, link-motion, and reversing lever. One of these, Mr. Millar, enthusiastic in everything he does, made himself. "And here is a patent boiler for steamships, on which my brother-in-law and I have been engaged for the last eighteen months. Quicker to get up steam than the Belleville boilers, more economic, and constructed to carry a pressure of three hundred pounds a square inch. It ought to be adopted throughout the Navy," and his imagination rioted in the possibilities of his invention.

"But to return to artistic matters," I



Harold R. Miller
91

COMING FROM THE BATH.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.]

said, gently leading him back to the subject.

"Well, of course, I insisted on becoming an artist; nothing could shake my resolution after I had seen that picture," pointing to the illustration from *Lallah Rookh* before referred to; "so I was sent to study at the Birmingham School of Art, where, of course, I was kept at the usual life studies—which gain Government grants for the masters and little else for anyone. My instructor complained that I wasted my time; the waste lay in my giving too much attention to pen and ink drawing. But, as I explained, I earned pocket-money at it, while I might not be able to turn the regular course of study to profit for many years. I had done work for scurrilous local papers—the kind of amateur satirical productions which spring up occasionally in every provincial town; and by this time I was doing work for *Scraps*. Here are some of my first drawings," and he turned to a portfolio, containing some quaint and amateurish productions, which revealed none of the mastery of line, and delicacy of fancy which characterise his present work.

"At this time, as you can possibly gather from these sketches, I had an ambition to become a Du Maurier. Soon after that I came to London, and, somewhat to my surprise, I found an uncommon dearth of black and white work. This lasted for a year, during which time I think I must have tried nearly every publisher in London, but all, secular and religious, displayed a pleasing unanimity in avoiding my drawings.

"One evening, feeling very despondent, I took a stroll with a friend over Waterloo Bridge, on which we paused to look downwards into the gloomy water. One thought was uppermost in our two minds. At last my friend, gazing on me mournfully, ejaculated, 'I would jump in and drown myself—only I can swim!' To which I softly rejoined, no less perturbed, 'So would I—only I can't.'"

"But work came in gradually," I suggested, "and you——"

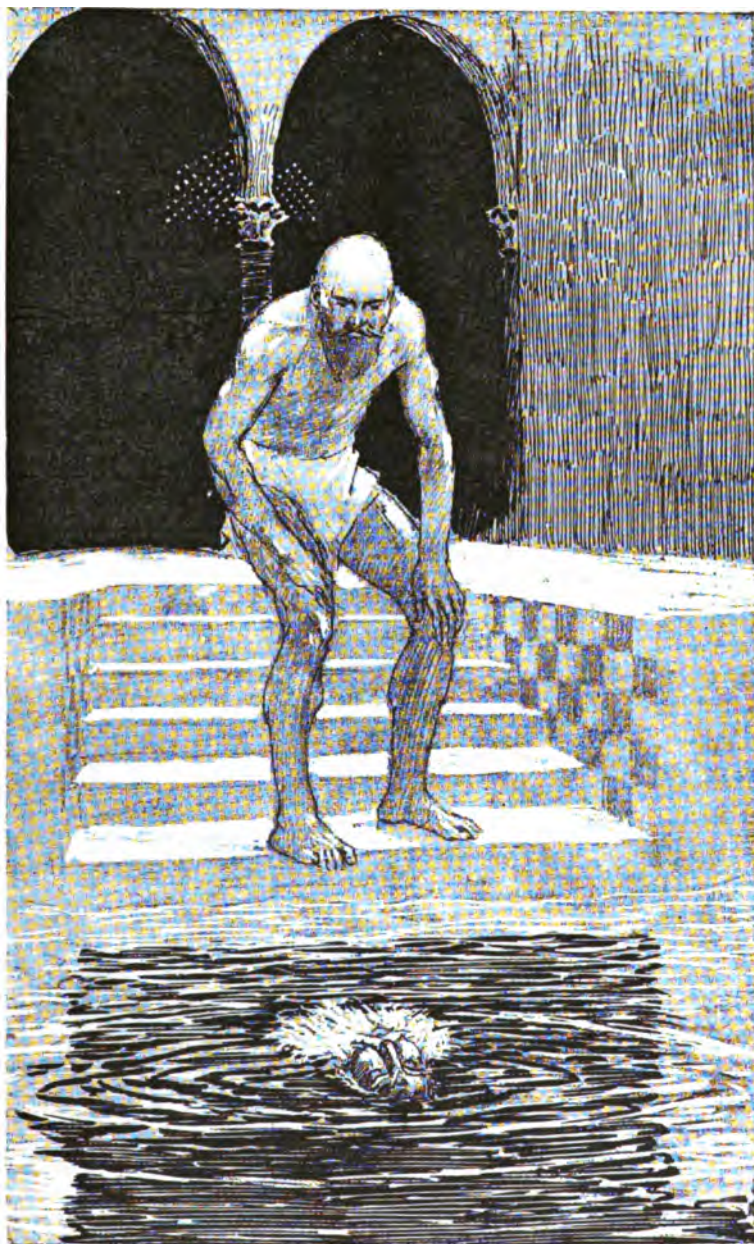
"No, it didn't," he said. "That's the quaint part of it. It came in all at once. I didn't wake up one morning and find myself famous, but I was suddenly up to my eyes in work. Then I began to draw for *Judy*, for which I did joke pictures and pantomime illustrations."

I looked again at his portfolios; Mr. Millar's natural genius was now beginning to assert itself; much of the work was of the oriental style which he most affects, interspersed here and there with a very correct drawing of a locomotive and train in a railway station, as a background for a humorous subject.



THE VEILED PROPHEET OF KHORASSAN.

"Then I did a great deal of work for Cassell's, for whom most good English black and white men draw at one time or another. I have done a good deal of book illustrating, too. Here is an edition



DROWNING OF THE MOLLAH BASHI.

[Illustration from "Hajji Baba."]

[By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]



H. R. Miller 21

[Illustration from "Ivan the Fool."]

[By kind permission of Messrs. Walter Scott and Co.]

of *Hajji Baba*, which Macmillans have just brought out," and he showed me a copy of the book, most beautifully illustrated, thoroughly in the spirit of Morier's charming work. *The Times*, relying, as usual in its artistic notes, less on actual knowledge than on inspiration, solemnly declares in its review of the book that Mr. Millar is "an American artist who has acquired a considerable reputation in his own country."

Mr. Millar has no objection to an American reputation; but, as he was born in Dumfries, and has never been in the United States, he prefers not to have the reputation of being an American artist.



Samaj Home

EARLY DRAWING.



EARLY DRAWING.

"What other work have you done?" I asked.

"Well, I am still illustrating for Cassell's; I have just finished Tolstói's *Ivan the Fool*, for Walter Scott. Messrs. Partridge, the religious publishers, have reproduced a number of my drawings, and a good amount of my best work has appeared in the *Strand Magazine*. Besides that, I have done, as you know, a number of drawings for *To-Day*, and I am now engaged on some for *The Idler*.

"I don't know that I can tell you any more about my past work; I am too young to have filled the world with it; in fact, you might almost say that I am only beginning now," he added, modestly. "Yes, I've been married some time; those boys playing in the garden



IVAN AND THE DEVILKIN.

[Illustration from "Ivan the Fool."]

[By kind permission of Messrs. Walter Scott & Co.]



[Illustration from "Kau's Hunting."]

[By kind permission of the proprietors of "To-Day."]

with the toy locomotive are mine, all three. My age? Well, you'd hardly believe it, but I'm only ——"

"*Eh, bien!* How old?" I asked, taking out my note book.

"——," he replied.

"Dear me," I remarked, making an entry of the fact.

"Yes, of course, I have studied much from Vierge, and from Vierge's master, Gigoux, who illustrated an edition of *Gil Blas*, published in Paris in 1821. You can see a copy of it in the South Kensington Museum.

"By the bye, I may say that Vierge's onions, for the drawing of which he is so famous, are taken bodily from Gigoux; he did them even better.

"I can't say that I passed an adventurous or even a romantic youth; I have had three narrow escapes; two from drowning—but I am a pretty powerful swimmer now," he added, apologetically—

"and once from poisoning. He was only a local chemist, and when I came in one evening hot from exertion, and asked for a seidlitz powder to cool me off, he gave me a couple of packets of something which didn't fizz. Happening to mention this peculiarity of the powder a little later to my uncle, he ran me quickly back to the chemist's shop.

"'What have you given this boy?' he demanded.

"The chemist turned to the little drawer, which was still open. 'I—I—I'm afraid it is corrosive sublimate,' he stammered—clutching the counter to support himself. It was a narrow shave for me, but luckily they rectified the blunder without any trouble, and I never felt any after effects."

"What about the chemist?" I asked.

"He—poor fellow," exclaimed Mr. Millar, with a note of melancholy in his voice—"he died (uninsured) of nervous shock."

To glance through a portfolio of Mr. Millar's cuttings from the time when he drew for the *Comus*, of Birmingham, to this period, is to follow the faltering experiments of the student, in the search for his present masterly style. The latest work that he has done is undoubtedly his best; in *Hajji Baba* he has reached an excellence which no romantic illustrator has ever before attained in England. The drawings are a part of the book; as you read the story you gaze upon its actual characters, and see the brilliant sunlight striking upon the golden domes and fragile minarets. The pictures are full of that refinement and selection which stamp the work as true art.

When Mr. Millar first came to London he paid a daily visit to the Tower, struck by its romantic associations, and enamoured

of its armour and its weapons. In particular he admired and studied a rich suit of Japanese armour, which the observer may readily notice in some of his latest work. In his passion for studying and collecting eastern weapons and accoutrements, we find the source of his careful attention to detail, which, far from hindering the breadth of his effects, has added the charm of truth to drawings already artistic. It may be worth mentioning that the directors of the Birmingham School of Art have changed their opinions about pen and ink work since Mr. Millar's success; and they now have a class of some thirty or forty students, stimulated by his example, and anxious to make a name in black and white work. Undoubtedly a project is never good until it succeeds.





A COUNTRY WALK.

BY TOM COAN.



A COTTAGE BY THE WAYSIDE.



A RUSTIC CORNER.



HORSES RETURNING FROM PASTURE.



A QUIET STREAM.



A COTTAGE NEAR CODICOTE, HERTS.



BRIDGE IN BROCKET PARK.



BY THE EDGE OF THE STREAM.



A CLUMP OF FIRS.



THE LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER.



A MIRTHFUL GROUP.

HANDY.



Ruby—Does Miss Gusher get her beautiful complexion from her mother or father?
Garnet—Her father, I believe. He keeps a paint shop.

"THE ELDEST SISTER"

AS SHE REALLY IS.

BY EVELYN SHARP.

WHO does not know the traditional picture of the eldest sister, that sweet-natured, amiable, cushiony sort of person, who dries our tears with her own handkerchief, and suffers us to embrace her with our sticky little hands, and kiss her with our jammy little mouths? It is a very old picture, and we have all believed in it at some time or another; but the only people who are thoroughly taken in by it are the people who have never had an eldest sister of their own. The best cure for such a picture is to have an elder sister at once. It is impossible to judge from watching other people's eldest sisters, for their public character is so misleading; for instance, they always kiss the "little ones" in public, and they do it so well that the stray visitor goes away charmed, and wishes she, too, had a nice, velvety person about the place who would pat her on the cheek and give her the best cake out of the dish. That is where the eldest sister is such a fraud. We who are younger sisters would like to say what happens when the stray visitor has departed; the little ones are sent back to the nursery, and the eldest sister stays behind and finishes up the cream with a teaspoon.

On Sunday the eldest sister reigns supreme. On Sunday we learn our Collect and try to say it to her, while she sits with her eyes turned away from the book to show that she knows it by heart



already. But we catch her glancing down at it when she thinks we are not looking, and we begin to giggle, and are forthwith told that we do not realise how wrong it is to laugh on such a very serious occasion. I am very much afraid we do not. On Sunday, too, we look at the coloured German prints in a big Scriptural picture-book. Therein is Noah in a blue coat; and Adam in a carmine mantle, which might by some be considered an anachronism; and Abel lying on the ground, out of perspective, in a pool of crimson-lake which was evidently painted with the last brushful of the crimson-lake which had coloured Cain's coat and Cain's knife and Cain's hair; while a hand, representing Providence, is hanging loosely out of a substantial lamp-black cloud which looks as though it might drop down at any moment. And therein, too, is Moses in the burning bush; and this picture we like best of all, for it is one mass of crimson-lake, with incidental splashes of gamboge to give it a lurid effect; and we amuse ourselves much by trying to fit his large and broad sandals, which are standing on end in the foreground, on to his tiny feet, which seem to have been placed as an afterthought near the hem of his garment. We are very fond of this picture-book, and we please our eldest sister immensely by pointing out the principal characters in it correctly. Even eldest sisters do not know everything, and ours never guesses how little we should know about Noah if he wore a purple coat like Shem, instead of the blue one.

The most annoying trait of the eldest sister is that she is always right. She always makes unpleasant prophecies, and they always come true. It is enough to

make one suspect that she got someone to anoint her with oil in her youth. Sometimes, for instance, we hire an extra man to help the regular gardener in the height of the summer season. There is always a singular charm about an extra man which at once deceives everybody in the house, and causes the regular gardener to give warning on the spot. But our eldest sister is never deceived.

"That man will turn out badly," she says, and she accentuates her attentions to the regular gardener. Of course, he does turn out badly; would he be an extra man if he didn't? But our eldest sister has gained her point, so she snubs the regular gardener, who is inclined to presume on her indulgence, and she takes up the annoying and exultant attitude of the Delphic Oracle. We almost expect to find her poking about for omens among the bones of the chicken we had for dinner yesterday.

It is the same thing if we go for a picnic and really mean to enjoy ourselves. However cloudless the day, our eldest sister prognosticates rain before we start; she puts all the mackintoshes and umbrellas she can find into the carriage, and she persists in hearing thunder in the distance all the way. Nobody else ever hears it, but when we tell her so she merely looks up defiantly at the blue sky as if to say, "So you think I'm nothing but another weak-spirited Canute, do you?" Certainly, if Canute had been an eldest sister the sea would have been compelled to turn back; no simple law of Nature could withstand her. And such is our confidence in her prophetic instinct that we lose all our spirits and wait gloomily



for the end; and when the storm really does come on the way home, which of course it does, she is so proud of her foresight that she hardly minds the rain at all. It is really more than we can bear sometimes; why should Fortune always be on the side of the eldest sister?

The prettiest picture of the eldest sister exists in the sick-room, where she is supposed to tend the suffering little one with loving, tender care. Could anything be more affecting than the sight of our eldest sister bending over us, denying herself for our sakes, and doing all she can to alleviate our pain? Speaking as a younger sister, we do not know anything more painful. At all times she seems to think that we sadly overcrowd a world which is already not select enough for her, and that our only use in being here is to cause her to be the eldest sister. But it is the crown and top of our offence when we catch cold and have to be nursed. She might easily leave us to somebody else's care, but she never will.

"What touching devotion!" say her friends. They do not know.

"You deserve to suffer," is her favourite remark to us; "didn't I tell you not to sit on that damp grass, last Thursday fortnight?"

We feel quite sure that if she had *not* told us not to sit on the damp grass on the aforesaid date, it would never have given us cold; but we only reply in husky tones that we shall be all right to-morrow.

"All right? *That* you won't; you don't leave this room for ten days if I can help it"; and feeling that she has thoroughly got us this time, she claps on a



burning hot poultice unexpectedly, which, of course, is the last thing that ought to be done with a burning hot poultice, and she begins grumbling forthwith at the trouble we are causing her. We beg her not to bother about us, and tell her there is no need for her to nurse us at all; but this annoys her more than ever, for she cannot bear to have her self-sacrifice proved unnecessary.

"Just when we didn't want any colds about the place," she says, bearing down upon us viciously with the camphorated oil; "it will go through the house for certain; I feel quite choky myself. Want of consideration for the happiness of others, *I* call it. Now keep yourself covered up, do, and I will read you the Psalms for to-day."

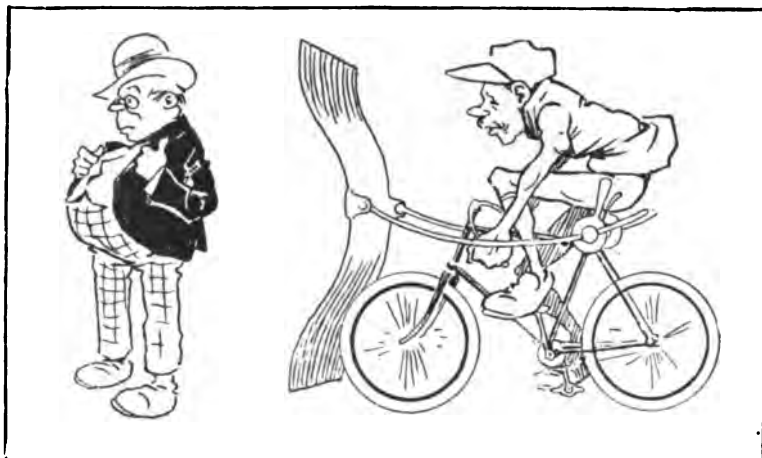
We never know why we have more prayers than usual when we are ill, and we feel it reduces us to the level of the poor people in the village. But we are glad of anything that brings a pause in the remedies even for a moment.

It is a terrible thing to be a younger sister. But, after all, it cannot be much worse than to be an eldest sister and to have to live up to a standard of perfection. For an eldest sister can never allow herself the small luxuries of imperfect human nature; she can never eat the fruit out of the pie and leave the crust, because she has to tell her younger sisters that they should take it as it comes; she can never have jam and butter on her bread at once, because she has to keep up the fiction that such ways are extravagant; she can never leave anything on her plate at dinner-time, because it is her duty to point out that such wastefulness accounts, in some indistinct way which she never clearly explains, for the starvation of the masses in the East End. We do not know if the masses in the East End cease to starve when we do manage to clear our plates by eating more than we want; but our eldest sister's political economy has been acquired, like her theology, mainly for the purposes of convenience, and on this occasion it only serves as a means of getting to the next course as soon as possible.

The ways of the eldest sister are wary and subtle. Trusting, unknowing humanity must inevitably fall a victim to them. But there is always one person who knows them thoroughly well; and that is—the youngest sister.



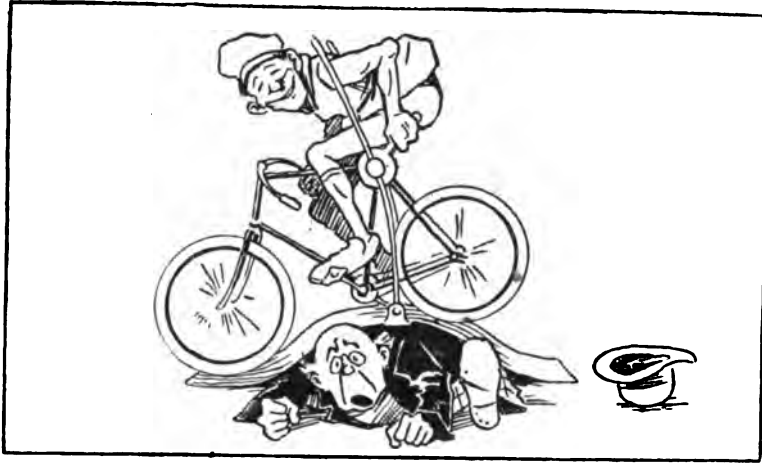
THE LATEST PATENT IN FENDERS.



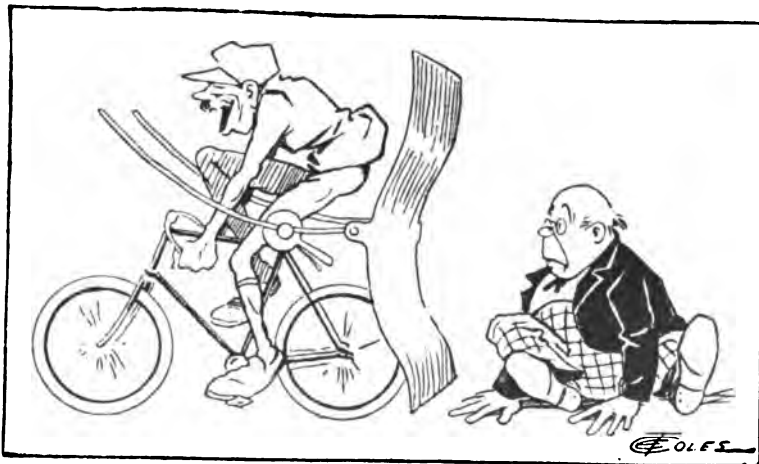
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A WOMAN INTERVENES.*

BY ROBERT BARR.

CHAPTER XV.

JENNIE BREWSTER stood with her back to the door, a sweet smile on her face.

"This is my day for acting, Miss Longworth. I think I did the rôle of housemaid so well that it deceived several members of this family. I am now giving an imitation of yourself in your thrilling drama, *All at Sea*. Don't you think I do it most admirably?"

"Yes," said Edith, sitting down again. "I wonder you did not adopt the stage as a profession."

"I have often thought of doing so, but journalism is more exciting."

"Perhaps. Still, it has its disappointments. When I gave my thrilling drama, as you call it, on shipboard, I had my stage accessories arranged to better advantage than you have now."

"Do you mean the putting off of the boat?"

"No; I mean that the electric button was under my hand—it was impossible for you to ring for help. Now, while you hold the door, you cannot stop me from ringing, for the bell-rope is here beside me."

"Yes, that is a disadvantage, I admit. Do you intend to ring, then, and have me turned out?"

"I don't think that will be necessary. I imagine you will go quietly."

"You are a pretty clever girl, Miss Longworth. I wish I liked you, but I don't, so we won't waste valuable time deploring that fact. Have you no curiosity to hear what I was going to tell you?"

"Not the slightest; but there is one thing I should like to know."

"Oh, is there? Well, that's human, at any rate. What do you wish to know?"

"You came here well recommended.

How did you know I wanted a housemaid, and were your testimonials——" Edith paused for a word, which Jennie promptly supplied.

"Forged? Oh dear no. There is no necessity for doing anything criminal in this country, if you have the money. I didn't forge them—I bought them. Didn't you write to any of the good ladies who stood sponsor for me?"

"Yes, and received most flattering accounts of you."

"Certainly. That was part of the contract. Oh, you can do anything with money in London; it is a most delightful town. Then, as for knowing there was a vacancy, that also was money. I bribed the other housemaid to leave."

"I see. And what object had you in all this?"

Jennie Brewster laughed—the same silvery laugh that had charmed William an hour or two before—a laugh that sometimes haunted Wentworth's memory in the City. She left her sentinel-like position at the door, and threw herself into a chair.

"Miss Longworth," she said, "you are not consistent. You first pretend that you have no curiosity to hear what I have to say, then you ask me exactly what I was going to tell you. Of course, you are dying to know why I am here; you wouldn't be a woman if you weren't. Now, I've changed my mind, and I don't intend to tell you. I will say, though, that my object in coming here was, first, to find out for myself how servants are treated in this country. You see, my sympathies are all with the women who work, and not with women—well, like yourself, for instance."

"Yes, I think you said that once before. And how do we treat our servants?"



EDITH LONGWOETH HAD SAT DOWN BESIDE HIM.

"So far as my experience goes, very well indeed."

"It is most gratifying to hear you say this. I was afraid we might not have met your approval. And now, where shall I send your month's money, Miss Brewster?"

Jennie Brewster leaned back in her chair, her eyes all but closed, an angry light shooting from them that reminded Edith of her glance of hatred on board the steamship. A rich warm colour overspread her fair face, and her lips closed tightly. There was a moment's silence between them, then Jennie's indignation passed away as quickly as it came. She laughed, with just a touch of restraint in her tone.

"You can say an insulting thing more calmly and sweetly than anyone I ever met before; I envy you that. When I say anything low down and mean, I say it in anger, and my voice has a certain amount of acidity in it. I can't purr like a cat and scratch at the same time—I wish I could."

"Is it an insult to offer you the money you have earned?"

"Yes, it is, and you knew it was when you spoke. You don't understand me a little bit."

"Is it necessary that I should?"

"I don't suppose you think it is," said Jennie, meditatively, resting her elbow on her knee, and her chin on her palm. "That is where our point of view differs. I like to know everything. It interests me to learn what people think and talk about, and somehow it doesn't seem to matter to me who the people are, for I was even more interested in your butler's political opinions than I was in Lord Frederick Bingham's. They are both Conservatives, but Lord Freddie seems shaky in his views, for you can argue him down in five minutes, but the butler is as steadfast as a rock. I do admire that butler. I hope you will break the news of my departure gently to him, for he

proposed to me, and he has not yet had his answer."

"There is still time," said Edith, smiling in spite of herself. "Shall I ring for him?"

"Please do not. I want to avoid a painful scene, because he is so sure of himself, and never dreams of a refusal. It is such a pity, too, for the butler is my ideal of what a member of the aristocracy should be. His dignity is something awe-inspiring, while Lord Freddie is such a simple, good-natured, every-day young fellow, that if I imported him to the States I am sure no one would believe he was a real lord. With the butler it would be so different," added Jennie, with a deep sigh.

"It is too bad that you cannot exchange the declaration of the butler for one from Lord Frederick."

"Too bad!" cried Jennie, looking with wide open eyes at the girl before her; "why, bless you, I had a proposal from Lord Freddie two weeks before I ever saw the butler. I see you don't believe a word I say. Well, you ask Lord Freddie. I'll introduce you and tell him you don't believe he asked me to be Lady Freddie, if that's the title. He'll look sheepish, but he won't deny it. You see when I found I was going to stay in England for a time, I wrote to the editor of *The Argus* to get me a bunch of letters of introduction and send them over, as I wanted particularly to study the aristocracy. So he sent them, and, I assure you, I found it much more difficult to get into your servants' hall than I did into the halls of the nobility—besides, it costs less to mix with the Upper Ten."

Edith sat in silence, looking with amazed interest at the young woman, who talked so rapidly that there was sometimes a difficulty in following what she said.

"No, Lord Freddie was not half so condescending as the butler, neither was his language so well chosen; but then, I suppose, the butler's had more practice, for Freddie is very young. I am exceedingly

disappointed with the aristocracy. They are not nearly so haughty as I had imagined them to be. But what astonishes me in this country is the way you women spoil the men. You are much too good to them. You pet them and fawn on them, and naturally they get conceited. It is such a pity, too; for they are nice fellows, most of them. It is the same everywhere I've been—servants' hall and all. Why, when you meet a young couple, of what you are pleased to call the lower classes, walking in the park, the man hangs down his head as he slouches along, but the girl looks defiantly at you as much as to say, 'I've got him. Bless him! What have you to say about it?' while the man seems to be ashamed of himself, and evidently feels that he's been had. Now, a man should be made to understand that you're doing him a great favour when you give him a civil word. That's the proper state of mind to keep a man in, and then you can do what you like with him. I generally make him propose, so as to get it over before any real harm's done, and to give an artistic finish to the episode. After that, you can be real good friends, and have a jolly time. That's the way I did with Lord Freddie. We all went up the river one day—two young men friends of Freddie's and two nice girls, a chaperone, and myself. Would you believe that those two girls proposed to tow us up stream, and the young men actually allowed them to do so. I was steering, and it made me so angry I couldn't speak. Lord Freddie seemed to feel that it was necessary to keep up a conversation; but when I didn't reply to him, he calmly lit his pipe and began to smoke. The other two reclined with their hats over their eyes and, I think, went to sleep. Meanwhile, the two nice girls trudged along the bank together, pulling the rope. I would have sunk the boat if I could, but I didn't know how. Well, when we got to the place where we were to have tea, the young

men said it was jolly nice of the girls to tow them so far; then they went and sprawled under some trees, leaving the complacent girls to get tea ready. I couldn't stand it any longer. I went up to the three sprawlers under the tree, and, bidding them good-bye, I started down the tow-path. Lord Freddie sprang up, and came running after me, asking where I was going. I told him I was going to walk back to London. He laughed, and said I couldn't; it was fifty miles away. But when he saw I was in earnest, he became anxious to know what the matter was. I told him I thought I had come out with three gentlemen, but, finding I was mistaken, I was going back. He got very red, and then I just gave him my opinion of him and his friends, coming out with three girls and paying no more attention to them than if they were three dolls. That settled things. Freddie apologised, and he said he would go back and shake the brutes up a bit, which, I suppose, he did, for the brutes were as nice as could be to us after that. When Freddie and I were towing the boat back, he proposed, and I laughed at him. After a while he began to laugh, too, and so we had a splendid time. What a lovely little river the Thames is, isn't it? A nice, clean, little pocket river. I would like to buy it, and put it in our backyard in America, just to sit and look at it. Now, here am I, chattering away as if I were paid for talking instead of writing. Why do you look at me so? Don't you believe what I tell you?"

"Yes. I believe all you say. What I can't understand is, why a bright girl like you should enter a house and—well—do what you have done here, for instance."

"Why shouldn't I? I am after accurate information. I get it in my own way. Your writers here tell how the poor live, and that sort of thing. They enter the houses of the poor quite unblushingly, and print their impressions

of the poverty-stricken homes. Now why should the rich man be exempt from a similar investigation?"

"In either case it is the work of a spy."

"Yes, but a spy is not a dishonourable person—at least he need not be. I saw a monument in Westminster Abbey to a man who was hanged as a spy. A spy must be brave; he must have nerve, caution, and resource. He sometimes does more for his country than a whole regiment. Oh, there are worse persons than spies in this world."

"I suppose there are, still——"

"Yes, I know. It is easy for persons with plenty of money to moralise on the shortcomings of others. I'll tell you a secret. I'm writing a book, and if it's a success, then good-bye to journalism. I don't like the spy business myself any too well; I'm afraid England is contaminating me, and if I stayed here a few years I might degenerate so far as to think your newspapers interesting. By the way, do you know Mr. Wentworth's address?"

Edith hesitated a moment, and at last answered: "Yes, I do."

"Will you give it to me? I think I ought to write him a note of apology for all the anxiety I caused him on board ship. You may not believe it, but I have actually had some twinges of conscience over that episode. I suppose that's why I partially forgive you for stopping the cablegram."

Edith Longworth was astonished at herself for giving the address to the young woman, but she gave it, and the Lady Slavey departed in peace, saying, by way of farewell: "I'm not going to write up your household, after all."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN the new offices of The Canadian Mica Mining Company, Limited, were completed, Kenyon took charge of them.

He was somewhat overpowered by their grandeur, and he thought that unnecessary expense had been incurred in the fittings, but as they were now in for it, he said nothing, although a shiver of fear ran over him when he thought of the possible failure of his scheme, leaving the rapidly accumulating debt hanging over him. He occupied a desk in one of the back rooms, while a clerk in the front office gave away prospectuses to all who called, and furnished useful knowledge to an inquiring public. Most of Kenyon's callers were newspaper canvassers who wanted advertisements, which John at that moment was unable to supply. An oily young man, whose cast of countenance indicated that he belonged to a shrewd, thrifty, and money-making race, said he was commissioned by *The Financial Field* to get particulars about the mine, and this information Kenyon readily supplied, feeling glad that no advertisement was asked for.

Longworth was seldom at the new offices. He was busy seeing acquaintances who would take stock in the Mining Company. He constantly cautioned his partners against being in too much of a hurry, and he amazed Wentworth by informing him that he had overcome the objections and secured the co-operation of Melville, who had reported so unfavourably about the mineral, thus showing that anything could be accomplished if you took your time over it. A Mr. King, also connected with the china works, had promised his assistance.

The first meeting of proposed shareholders was set for Monday afternoon, and Longworth expressed his belief that the forming of the Company would be accomplished before the week was out.

One day when Kenyon entered the office, the clerk said to him:

"That young gentleman has been here twice to see you. He said it was very important, sir."

"What young gentleman?"

"The gentleman—here is his card—who belongs to *The Financial Field*, sir."

"Did he leave any message?"

"Yes, sir, he said he would call again at three o'clock."

"Very good," said Kenyon, and he began compiling the address to the proposed subscribers.

At three o'clock the smooth, oily gentleman from *The Financial Field* put in an appearance.

"Ah, Mr. Kenyon," he said, "I am glad to meet you. I called in twice but had not the good fortune to find you in. Can I see you in private for a moment?"

"Certainly," answered Kenyon. "Come into the Directors' room," and into the Directors' room they went, Kenyon closing the door behind them.

"Now," said the representative of *The Financial Field*, "I have brought you a proof of the editorial which we propose using, and which I am desired by the proprietor to show you, so that it may be free, if possible, from any error. We are very anxious to have things correct in *The Financial Field*," and with this he handed to John a long slip of white paper with a column of printed matter upon it.

The article was headed "The Canadian Mica Mining Company, Limited." It went on to show what the mine had been, what it had done, and what chances there were for investors getting a good return for their money by buying the shares. John read it through carefully.

"That is a very handsome article," he said, "and it is without an error, so far as I can see."

"I am glad you think so," replied the young gentleman, folding up the proof and putting it in his inside pocket. "Now, as I said before, although I am not the advertising canvasser of *The Financial Field*, I thought I would see you with reference to an advertisement for the paper."

"Well, you see, we have not had a meeting of the proposed stockholders yet, and we are not in a position to give any adver-

tisements about the mine. I have no doubt advertisements will be given, and, of course, your paper will be remembered among the rest."

"Ah," said the young man, "that is hardly satisfactory to us. We have a vacant half-page for Monday—the very best position in the paper, which the proprietor thought you would like to secure."

"As I said, a moment ago, we are not in a position to secure it. It is premature to talk of advertising at the present state of affairs."

"I think, you know, it will be to your interest to take the half page. The price is £300, and besides that amount we should like to have some shares in the Company."

"Do you mean £300 for one insertion of the advertisement?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"Doesn't that strike you as being a trifle exorbitant? Your paper has a comparatively limited circulation, and they do not ask us anything like that price even in the large dailies."

"Ah, my dear sir, the large dailies are quite different. They have a tremendous circulation, it is true, but it is not the kind of circulation we have. No other paper circulates so largely among investors as *The Financial Field*. It is read by exactly the class of people you desire to reach, and I may say that, except through *The Field*, you cannot get at some of the best men in the city."

"Well, admitting all that, as I have said once or twice, we are not yet in a position to give an advertisement."

"Then I am very sorry to say that we cannot, on Monday, publish the article I have shown you."

"Very well, I cannot help it. You are not compelled to print it unless you wish. I am not sure, either, that publishing the article on Monday would do us any good. It would be premature, as I say. We are not yet ready to court

publicity until we have had our first meeting of proposed stockholders."

"When is your first meeting of stockholders?"

"On Monday, at three o'clock."

"Very well, we could put that announcement in another column, and I am sure you would find the attendance at your meeting would be very largely and substantially increased."

"Possibly; but I decline to do anything till after the meeting."

"I think you would find it pay you extremely well to take that half-page."

"I am not questioning the fact at all. I am merely saying what I have said to everyone else, that we are not ready to consider advertising."

"I am sorry we cannot come to an arrangement, Mr. Kenyon, very sorry, indeed," and, saying this, he took another proof-sheet out of his pocket, which he handed to Kenyon. "If we cannot come to an understanding, the Manager has determined to print this, instead of the article I showed you. Would you kindly glance over it, because we should like to have it as correct as possible."

Kenyon opened his eyes, and unfolded the paper. The heading was the same, but he had read only a sentence or two when he found that The Mica Mine was one of the greatest swindles ever attempted on poor old innocent financial London!

"Do you mean to say," cried John, looking up at him with his anger kindling, "that if I do not bribe you to the extent of £300, besides giving you an unknown quantity of stock, you will publish this libel?"

"I do not say it is a libel," said the young man, smoothly; "that would be a matter for the courts to decide. You might sue us for libel if you thought we had treated you badly. I may say that has been tried several times, but with indifferent success."

"But do you mean to tell me that you

intend to publish this article if I do not pay you the £300?"

"Yes; putting it crudely, that is exactly what I do mean."

Kenyon rose in his wrath and flung open the door.

"I must ask you to leave this place, and leave it at once. If you ever put in an appearance here again while I am in the office, I will call a policeman and have you arrested."

"My dear sir," expostulated the other, suavely, "it is merely a matter of business. If you find it impossible to deal with us, there is no harm done. If our paper has no influence we cannot possibly injure you. That, of course, is entirely for you to judge. If, any time between now and Sunday night, you conclude to act otherwise, a wire to our office will hold things over until we have had an opportunity of coming to an arrangement with you. If not, this article will be published on Monday morning. I wish you a very good afternoon, sir."

John said nothing, but watched his visitor out on the pavement and then returned to the making of his report.

On Monday morning, as he came in by train, his eye caught a flaming poster on one of the bill boards at the station. It was headed *Financial Field*, and the next line, in heavy black letters, was "The Mica Mining Swindle." Kenyon called a newsboy to him, and bought a copy of the paper. There, in leaded type, was the article before him. It seemed, somehow, much more important on the printed page than it had looked in the proof.

As he read it he noticed an air of truthful sincerity about the article that had escaped him during the brief glance he had given it on Friday. It went on to say that the Austrian Mining Company had sunk a good deal of money in the Mine, and that it had never paid a penny of dividends—that they merely kept on the Mine at a constant loss to themselves in the hope of being able to swindle some

confiding investors—but that even their designs were as nothing compared to the barefaced attempt at swindling contemplated by John Kenyon. He caught his breath as he saw his own name in print. It was a shock for which he was not prepared, as he had not noticed it in the proof. Then he read on. It seemed that this man, Kenyon, had secured the Mine at something like ten thousand pounds, and was trying to shove it off on the unfortunate British public at the enormous increase of two hundred thousand pounds; but this nefarious attempt would doubtless be frustrated so long as there were papers of the integrity of the *Financial Field* that took the risk and expense of making such an exposure as was here set forth.

The article possessed a singular fascination for Kenyon. He read and re-read it in a dazed way as if the statement referred to some other person, and he could not help feeling sorry for that person.

He still had the paper in his hand as he walked up the street, and he felt numbed and dazed as if someone had struck him a blow. He was nearly run over in crossing one of the thoroughfares, and heard an outburst of profanity directed at him from a cab driver and a man on a bus; but he heeded them not; walking through the crowd like one under a spell.

He passed the door of his own gorgeous office, and walked a considerable distance up the street before he realised what he had done. Then he turned back again, and, just at the doorstep, paused with a pang at his heart:

"I wonder if Edith Longworth will read that article," he said to himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN John Kenyon entered his office, it seemed to him that his clerk looked at him askance. He imagined that innocent gentleman had been reading the article in *The Financial Field*, but the truth is John

was hardly in a frame of mind to form a correct opinion on what other people had been doing. Everybody he met in the street, it seemed to him, was discussing the article in *The Financial Field*.

He asked if anybody had been in that morning, and was told there had been no callers. Then he passed into the Directors' room, closed the door behind him, sat down on a chair and leaned his head on his hands with his elbows on the table. In this position Wentworth found him some time later, and when John looked up his face was haggard and aged.

"Ah, I see you have read it."

"Yes."

"Do you think Longworth is at the bottom of that article?"

John shook his head, "Oh, no," he said, "he had nothing whatever to do with it."

"How do you know?"

Kenyon related exactly what had passed between the oily young man of *The Financial Field* and himself in that very room. While this recital was going on, Wentworth walked up and down, expressing his opinion, now and then, in remarks that were short and pithy but hardly fit for publication. When the story was done he turned on Kenyon.

"Well," he said, "there is nothing for it but to sue the paper for libel."

"What good will that do?"

"What good will it do! Do you mean to say that you intend to sit here under such an imputation as they have cast upon you, and do nothing? What *good* will it do? It will do all the good in the world."

"We cannot form our Company and sue the paper at the same time. All our energies will have to be directed towards the matter we have in hand."

"But, my dear John, don't you see the effect of that article? How can we form our Company if such a lie remains unchallenged? Nobody will look at our proposals. Every one will say, 'What have you done about the article that appeared in the *Financial Field*?' If we say we

have done nothing, then, of course, the natural inference is that we are a pair of swindlers, and that our scheme is a fraud."

"I have always thought," said John, "that the capitalisation is too high."

"Really, I believe you think that article is not so unfair after all. John, I'm astonished at you!"

"But if we do commence a libel suit, it cannot be finished before our option has expired. If we tell people that we have begun to sue the *Financial Field* for libel, they will merely say they prefer to wait and hear what the result of the case is. By that time our chances of forming a company will be gone."

"There is a certain amount of truth in that; nevertheless, I do not see how we are to go on with our Company unless suit for libel is at least begun."

Before John could reply there was a knock at the door, and the clerk entered with a letter in his hand which had just come in. Kenyon tore it open, read it, and then tossed it across the table to Wentworth. Wentworth saw the name of their firm of solicitors at the top of the letter paper. Then he read:

"DEAR SIR,

"You have, doubtless, seen the article in the *Financial Field* of this morning, referring to The Canadian Mica Mining Company. We should be pleased to know what action you intend to take in the matter. We may say that, in justice to our reputation, we can no longer represent your Company unless a suit is brought against the paper which contains the article.

"Yours truly,

"W. HAWK."

Wentworth laughed with a certain bitterness. "Well," he said, "if it has come to such a pass that Hawk fears for his reputation, the sooner we begin a libel suit against the paper the better!"

"Perhaps," said John, with a look of agony on his face, "you will tell me where the money is to come from. The moment we get into the Law Courts money will simply have to flow like

water, and doubtless, the *Field* has plenty of it. It will add to their reputation, and they will make a boast that they are fighting the battle of the investor in London. Everything is grist that comes to their mill. Meanwhile, we shall be paying out money, or we shall be at a tremendous disadvantage, and the result of it all will probably be a disagreement of the jury and practical ruin for us. You see, I have no witnesses."

"Yes, but what about the mine? How can we go on without vindicating ourselves?"

Before anything further could be said, young Mr. Longworth came in, looking as cool, calm, and unruffled as if there were no such things in the world as financial newspapers.

"Discussing it, I see," were his first words.

"Yes," said Wentworth, "I am very glad you have come. We have a little difference of opinion in the matter of that article. Kenyon here is averse to suing that paper for libel; I am in favour of prosecuting it. Now what do you say?"

"My dear fellow," replied Longworth, "I am delighted to be able to agree with Mr. Kenyon for once. Sue them! Why certainly not. That is just what they want."

"But," said Wentworth, "if we do not, who is going to look at our mine?"

"Exactly the same number of people as would look at it before the article appeared."

"Don't you think it will have any effect?"

"Not the slightest."

"But look at this letter from your own lawyers on the subject." Wentworth handed Longworth the letter from Hawk. Longworth adjusted his glass and read it carefully through.

"By jove!" he said, with a laugh, "I call that good; I call that distinctly good. I had no idea old Hawk was such

a humourist! His reputation; indeed; well, that beats me! All that Hawk wants is another suit on his hands. I wish you would let me keep this letter. I will have some fun with my friend Hawk over it."

"You are welcome to the letter, so far as I am concerned," said Wentworth; "but do you mean to say, Mr. Longworth, that we have to sit here calmly under this imputation and do nothing?"

"I mean to say nothing of the kind; but I don't propose to play into their hands by suing them; at least, I should not if it were my case instead of Kenyon's."

"What would you do?"

"I would let them sue me if they wanted to do. Of course, their canvasser called to see you, didn't he, Kenyon?"

"Yes, he did."

"He told you that he had a certain amount of space to sell for a certain sum in cash?"

"Yes."

"And, if you did not buy that space, this certain article would appear; whereas, if you did, an article of quite a different complexion would be printed?"

"You seem to know all about it," said Kenyon, suspiciously.

"Of course I do, my dear boy. Everybody knows all about it. That's the way those papers make their money. I think, myself, as a general rule, it is cheaper to buy them off. I believe my uncle always does that when he has anything special on hand, and doesn't want to be bothered with outside issues. But we haven't done so in this instance, and this is the result. It can be easily remedied yet, mind you, if you like. All that you have to do is to pay his price, and there will be an equally lengthy article saying that, from outside information received with regard to The Canadian Mining Company, he regrets very much that the former article was an entire mistake, and that there is no more secure investment in England than this particular mine. But now,

when he has come out with his editorial, I think it isn't worth while to have any further dealings with him. Anything he can say now will not matter. He has done all the harm he can. But I would at once put the boot on the other foot. I would write down all the circumstances just as they happened—give the name of the young man who called upon you, tell exactly the price he demanded for his silence, and I will have that printed in an opposition paper to-morrow. Then it will be our friend, *The Financial Field's*, turn to squirm! He will say it is all a lie, of course, but nobody will believe him, and we can tell him, from the opposition paper, that if it is a lie he is perfectly at liberty to sue us for libel. Let him begin the suit if he wants to do so. Let him defend his reputation. Sue him for libel! I know a game worth two of that. Could you get out the statement before the meeting to-night?"

Kenyon, who had been looking, for the first time in his life, gratefully at Longworth, said he could.

"Very well; just set it down in your own words as plainly as possible, and give date, hour, and full particulars. Sign your name to it, and I will take it when I come to the meeting this afternoon. It would not be a bad plan to read it to those who are here. There is nothing like fighting the devil with fire. Fight a paper with another paper! Nothing new, I suppose?"

"No," said Kenyon; "nothing new except what we are discussing."

"Well, don't let that trouble you. Do as I say, and we will begin an interesting controversy. People like a fight, and it will attract attention to the mine. Good-bye. I shall see you this afternoon." And with that he was gone, leaving both Kenyon and Wentworth in a much happier frame of mind than that in which he had found them.

"I say, Kenyon," said Wentworth, "that fellow is a trump. His advice has

cleared the air wonderfully. I believe his plan is the best after all, and, as you say, we have no money for an expensive law suit. I will leave you now to get on with your work, and will be back at three o'clock."

At that hour John had his statement concluded. The first man in was Longworth, who read it with approval, merely suggesting a change here and there, which was duly made. Then he put the communication into an envelope, and sent it to the editor of the opposition paper. Wentworth came in next, then Melville, then Mr. King. After this they all adjourned to the Directors' room, and in a few minutes the others were present.

"Now," said Longworth, "as we are all here, I do not see any necessity for delay. You have probably read the article that appeared in this morning's *Financial Field*. Mr. Kenyon has written a statement in relation to that which gives the full particulars of the inside of a very disreputable piece of business. It was merely an attempt at blackmailing which failed. I intended to have had the statement read to you, but we thought it best to get it off as quickly as possible, and it will appear to-morrow in *The Financial Eagle*, where, I hope, you will all read it. Now, Mr. Kenyon, perhaps you will tell us something about the mine."

Kenyon, like many men of worth and not of words, was a very poor speaker. He seemed confused, and was often a little obscure in his remarks, but he was listened to with great attention by those present. He was helped here and there by a judicious question from young Longworth, and when he sat down the impression was not so bad as might have been expected. After a moment's silence, it was Mr. King who spoke.

"As I take it," he said, "all we wish to know is this: Is the mine what it is represented to be? Is the mineral the best for the use Mr. Kenyon has indicated? Is there a sufficient quantity of that mineral

in the mountain he speaks of to make it worth while to organize this Company? It seems to me that this can only be answered by some practical man going out there and seeing the mine for himself. Mr. Melville is, I understand, a practical man. If he has the time to spare, I would propose that he should go to America, see this mine, and report."

Another person asked when the option on the mine ran out. This was answered by young Longworth, who said that the person who went over and reported on the mine could cable the word "right" or "wrong"; then there would be time to act in London in getting up the list of subscribers.

"I suppose," said another, "that in case of delay there would be no trouble in renewing the option for a month or two?"

To this Kenyon replied that he did not know. The owners might put a higher price on the property, or the mine might be producing more mica than it had been heretofore, and they perhaps might not be inclined to sell. He thought that things should be arranged so that there would be no necessity of asking for an extension of the option, and to this they all agreed.

Melville then said he had no objection to taking a trip to Canada. It was merely a question of the amount of the mineral in sight, and he thought he could determine that as well as anybody else. And so the matter was about to be settled, when young Longworth rose, and said that he was perfectly willing to go to Canada himself, in company with Mr. Melville, and that he would pay all his own expenses, and give them the benefit of his opinion as well. This was received with applause, and the meeting terminated. Longworth shook hands with Kenyon and Wentworth.

"We will sail by the first steamer," he said, "and, as I may not see you again, you might write me a letter of introduction to Mr. Von Brent, and tell him that

I am acting for you in this affair. That will make matters smooth in getting the extension of the option, if it should be necessary."

CHAPTER XVIII.

KENYON was on his way to lunch next day when he met Wentworth at the door.

"Going to eat?" asked the latter.

"Yes."

"Very well; I'll go with you. I couldn't stay last night to have a talk with you over the meeting; but what did you think of it?"

"Well, considering the article which appeared in the morning, and considering also the exhibition I made of myself in attempting to explain the merits of the mine, I think things went off rather smoothly."

"So do I. It doesn't strike you that they went off a little *too* smoothly, does it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know exactly what I mean. I merely wanted to get your own opinion about it. You see, I have attended a great many gatherings of this sort, and it struck me there was a certain cut-and-driedness about the meeting. I can't say whether it impressed me favourably or unfavourably, but I noticed it."

"I still don't understand what you mean."

"Well, as a general thing in such meetings, when a man gets up and proposes a certain action there is some opposition, or somebody has a suggestion to make, or something better to propose, or thinks he has, and so there is a good deal of talk. Now, when King got up and proposed calmly that Melville should go to America, it appeared to me rather an extraordinary thing to do, unless he had consulted Melville beforehand."

"Perhaps he had done so."

"Yes, perhaps. What do you think of it all?"

Kenyon mused for a moment before he replied: "As I said before, I thought things went off very smoothly. Whom do you suspect—young Longworth?"

"I do not know whom I suspect. I am merely getting anxious about the shortness of the time. I think, myself, you ought to go to America. There is nothing to be done here. You should go, see Von Brent, and get a renewal of the option. Don't you see that when they get over there, allowing them a few days in New York and a day or two to get out to the mine, we shall have little more than a week, after the cable despatch comes, in which to do anything, should they happen to report unfavourably."

"Yes, I see that; still it is only a question of facts on which they have to report, and you know, as well as I do, that no truthful men can report unfavourably on what we have stated. We have understated the case in every instance."

"I know that. I am perfectly well aware of that. Everything is all right if—if—Longworth is dealing honestly with us. If he is not, then everything is all wrong, and I should feel a great deal easier if we had in our possession another three months' option of the mine. We are now at the fag-end of this option, and, it seems to me, as protection to ourselves, we ought either to write to Von Brent—by the way, have you ever written to him?"

"I wrote one letter telling him how we were getting on, but have received no answer; perhaps he is not in Ottawa at present."

"Well, I think you ought to go to the mines with Longworth and Melville. It is the conjunction of those two men that makes me suspicious. I can't tell what I suspect. I can give nothing definite, but I have a vague uneasiness when I think that the man who tried to mislead us regarding the value of the mineral, is going with the man who has led us into all this expense; he who refused to go

into the matter in the first place, pretended he had forgotten all about it in the second place, and then suddenly developed an interest."

John knitted his brows and said nothing.

"I don't want to worry you about it, but I do want to have your candid opinion. What had we better do?"

"It seems to me," said John, after a pause, "that we can do nothing. It is a very perplexing situation. I think, however, we should turn it over in our minds for a few days, and then I can get to America in plenty of time, if necessary."

"Very well, suppose we give them ten days to get to the mine and reply. If no reply comes by the eleventh day, then you will still have eighteen or nineteen days before the option expires. Put it at twelve days. I propose if you hear nothing by then, you go over."

"Right," said John, "we may take that as settled."

"By the way, you got an invitation did you not?"

"Yes."

"Are you going?"

"I do not know. I should like to go, and yet, you know, I am entirely unused to fashionable assemblages. I should not know what to say or do while I was there."

"As I understand, it is not to be a fashionable party, but merely a little friendly gathering which Miss Longworth gives because her cousin is about to sail for Canada. I don't want to flatter you, John, at all, but I imagine Miss Longworth would be rather disappointed if you did not put in an appearance. Besides, as we are partners with Longworth in this, and as he is going away on account of the mine, I think it would be a little ungracious of us not to go."

"Very well, I will go. Shall I call for you, or will you come for me?"

"I will call for you, and we will go there together in a cab. Be ready about eight o'clock."

The mansion of the Longworths was brilliantly lighted that night, and John felt rather faint-hearted as he stood on the steps before going in. The chances are he would not have had the courage to announce himself if his friend Wentworth had not been with him. George, however, had no such qualms, and was much more used to this kind of thing than his comrade. So they went in together, and were warmly greeted by the young hostess.

"It is so kind of you to come," she said, "on such short notice. I was afraid you might have had some prior engagement, and would have found it impossible to get here."

"You must not think that of me," said Wentworth, "I was certain to come; but I must confess my friend Kenyon, here, was rather difficult to manage. He seems to frown on fashionable assemblages, and actually had the coolness to propose that we should both have prior engagements."

Edith looked reproachfully at Kenyon, who flushed to the temples, as was usual with him, and said:

"Now, Wentworth, that is unfair. You must not mind what he says, Miss Longworth; he likes to bring confusion on me, and he knows how to do it. I certainly said nothing about a prior engagement."

"Well, now you are here, I hope you will enjoy yourselves. It is quite an informal little gathering, with nothing to abash even Mr. Kenyon."

They found young Longworth there in company with Melville, who was to be his companion on the voyage. He shook hands, but without exhibiting the pleasure at meeting them which his cousin had shown.

"My cousin," said the young man, "seems resolved to make the going of the prodigal nephew an occasion for killing the fatted calf. I'm sure I don't know why, unless it is that she is glad to be rid of me for a month."

Edith laughed at this, and left the men together. Wentworth soon contrived to

make himself very agreeable to the young ladies who were present; but John, it must be admitted, felt awkward and out of place. He was not enjoying himself. He caught himself now and then following Edith Longworth with his eyes; and when he realised he was doing this, he abruptly looked at the floor. In her handsome evening dress she appeared supremely lovely, and this John Kenyon admitted to himself with a sigh, for her very loveliness seemed to place her further and further away from him. Somebody played something on the piano, and this was, in a way, a respite for John. He felt that nobody was looking at him. Then a young man gave a recitation, which was very well received, and Kenyon began to forget his uneasiness. A German gentleman with long hair sat down at the piano with a good deal of importance in his demeanour. There was much arranging of music, and, finally, when the leaves were settled to his satisfaction, there was a tremendous crash of chords, the beginning of what was evidently going to be a troublesome time for the piano. In the midst of this hurricane of sound, John Kenyon became aware that Edith Longworth had sat down beside him.

"I have got everyone comfortably settled with everyone else," she said in a whisper to him, "and you seem to be the only one who is, as it were, out in the cold, so you see I have done you the honour to come and talk to you."

"It is indeed an honour," said John, earnestly.

"Oh, really," said the young woman, laughing very softly, "you must not take things so seriously. I didn't mean quite what I said, you know—that was only, as the children say, 'pretended,' but you take one's light remarks as if they were most weighty sentences. Now you must look as if you were entertaining me charmingly, whereas I have sat down beside you to have a very few minutes' talk on business. I know it's very bad form

to talk business at an evening party, but you see I have no other chance to speak with you. I understand you have had several meetings of shareholders, and yet you never sent me an invitation, although I told you that I wished to help you in forming a company, but that is the way you business men always treat a woman."

"Really, Miss Longworth," began Kenyon, but she speedily interrupted him.

"I am not going to let you make any explanation. I have come over here to enjoy scolding you, and I am not to be cheated out of my pleasure."

"I think," said John, "if you knew how much I have suffered during this last day or two, you would be very lenient with me. Did you read that article upon me in *The Financial Field*?"

"No, I did not, but I read your reply to it this morning, and I think it was excellent."

"Ah, that was hardly fair. A person should read both sides of the question before passing judgment."

"It is a woman's idea of fairness," said Edith, "to read what pertains to her friend, and to form her judgment without hearing the other side. But you must not think I am going to forego scolding you because of my sympathy with you. Don't you remember you promised to let me know how your company was getting on from time to time, and here I have never had a word from you; now tell me how you have been getting on?"

"I hardly know, but I think we are getting on very well indeed. You know, of course, that your cousin is going to America to report upon the mine. As I have stated nothing but what is perfectly true about the property, there can be no question as to what that report will be, so it seems to me everything is going on nicely."

"Why do not you go to America?"

"Ah, well, I am an interested party, and those who are thinking of going in with us have my report already. It is necessary to corroborate that. When it

is corroborated, I expect we shall have no trouble in forming the company."

"And was William chosen by those men to go to Canada?"

"He was not exactly chosen; he volunteered. Mr. Melville here was the one who was chosen."

"And why Mr. Melville more than you, for instance?"

"Well, as I said, I am out of the question because I am an interested party. Melville is a man connected with china works, and as such, in a measure, an expert."

"Is Mr. Melville a friend of yours?"

"No, he is not. I never saw him until he came to the meeting."

"Do you know," she said, lowering her voice and bending towards him, "that I do not like Mr. Melville's face?"

Kenyon glanced at Melville, who was at the other side of the room, and Edith went on, "You must not look at people when I mention them in that way, or they will know we are talking about them. I do not like his face. He is too handsome a man, and I don't like handsome men."

"Don't you, really," said John; "then you ought to——" Edith laughed softly, a low, musical laugh that was not heard above the piano din, and was intended for John alone, and to his ears it was the sweetest music he had ever heard.

"I know what you were going to say," she said; "you were going to say that in that case I ought to like *you*. Well, I do; that is why I am taking such an interest in your mine, and in your friend, Mr. Wentworth. And so my cousin volunteered to go to Canada. Now I think you ought to go yourself."

"Why?" said Kenyon, startled that she should have touched the point that had been discussed between Wentworth and himself.

"I can only give you a woman's reason 'because I do.' It seems to me you ought to be there to know what

they report at the time they *do* report. Perhaps they won't understand the mine without your explanation, and then you see, an adverse report might come back in perfect good faith. I think you ought to go to America, Mr. Kenyon."

"That is just what George Wentworth says."

"Does he? I always thought he was a very sensible young man, and now I am sure of it. Well, I must not stay here gossiping with you on business. I see the professor is going to finish, and so I shall have to look after my other guests. If I don't see you again this evening, or have another opportunity of speaking with you, think over what I have said." And then, with the most charming hypocrisy, the young woman thanked the professor for the music to which she had not listened in the least.

"Well, how did you enjoy yourself?" said Wentworth, when they had got outside again. It was a clear, starlight night, and they had resolved to walk home together.

"I enjoyed myself very well indeed," answered Kenyon; "much better than I expected. It was a little awkward at first, but I got over that."

"I noticed you did—with help."

"Yes, 'with help.'"

"If you are inclined to rave, John, now that we are under the stars, remember I am a close confidant, and a sympathetic listener. I should like to hear you rave, just to learn how an exasperatingly sensible man acts under the mania."

"I shall not rave about anything, George, but I will tell you something. I am going to Canada."

"Ah, did she speak about that?"

"She did."

"And, of course, her advice at once decides the matter, after my most cogent arguments have failed?"

"Don't be offended, George, but—*it does*."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR ENGLISH GIRLS.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY.

WE hear so much about disagreeable, abnormal types that arise now and then, such as the New Woman and the Revolting Daughter, that we are apt to forget the real, genuine, delightful girl whom we all know, and who, in her thousands, is still, thank Providence, the rule from which eccentricities such as those referred to are the exception—

“A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air can make her.”

Some one has said that woman is one of Nature's agreeable blunders, and every one is so tired of hearing about this particular blunder, in fullest detail, from her tight-waisted corset to her love of chocolate creams; from her fear of a mouse or a spider to her terrible strong-mindedness; from her silly frivolity to her disagreeable earnestness; that it is worth while for once to endeavour to depict the typical English girl, as we see her every day. She is to no one more conspicuously a blunder than to herself; and to no one more than herself is she an incomprehensible puzzle. But she is usually healthy-minded, and therefore not given unduly to introspection. She is far too well occupied in enjoying herself, riding her bicycle, punting herself about on the river, playing tennis or golf, and making sunshine in her home, to have much time for profitless self-analysis. She reads often enough that the sex she belongs to is a mystery, a problem, and she is content to leave herself unsolved, like a difficult conundrum. She is bright, frank, good-natured, merry, modest, and simple.



What a pity to spoil her, as so many mothers do. It is pure waste and a cruelty to boot, for spoiled girls, even more than spoiled boys, have to learn their lessons in a bitter school from a shrewdish teacher. And they might have been taught them with love and gentleness in the home. But the ideal girl is not spoiled, though she has her faults. She is undoubtedly hard-hearted. How can she be sympathetic with trouble and sorrow when she has never known either? She will soften by-and-bye, and will wonder at her own hardness when she was seventeen or eighteen. The surprising part of it is that she can cry over the woes of dear Trilby, and Miss Winifred Emery can make her weep until her cheeks are glazed with furtive tears, while many forms of real human suffering find her adamant. She can sorrow keenly over a fallen horse, a hurt dog, or a dying kitten, but she fails to realise the subtler phases of grief or pain. She will comprehend but too keenly later on in life, but in girlhood she must be admitted to be hard.

The happy girls of the century-end have not such good reason for wishing to be boys as their mothers, and, more still, their grandmothers, had in their young days. The tyrannous needle swallowed up all their youth. When they were not sewing “white work” in long seams, with such mysterious rites as counter-hemming, running and felling, top-sewing and pointing, they were busy at embroidery frames, producing impossible pictures in tulle and tapestry stitch. At seven years of age our poor dear little great-grandmothers were set down to their samplers. They were cruelly used by those samplers. Some of those to be seen at the Grafton Gallery must make the humane shudder. Mothers of the present moment are pro-

bably just a little too tender-hearted, and forget what admirable training, what remarkable development of fine qualities, are involved in the accomplishment of a difficult piece of work. But those elaborate borders were too cruel. Think of the endless unpicking of false stitches, of the counting three up and three down in those small vandykes, of the tearful eyes that did the counting, and the little, plump, tired fingers that handled the weary samplers day after day for months and months. Those poor little great-grand-mothers!

The girl of to-day hardly knows what Berlin wool-work means. She has probably heard of the crewels that entered into the plan of her mother's girlhood, but fancy-work plays no part whatever in her own cheery, breezy, young existence. Very often she ignores even the needle of ordinary life, and her thimble knows her so little that it will not come when it is called. It has been left in waste places. But the best and nicest of our English girls can use the needle quite as cleverly as they can wield a pair of sculls or handle the reins, or manage a bicycle. The sewing machine at which her mother spent hours of every week in her own young years, has no hold whatever upon our English girl. She has escaped it. If she wishes she were a boy, it is not for pure weariness of indoor life, such as her ancestresses must have felt for many and many a generation back. Girls now have a full, free life opening out before them, and the widening of the prospect is occasionally dazzling. They are going to do such great things. The glow and glory of them quite blinds the eyes to the small things that lie close at hand. They make up their minds to be a Florence Nightingale, and, while revelling in the prospect, forget that it is time for mother to have her medicine or father his beef-tea. It is things like these that make girls so puzzling to themselves and others.

The girl of to-day, with her fine physical

development, her bright, cheery nature, and her robust contempt for all things small and mean, is an immense improvement on the girl of yesterday or the day before. She is as the plant grown out of doors in congenial soil, with plenty of sunshine and careful tending, compared with one that has been nurtured in a hot-house. Instead of the maudlin sensibility that was fashionable in the days of Berlin work, she has a vigorous contempt for all forms of softness. Just as her hands are inured to such hardness as enables them to contribute to her amusement in rowing, biking, and the like, her mind and character are strung up to a firmness of which a sentimental heroine of fifty years since would have been thoroughly ashamed. Cry at a wedding? Not she. She would consider it idiotic,



and, indeed, I am not sure that she would not call it "blubbing," as her brother does. She entertains a fine, manly feeling of friendship for her father, and is good comrade with her brothers, sharing in most of their sports and pastimes. Her nerves are in a very different condition from that in which the indoor girl of a generation since found hers. In a

word she is thoroughly healthy, and shows it not only in the elasticity of her steps and the erectness of her carriage, but in her clear complexion, bright eyes, glossy hair, and glowing lips.

What about accomplishments? Well, thank goodness, the piano is going out of fashion for girls, in the best circles. They are taught just enough of it to let them find out whether or no they have a taste for it. If they have, they go on with it;

if not, it is given up, to the great easement of humanity.

In the same way, drawing and painting are no longer considered indispensable to the equipment of a girl for living her life. Her chief accomplishments are waltzing and tennis-playing. A little bicycling is thrown in, but only the injudicious parent will allow her to practise it to any extent until her frame is fully developed, "her skeleton completed," as Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson puts it.

To speak French is not exactly regarded as an accomplishment, nowadays, any more than gloves are considered a luxury. Fluent French has become a necessity in social life of any status. A little German and Italian are almost necessary as well, in these days of constant continental travel, and the usual plan for enabling the tall daughter of the century-end to acquire these is the pleasant one of taking her abroad for a few weeks of every spring.

These are occasions when our own rusty German and long-forgotten Italian come filtering back adown the little rills of memory, word by word, and phrase by phrase. And, how delightful is our English girl abroad! How she enjoys everything, with a freshness that is never exhausted! She is a pleasant creature, and if her superfluous energy occasionally leads her out of the well-worn grooves of conventionality, she is absolutely to be trusted, because her mind is as healthy as her body. The only thing to be feared is her inexperience; her instincts are true enough. She dislikes some men and a few women without knowing why. No need to enlighten her. She "can't read" books that, in the guise of fiction, dissect poor human nature, and hold all its weak points up to the public gaze. Just as the average individual turns away, repelled, from the sight of the offal sometimes displayed in butcher's shops in poor quarters of the town, so does the pure-minded girl reject the literature that offends her taste.

And, to carry out the simile, good beef and mutton are just as much to be judged by that offal as human nature by the picture of it in some of those books. A nice girl would be just as likely to eat assafoetida among her bonbons as to enjoy the "nasty novel."



Girls do not flirt so much as they did when they led hot-house lives and read too many romances. They can still flirt quite enough, to be sure; but there is so much besides to do, that it often "gets

left," to use a graphic Americanism. We are, by degrees, too, learning the fallacy of that foolish couplet of Lord Byron's. Is it Lord Byron who says it?

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

Whole existence, indeed! It never was, and it never will be. Men live quite as much in their affections as women do; all men, that is, who are worth considering. But what a poor existence would any human creature's be that had nothing in it but love. Thousands and thousands have to do without it, in the sense to which the poet refers. A heart-ache for awhile there is indeed, and then the incessant laving of Time's soothing, cooling, rippling waters. And when the heart is whole again, is there nothing left to live for? Have women no brains, no intellect, no artistic sense, no wide-reaching sympathies, wherewith to fill their lives?

Monseigneur Dupanloup had a very different sort of being in his thoughts when, referring to the usual classification of woman as useful, agreeable, or clever, he remarks that she ought to combine these three things, and become what he entitled the distinguished woman, one

who accepts her life, and works her own character into it, is capable as well as pleasant, accepts the material part of existence without either neglecting or becoming absorbed in it, and enjoys the pleasures of art and intellect without sacrificing to them any of the symmetry of her harmonious existence. That is

our English girl when she reaches her full development, and can look back across the years at her immature self with a gentle wonder, and forward into the future with a freshness of agreeable anticipation that is characteristic of her, and significant of widely cultivated sympathies.



THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

XV. (*Continued*).

SLOWLY, week by week, and month by month, the practice began to spread and to strengthen. There were spells when never a ring came to the bell, and it seemed as though all our labour had gone for nothing, but then would come other days when eight and ten names would appear in my ledger. Where did it come from, you will ask. Some from old Whitehall and his circle of Bohemians. Some from accident cases. Some from new-comers to the town who drifted to me. Some from people whom I met first in other capacities. An insurance superintendent gave me a few cases to examine, and that was a very great help. Above all I learned a fact which I would whisper in the ear of every other man who starts, as I have done, a stranger among strangers. Do not think that practice will come to you. You must go to it. You may sit upon your consulting-room chair until it breaks under you, but without purchase or partnership you will make little or no progress. The way to do it is to go out, to mix everywhere with men, to let them know you. You will come back many a time and be told by a reproachful housekeeper that someone has been for you in your absence. Never mind. Go out again. A noisy smoking concert, where you will meet eighty men, is better for you than the patient or two whom you might have seen at home. It took me some time to realise, but I speak now as one who knows.

But there is a great big but in the case. You must ride yourself on the curb the whole time. Unless you are sure—absolutely sure—that you can do this, you are far best at home. You must never for one instant forget yourself. You must remember what your object is in being there. You must inspire respect. Be friendly, genial, convivial—what you will

—but preserve the tone and bearing of a gentleman. If you can make yourself respected and liked, you will find every club and society that you join a fresh introduction to 'practice. But beware of drink. Above everything, beware of drink! The company that you are in may condone it in each other, but never in the man who wishes them to commit their lives to his safe keeping. A slip is fatal, a half-slip perilous. Make your rule of life and go by it, in spite of challenge or coaxers. It will be remembered in your favour next morning.

And, of course, I do not mean merely festive societies. Literary, debating, political, social, athletic, every one of them is a tool to your hands. But you must show them what a good man you are. You must throw yourself into each with energy and conviction. You will soon find yourself on the committee—or possibly the secretary, or even in the presidential chair.

Do not grudge labour where the return may be remote and indirect. Those are the rungs up which one climbs.

That was how, when I had gained some sort of opening, I set to work to enlarge it. I joined this. I joined that. I pushed in every direction. I took up athletics again, much to the advantage of my health, and found that the practice benefited as well as I. My cricket form for the season has been fair, with an average of about twenty with the bat and nine with the ball.

It must be allowed, however, that this system of sallying out for my patients and leaving my consulting-room empty, might be less successful if it were not for my treasure of a housekeeper. She is a marvel of discretion, and the way in which she perjures her soul for the sake of the practice, is a constant weight upon my conscience. She is a tall, thin woman, with a grave face and an impressive manner. Her standard fiction, implied rather

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than said (with an air as if it were so universally known that it would be absurd to put it into words) is that I am so pressed by the needs of my enormous practice, that anyone wishing to consult me must make their appointment very exactly and a long time in advance.

"Dear me, now!" she says to some applicant, "He's been hurried off again. If you'd been here half an hour ago he might have given you a minute. I never saw such a thing! (confidentially). Between you and me, I don't think he can last at it long. He's bound to break down. But come in and I'll do all I can for you."

Then having carefully fastened the patient up in the consulting-room, she goes to little Paul.

"Run round to the bowling-green, Master Paul," says she. "You'll find the doctor there, I think. Just tell him that a patient is waiting for him."

She seems in these interviews to inspire them with a kind of hushed feeling of awe, as if they had found their way into some holy of holies. My own actual appearance is quite an anti-climax after the introduction by Miss Williams.

Another of her devices is to make appointments with an extreme precision as to time, I being at the moment worked to death (at a cricket match).

"Let us see," says she, looking at the slate. "He will be clear at seven minutes past eight this evening. Yes, he could just manage it then. He has no one at all from the seven past to the quarter past"—and so at the appointed hour I have my patient precipitating himself into my room with the demeanour of the man who charges in for his bowl of hot soup at a railway station. If he knew that he is probably the only patient who has opened my door that evening, he would not be in such a hurry—or think so much, probably, of my advice.

One curious patient has come my way who has been of great service to me. She is a stately-looking widow, Turner by name,

the most depressingly respectable figure, as of Mrs. Grundy's older and less frivolous sister. She lives in a tiny house with one small servant to scale. Well, every two months or so, she quite suddenly goes on a mad drink which lasts for about a week. It ends as abruptly as it begins, but while it is on the neighbours know it. She shrieks, yells, sings, chivies the servant, and skims plates out of the window at the passers-by. Of course, it is really not funny, but pathetic and deplorable—all the same it is hard to keep from laughing at the absurd contrast between her actions and her appearance. I was called in by accident in the first instance, but I speedily acquired some control over her, so that now the neighbours send for me instantly the moment the crockery begins to come through the window. She has a fair competence, so that her little vagaries are a help to me with my rent. She has, too, a number of curious jugs, statues, and pictures, a selection of which she presents to me in the course of each of her attacks, insisting upon my carrying them away then and there, so that I stagger out of the house like one of Napoleon's generals coming out of Italy. There is a good deal of method in the old lady however, and on her recovery she invariably sends round a porter with a polite note to say that she would be very glad to have her pictures back again.

And now I have worked my way to the point where I can show you what I mean when I talk about fate. The medical practitioner who lives next me—Porter is his name—is a kindly sort of man, and knowing that I have had a long uphill fight, he has several times put things in my way. One day about three weeks ago he came into my consulting-room after breakfast.

"Could you come with me to a consultation?" he asked.

"With pleasure."

"I have my carriage outside."

He told me something of the case as we went. It was a young fellow, an only son,

who had been suffering from nervous symptoms for some time, and lately from considerable pain in his head. "His people are living with a patient of mine, General Wainwright," said Porter, "and he didn't like the symptoms and thought he would have a second opinion."

We came to the house, a big one in its own grounds, and had a preliminary talk with the dark-faced, white-haired Indian soldier who owns it. He was explaining the responsibility that he felt, the patient being his nephew, when a lady entered the room. "This is my sister, Mrs. La Force," said he, "the mother of the gentleman whom you are going to see."

I recognised her instantly. I had met her before and under curious circumstances. (Dr. Stark Munro here proceeds to narrate again how he had met the La Forces, having evidently forgotten that he had already done so in Letter VI.) When she was introduced I could see that she had not associated me with the young doctor in the train. I don't wonder, for I have started a beard in the hope of making myself look a little older. She was naturally all anxiety about her son, and we went up with her (Porter and I) to have a look at him. Poor fellow, he seemed peakier and more sallow than when I had seen him last. We held our consultation, came to an agreement about the chronic nature of his complaint, and finally departed without my reminding Mrs. La Force of our previous meeting.

Well, there the matter might have ended, but about three days afterwards who should be shown into my consulting-room but Mrs. La Force and her daughter. I thought the latter looked twice at me when her mother introduced her, as if she had had some recollection of my face, but she evidently could not recall where she had seen it, and I said nothing to help her. They both seemed to be much distressed in mind—indeed, the tears were brimming over from the girl's eyes, and her lip was quivering.

"We have come to you, Doctor Munro, in the greatest distress," said Mrs. La Force. "We should be very glad of your advice."

"You place me in rather a difficult position, Mrs. La Force," said I. "The fact is, that I look upon you as Dr. Porter's patients, and it is a breach of etiquette upon my part to hold any communication with you except through him."

"It was he who sent us here," said she.

"Oh, that alters the matter entirely."

"He said he could do nothing to help us, and that perhaps you could."

"Pray let me know what you would wish done."

She set out valorously to explain, but the effort of putting her troubles into words seemed to bring them more home to her, and she suddenly blurred over and became inarticulate. Her daughter bent towards her and kissed her with the prettiest little spasm of love and pity.

"I will tell you about it, Doctor," said she. "Poor mother is almost worn out. Fred—my brother, that is to say—is worse. He has become noisy, and will not be quiet."

"And my brother, the General," continued Mrs. La Force, "naturally did not expect this when he kindly offered us a home, and, being a nervous man, it is very trying to him. In fact, it cannot go on. He says so himself."

"But what is mother to do?" cried the girl, taking up the tale again. "No hotel or lodging-house would take us in while poor Fred is like that. And we have not the heart to send him to an asylum. Uncle will not have us any longer, and we have nowhere to go to." Her grey eyes tried to look brave, but her mouth would go down at the corners.

I rose and walked up and down the room, trying to think it all out.

"What I wanted to ask you," said Mrs. La Force, "was whether, perhaps, you knew some doctor or some private estab-

ishment which took in such cases—so that we could see Fred every day or so. The only thing is that he must be taken at once, for really my brother has reached the end of his patience.”

I rang the bell for my housekeeper.

“Miss Williams,” said I, “do you think we can furnish a bedroom by to-night, so as to take in a gentleman who is ill?”

Never have I so admired that wonderful woman’s self-command.

“Why easily, sir, if the patients will only let me alone. But with that bell going thirty times an hour, it’s hard to say what you are going to do.”

This, with her funny manner, set the ladies laughing, and the whole business seemed lighter and easier. I promised to have the room ready by eight o’clock. Mrs. La Force arranged to bring her son round at that hour, and both ladies thanked me a very great deal more than I deserved, for after all it was a business matter, and a resident patient was the very thing that I needed. I was able to assure Mrs. La Force that I had had a similar case under my charge before—meaning, of course, poor “Jimmy,” the son of Lord Saltire. Miss Williams escorted them to the door, and took occasion to whisper to them that it was wonderful how I got through with it, and that I was “within sight of my carriage.”

Well, it was short notice, but we got everything ready by the hour. Carpet, bed, suite, curtains, all came together, and were fixed in their places by the united efforts of Miss Williams, Paul, and myself. Sharp at eight a cab arrived, and Fred was conducted by me into his bedroom. The moment I looked at him I could see that he was much worse than when I saw him with Dr. Porter. The chronic brain trouble had taken a sudden acute turn. His eyes were wild, his cheeks flushed, his lips drawn slightly away from his teeth. His temperature was 103°, and he muttered to himself continually, paying no attention to my

questions. It was evident to me at a glance that the responsibility which I had taken upon myself was going to be no light one.

However, we could but do our best. I undressed him and got him safely to bed, while Miss Williams prepared some arrowroot for his supper. He would eat nothing, however, but seemed more disposed to doze, so, having seen him settle down we left him. His room was the one next to mine, and, as the wall was thin, I could hear the least movement. Two or three times he muttered and groaned, but finally he became quiet, and I was able to drop to sleep.

At three in the morning I was awakened by a dreadful crash. Bounding out of bed, I rushed into the other room. Poor Fred was standing in his long gown, a pathetic little figure in the gray light of the dawning day. He had pulled over his washing-stand (with what object only his bemuddled mind could say), and the whole place was a morass of water, with islands of broken crockery. I picked him up, and put him back into his bed again—his body glowing through his nightdress, and his eyes staring wildly about him. It was evidently impossible to leave him, and so I spent the rest of the night nodding and shivering in the armchair. No, it was certainly not a sinecure that I had undertaken.

Well, in the morning I went round to Mrs. La Force and gave her a bulletin. Her brother had recovered his serenity now that the patient had left. He had the Victoria Cross, it seems, and was one of the desperate little garrison who held Lucknow in that hell-whirl of a mutiny. And now the sudden opening of a door sets him shaking, and a dropped tongs gives him palpitations. Are we not the strangest kind of beings?

Fred was a little better during the day, and even seemed in a dull sort of way to recognise his sister, who brought him flowers in the afternoon. Towards

evening his temperature sank to 101·5°, and he fell into a kind of stupor. As it happened, Dr. Porter came in about supper-time, and I asked him if he would step up and have a look at my patient. He did so, and we found him dozing peacefully. You would hardly think that that small incident may have been one of the most momentous of my life. It was the merest chance in the world that Porter went up at all.

Fred was taking medicine with a little chloral in it at this time. I gave him his usual dose last thing at night, and then, as he seemed to be sleeping peacefully, I went to my own room for the rest which I badly needed. I did not wake until eight in the morning, when I was roused by the jingling of a spoon in a saucer, and the step of Miss Williams passing my door. She was taking him the arrowroot which I had ordered overnight. I heard her open the door, and the next moment my heart sprang into my mouth as she gave a hoarse scream, and her cup and saucer crashed upon the floor. An instant later she had burst into my room with her face convulsed with terror.

"My God!" she cried. "He's gone!"

I caught up my dressing gown and rushed into the next room.

Poor little Fred was stretched sideways across his bed quite dead. He looked as if he had been rising and had fallen backwards. His face was so peaceful and smiling that I could hardly have recognised the worried fever-worn features of yesterday. There is great promise, I think, on the faces of the dead. They say it is but the *post-mortem* relaxation of the muscles, but it is one of the points on which I should like to see science wrong.

Miss Williams and I stood for five minutes without a word, hushed by the presence of that supreme fact. Then we laid him straight and drew the sheet over him. She knelt down and prayed and sobbed while I sat on the bed with the little cold hand in mine. Then my heart turned to lead as I remembered

that it lay for me to break the news to the mother.

However, she took it most admirably. They were all three at breakfast when I came round. The General, Mrs. La Force, and the daughter. Somehow they seemed to know all that I had to say at the very sight of me, and in their womanly unselfishness their sympathy was all for me, for the shock I had suffered and the disturbance of my household. I found myself turned from the consoler into the consoled. For an hour or more we talked it over, I explained what I hope needed no explanation, that as the boy could not tell me his symptoms it was hard for me to know how immediate was his danger. There can be no doubt that the fall of temperature and the quietness which both Porter and I had looked upon as a hopeful sign, were really the beginning to the end.

Mrs. La Force asked me to see to everything, the formalities, register, and funeral. It was on a Wednesday, and we thought it best that the burial should be on the Friday. Back I hurried therefore, not knowing what to do first, and found old Whitehall waiting for me in my consulting room, looking very jaunty with a camelia in his button-hole. Not an organ in its right place and a camelia in his button-hole!

Between ourselves I was sorry to see him, for I was in no humour for his company, but he had heard all about it from Miss Williams, and had come to stop. Only then did I fully realise how much of the kindly delicate-minded gentleman remained behind that veil of profanity and obscenity which he so often held before him.

"I'll trot along with you, Doctor Munro, sir. A man's none the worse for a companion at such times. I'll not open my mouth unless you wish it, sir, but I am an idle man and would take it as a kindness if you would let me come round with you."

Round he came, and very hopeful he was. He seemed to know all about the

procedure—"buried two wives, Dr. Munro, sir!" I signed the certificate myself, conveyed it to the registrar, got the order for burial, took it round to the parish clerk, arranged an hour, then off to the undertaker's and back to my practice. It was a kind of nightmare morning to look back upon, relieved only by the figure of my old Bohemian with his pea-jacket, his blackthorn, his puffy crinkly face, and his camelia.

To make a long story short, then, the funeral came off as arranged, General Wainwright, Whitehall, and I being the sole mourners. The Captain had never seen poor Fred in the flesh, "but he liked to be in at the finish, sir," and so he gave me his company. It was at eight in the morning, and it was ten before we found ourselves at Oakley Villa. A burly man with bushy whiskers was waiting for us at the door.

"Are you Dr. Munro, sir?" he asked.

"I am."

"I am a detective from the local office. I was ordered to inquire into the death of the young man in your house lately."

Here was a thunderbolt. If looking upset is a sign of guilt I must have stood confessed as a villain. It was so absolutely unexpected. I hope, however, that I had command of myself instantly.

"Pray step in," said I. "Any information I can give you is entirely at your service. Have you any objection to my friend, Captain Whitehall, being present?"

"Not in the least." So in we both went, taking with us this bird of ill-omen.

He was, however, a man of tact, and had a pleasant manner.

"Of course, Dr. Munro," said he, "you are much too well known in the town for anyone to take this matter seriously. But the fact is, that we had an anonymous letter this morning saying that the young man had died yesterday, and was to be buried at an unusual hour to-day, and that the circumstances were suspicious."

"He died the day before yesterday. He was buried at eight to-day," I explained, and then I told him the whole story from the beginning. He listened attentively, and took a note or two.

"Who signed the certificate?" he asked.

"I did," said I.

He raised his eyebrows slightly. "There is really no one to check your statement then?" said he.

"Oh, yes, Dr. Porter saw him the night before he died. He knew all about the case."

The detective shut his notebook with a snap. "That is final, Dr. Munro," said he. "Of course, I must see Dr. Porter as a matter of form, but if his opinion agrees with yours I can only apologise to you for this intrusion."

"And there is one more thing, Mr. Detective, sir," said Whitehall explosively. "I'm not a rich man, sir, only the — half-pay skipper of an armed transport, but by —, sir, I'd give you this hat full of dollars to know the name of the — rascal who wrote that anonymous letter, sir. By —, sir, you'd have a real case to look after then," and he waved his blackthorn ferociously.

So the wretched business ended, Bertie. But on what trifling chances do our fortunes depend! If Porter had not seen him that night it is more than likely that there would have been an exhumation. And then—well, there would be chloral in the body, some money interests *did* depend upon the death of the lad—a sharp lawyer might have made much of the case. Anyway, the first breath of suspicion would have blown my little rising practice to the wind. What awful things lurk at the corners of life's highway, ready to pounce upon us as we pass.

And so you really are going a-voyaging. Well, I won't write again until I hear that you are back from the Islands, and then I hope to have something a little more cheery to talk about.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MOURNING. ROYAL AND OTHER.

BY MISS M. A. BELLOC.

AMONG old-world customs dying slowly, but dying hard, is that of mourning. Curiously enough, the respect paid to the dead is essentially a primitive and uncivilised instinct; no wild African tribe but has its mourning customs and ceremonies, and he who dared to propose the formation of a Funeral Reform Society to a red Indian, would soon himself become a fit subject for that which he advocated.

The more poor, the more miserable, we might even say the more degraded the section of society, the more it clings to what has been fittingly styled, the trappings of woe; and extraordinary—nay, heroic—efforts will be made to raise the money, with which to provide a grand funeral and mourning feast.

Curiously enough, it is at the two extremes of society that this elaborate attention to what may be called the etiquette of death is observed, especially in those countries where monarchical institutions obtain; for both deep and complimentary Court mourning is worn by the Sovereign and his consort, by the Princes and Princesses of the royal blood, by the Household, and by all those connected directly or indirectly with the Court.

In old days every European Court had its own funeral usages and mourning customs, but now they have each adopted much the same etiquette as regards these matters, and whether a royal widow be Queen of Spain or Czarina of Russia, her costume and the length of her mourning do not vary to any notable extent. On the occasion of a christening or coronation, Royal mourning is totally suspended; this fact was strikingly illustrated at the marriage of the Czar of Russia to Princess Alix of Hesse. The effect produced by the ceremony, according to an eye-witness, was like a sudden

burst of sunshine in the midst of a dark night. And on this occasion, for the last time in her life, the widowed Empress Dagmar appeared in the splendid Russian gala costume.

The British Court is more often in mourning than is any other; this is owing to the Queen's close relationship with so many of the German royalties, and scarcely a month passes by without some British Prince or Princess being obliged to assume a long or short term of mourning.

The Kings of France mourned in violet, as did for centuries British sovereigns; the last to do so being James II., who still kept up the custom when living in exile.

General mourning is only commanded on the death of a Monarch, or that of a Prince or Queen Consort, Heir Apparent, and Heir Presumptive.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and on more than one occasion immense fortunes have been made, after some royal decease of more than usual importance, by those engaged in crape and black woollen goods manufacture. Indeed, the wealth of a latter-day merchant prince is owing, to a great measure, to the fact that his great grandfather speculated on the probable death of poor Princess Charlotte, clearing by the success of his somewhat sinister black gamble the sum of £50,000. On the other hand, it is a significant fact that several who followed this tradesman's example during the illness of the Prince of Wales, found their financial condition sadly crippled, when the immense store of sable-hued material accumulated by them fortunately proved unneeded.

In connection with this essentially practical side of Court mourning, Addison tells an anecdote not without interest. He at one time constantly met at the

tavern frequented by him a man whom he took for an ardent and eccentric royalist. Every time this individual looked through the *Gazette* he exclaimed, "Thank God! all the reigning families of Europe are well," whilst he would occasionally vary this formula by making reassuring remarks on the healths of the then members of the British Royal Family. After some time, Addison discovered that this universal royalist was a coloured silk merchant, and, further, never made a bargain without inserting in the agreement, "All this will take place as long as no Royal personage dies in the interval."

Soon after the death of the Duchess of Kent, the Queen took a fancy to a peculiarly simple style of mourning head-gear then in vogue, and which consisted of a plain white straw bonnet trimmed with black ribbons. Accordingly, a firm of milliners, consisting of two orphan sisters, in which Her Majesty took a kindly interest, were told to deliver two of these bonnets a week "until further orders." Years passed by, the order was never rescinded, but continued to be executed each week. It was not till comparatively lately that the two sisters, now become elderly women, were told their profitable labour must cease and that the Queen no longer required the bonnets to be sent.

During the last hundred years, Court mourning has differed but little, though we see in the old *Gazettes* what materials were considered fashionable and suitable; thus, on the death of the Princess Charlotte, Court mourning consisted of "black bombazines, plain muslin, or long lawn-cape hoods, chamois shoes, black gloves, and crape fans;" and then, as now, one great peculiarity of Court mourning consisted in the fact that, when in half-mourning, the ladies were allowed to wear coloured ribbons and carry coloured fans.

Nowadays these matters are regulated according to precedent, but it is not unusual for the Queen herself to decide the

duration of the mourning to be worn on any special occasion.

Instructions as to Court mourning are generally issued in *The Gazette*, and run somewhat as follows:—"The ladies to wear black dresses, white gloves, black or white shoes, feathers and fans, pearls, diamonds, or plain gold or silver ornaments. The gentlemen to wear black Court dress, black swords, and buckles."

As may easily be imagined, official mourning garments form a not inconsiderable portion of the wardrobe of those attached to any of the European Courts; for at any moment, without the slightest warning, they may have to array themselves in deep, half, or slight mourning.

Till just before the Revolution, French Court mourning was extremely elaborate. The King's apartments, even the ante-chambers, were hung with black, and the bedrooms and dining-rooms with grey cloth; every looking-glass was covered with crape; and these rules were followed after the Restoration.

Napoleon III. returned to the custom of wearing violet when in mourning; not only his own and the Empress's private apartments but also the Imperial chapel were draped in purple.

Almost every colour has been used as a sign of mourning; white is still the colour signifying woe in China, and was also worn by the ladies of Rome and Sparta. Henry VIII. wore white mourning for Anne Boleyn, and in certain districts in England and Wales it is still the custom to wear white hat-bands and also white scarves at young girls' funerals. Eastern nations have always used yellow mourning; it is said that they do this because yellow signifies the entrance of the departed into the great golden light of Eternity.

European nations have now adopted black mourning, but blue or violet is still worn in Turkey, brown in Egypt, and grey in Abyssinia. Every country has its own customs as to the length of the

period in which mourning has to be worn, and on the Continent the rules are very strictly observed. A widow's mourning usually lasts a year, but every country differs as to what her exact apparel must be; the white cuffs and collars which form an important part of what may be called the English widow's uniform, would deeply shock French sentiment; for there, what is styled *le grand deuil* does not admit the smallest touch of white. French Queens, when widowed, always remained in a dark room, hung with black cloth, on which were fastened white velvet dots, supposed to represent tears, and they remained amid these gloomy surroundings for six weeks. In the pamphlet which Buchanan

wrote against Mary Queen of Scots, he commented severely on the fact that long before the forty days following Darnley's death were spent, she showed herself at a window, and "looked out on the light of day." The importance attached to this forty days' intense mourning is shown by the fact that there is a widows' quarantine mentioned by Blackstone in English law. According to Scotch law, if a husband dies solvent or insolvent, his widow is entitled to a preferable payment out of the assets, to provide herself with mourning suitable to his rank; but, apparently, the widow's, and those of the children attending the funeral, is the only mourning recognised by law.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL

TALLY-HO!



THE IDEAL.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

TALLY-HO!



THE REAL.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.

MORE ABOUT MIND.

THE few words I had to say about dreaming, in THE IDLER for August last, have brought me some curious "experiences" from correspondents who have explored the interesting borderland of the sleeping and waking condition. To the great majority of those leading healthy and happy lives this is a *terra incognita*. They fall asleep and wake again without seeming to pass through any intermediate stage of sensation. They know nothing more of the operations of their brain than they do of the digestive processes of their stomach. It is not from those that we can learn much. The pathological side of the mind, as of the body, is the instructive side; and the surest passports to the land of visions are trouble, worry, anxiety—anything of a disturbing and harassing character that enters into our daily life. To many people this is familiar ground enough. Yet few record their experiences of it with sufficient accuracy or amplitude of detail to help us to a solution of the mystery of mind; which is a pity, because thence, I believe, many a valuable suggestion for the psychologist is to be derived.

In all directions, the seeker after truth, if he only goes far enough, finds his way barred by a blank wall. In the physical sciences, the insuperable obstacle is the understanding of either unlimited time or unlimited space, both of which, nevertheless, seem to be indispensable conditions of any intelligent conception of a universe, which, to our small senses, presents both duration and extent. The psychologist is stopped by the impossibility of realising

the first gleam of sensation. At what point does matter begin to know itself? And how? These are questions to which no answer can yet be given, and which may remain unanswered till the end of time.

THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE.

Mind you, along this difficult path of inquiry reason can take us a little further than practical demonstration can go. We cannot say what sensation is, but we can guess what it *must* be; and by sensation I mean the principle of life itself. It must be a property of the molecules of matter. Constituted in one way, these molecules are sentient; in another, they are dead; the actual matter in each case being the same. It may be said that this does not advance us much; and I fully admit that it does not reveal the grand secret.

Still, consider the following point: A plant is the result of certain molecular processes, whereby the inorganic matter of earth, water, and air become living protoplasm. An animal cannot live on inorganic matter; it must draw its nourishment from the plant, or from some other animal that lives upon the plant. But analyse animal, plant, soil, air, water, and you will find that they are all composed of the same elements—elements procurable, every one of them, in a chemist's shop; and that the particular form they take is due to the constitution, the mixing of the ingredients. That, and nothing more. Life is not breathed into some image of clay; when the necessary conditions exist, it shows itself.

The chemist hopes some day to be able to produce in his laboratory the conditions of matter that go to the making of life

and mind, and I am not sure that he may not yet do so. It will be a great day, no doubt, when he first discovers in his test tubes a piece of living, artificially-created protoplasm. But even if he were able to produce protoplasm, as he is beginning to produce diamonds and rubies, in the laboratory, any practical application of the discovery would still be immeasurably beyond him. So practically, in considering the problem of mind, we may take for granted the transformation of a dynamic effect into an idea; that is, accept it as a fact without professing to explain it. Just as the physicist is content to deal with the universe as a going concern of unknown origin, so it is permissible to take the brain as an existing instrument of thought, and observe its operations as such. In this respect, the study of visions becomes important; they reveal the automatic action of the brain in a manner not otherwise disclosed to us. That all mental processes are automatic, that the supposed exercise of "will-power" is a mere figment of the imagination, and that in all matters we act as we happen to be built, like machines that are well or ill-made, is now one of the commonplaces of modern psychology. Nevertheless, it is instructive to get a glimpse at the processes that go on.

A WAKING VISION.

Here is a dream or a vision conveying a "warning." It is communicated to me by a lady, who tells it so graphically that I reproduce the words of her letter, observing only, by way of preface, that she had been suffering great family trouble (this being, presumably, the inciting cause of her dream), and that, for obvious reasons, she does not wish her identity disclosed:—

"When things had come to the worst, I—who seldom dream (never having indigestion, the common cause of such)—used to have one dream, a dream of horror, a dream of lost souls, not in hell,

in its common acceptation of the word, but a hell which would appeal peculiarly to me. I was always in this place, seeking rest and finding none; surrounded by other souls, whose whole hideous life seemed written in their doomed faces. Nobody spoke, and every time I asked, 'What is this place?' a look would come on the face of the being I asked, such as a dog would have whose master, well loved, has died—a hopeless unexplained lost look. No sound ever; and as for the place itself, my words would never convey its awfulness.

"Now for the tragedy of my dream—my hand shakes as I tell it.

"My life grew too hideous to bear, and—having my own views as to the legality, or otherwise, of closing 'one's own book'—I determined to bid good-bye to this old world. For days I walked about with a bottle of Hunter's Solution of Chloral; and one night, Sunday—my evil day always—I walked my room in the darkness, and, as I passed my dressing-table, I caught, in the glass, a glimpse of a white, despairing face, and two big, sad eyes. It was the face of one of *my lost souls*! The beings I saw in my dream!

"And then, only, I realised that a warning had been given me—God only knows from where (this is what all your science will never make clear)—and the method of the warning was initiated long before the guilty purpose itself entered my mind. Do you see this? I knew now that if I did this thing, the peace and rest, even annihilation, I craved, would not be mine—but another life—death, rather, in the abode of my dream.

"This is all. I laid the glass down, and walked out into the cool night, miles and miles, and at last lay down with my head on mother earth and listened to the big silence—just the chirp of a bird now and then—and tried to draw together the threads of my so tangled life. I could look for earthly comfort nowhere; and although I felt convinced this warning had come from God, I had been at war so long with the idea of a God, who could bear to see one of His creatures so desperate and unhappy that I could *not* draw comfort from that source. And though I walked home in the lovely bright sunlight saved, I had still the old trouble to face.

"And my dream never came again! To me this is the surest proof that it came not 'unsought, unsent,' a question of nerves and daylight impressions."

THE QUESTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

So far from being a hard nut for psychology to crack, this vivid "experience" fits in very accurately with prevailing theory; which assumes a large amount of mental work to be done outside the sphere of consciousness. Why we are conscious of certain mental acts, and not of others, which also involve labour (such as the solving of some difficult question in facts or figures which we take to bed with us in a tangle, and wake to find all beautifully cleared up), it is hard to say.

If we think of the mind as a capacious stage, shrouded in darkness, consciousness may be compared to a small circle of white light thrown in the centre of it. All the mental operations that come within this focus we are conscious of. The others escape us. Yet they go on all the same. Generally, it may be said that the frequent repetition of an act tends to withdraw it from the range of the bull's eye of consciousness. We then do it, as the saying is, mechanically, or instinctively, although it may involve some extraordinarily complex processes. All the great natural functions—breathing, swallowing, digesting, walking, are unconsciously performed; and it is probable that the lives of the great mass of the lower animals are lived in the same state of mental obscurity.

At the same time, I am not prepared to admit that consciousness has anything to do with the question of the soul, or the "higher self" with which the theologians are concerned. It is clearly the function of some part of the material brain, because in sleep, or as the result of a blow on the head, it ceases to act, just as any other faculty ceases; and I do not envy

those who are committed to the task of proving its detachability from the body. Moreover, it is as certain as anything can be, that dogs and other animals possess a "consciousness," similar in kind, though probably much less in extent than ours.

In addition to being an interesting function whereby the brain can look in upon and criticise its own operations, consciousness is intimately concerned, I believe, with morals. I do not see what hold the moral law could obtain upon society without the existence of consciousness. Yet, the vision above related seems to show that while consciousness may be something in our moral life, it is not everything. That, indeed, in a scientific sense, is the most important feature of my correspondent's "experience." I do not remember, in all the literature of the subject, anything which so unmistakably points to the possible detachment from consciousness of the sense of right and wrong. Usually in dreams, trances, or visions, there is a curious suspension of all sense of morality; but here a moral impulse, operating in the sub-conscious strata of the mind, is strong enough to revive a visual effect—that of the white face, seen in the mirror and accepted by the mind, by some sort of pre-arrangement with itself, as a warning.

As to the genesis of the white face, or rather faces, of the dream, it is clearly due to some automatic action of the brain, stimulated in the first instance by my correspondent's unhappy domestic circumstances. Such spontaneous activity of the nerve-cells of the gray matter we are bound to accept as a fact. It is the one conceivable source of the hallucinations of the insane (who see, hear, touch, taste and smell things that are not); of the more coherent mental images of the man of genius; and, in a general way, of all the creative mental acts of our daily life. I have no doubt that my correspondent, in her unhappiness, was brooding over ideas of perdition, and that she unconsciously

turned to the dreary, desolate hell of northern mythology rather than to the fire and brimstone pit of the peoples of the South, whose ideas have come to be incorporated with Christianity.

This aspect of the question—the spontaneous action of the brain—is aptly illustrated by the letter of another correspondent—a well-known Socialist—whom I may indicate by the initials T. R. He writes :—

“It happened, some months since, that I, late one evening, was skimming over some book, written in ridicule of Socialism, in which was a paragraph giving the writer's notion of what a Socialistic street would be like. He depicted rows of mean-looking houses, all of precisely the same pattern, to the most minute detail. Now my idea of a street under a non-competitive system being of a totally different kind (elegance, refinement, and as much variety and ornamentation of both persons and habitations as would be compatible therewith being cultivated to the utmost possible extent), I was extremely disgusted with this fellow's view of the matter ; so, when in bed that night, I thought I would endeavour to mentally produce a Socialistic street, and see which of our views it favoured.

“For a long time I could see nothing but a sort of mist or smoke ; but presently from this emerged some hundreds, perhaps thousands, of figures having a sort of banjo-like appearance—circles with a projecting arm—the meaning of which, for a long time, I could not comprehend. At last the smoke cleared off to a great extent, and I then discovered that these singular figures were the heads of groups of rough, excited men, and that the straight lines were guns, which they carried over their shoulders and in various positions ; while a deal of smoke (? that of gunpowder) still remained above their heads. This scene, like all those of my other ‘visions,’ was constantly on the move ; different groups forming every instant, and the positions of the men and the manner of holding their weapons changing also. But all was so distinct for the moment that I could see, and count, the buttons on their clothes. But to the last they remained rough, excited, angry

men, holding guns and surrounded by smoke.

“This ‘vision’ seemed almost prophetic to me, I having been in search of a totally different scene ; while it is feared by a vast number of people (many not at all Socialistic) that a change of system, whatever it may be, will be preceded by a violent revolution, in which rough and excited men and guns will play a very prominent part.

“After viewing this unexpected scene for some time, I wiped it off my brain (is that expression justifiable ?), and made another effort to produce the much-desired street. This, after a time, I accomplished ; and what did I see ? A row of some fifteen or twenty houses (not even semi-detached—observe this), each house being superbly ornamented, and in a style of its own, both of architecture and of ornamentation, but all in perfect keeping and harmony : the corner house being ornamented with Masonic signs (none of which, except the triangle, do I know anything about), in gold and primary colours !!! ‘Ah !’ you will say, ‘you concocted all this in your mind.’ I can prove to you that it was not so ; for I have, for many years (I can show you a tale, *à la* ‘Looking Backward,’ written twenty years ago, wherein I pictured such habitations), in describing what a Socialistic street would be like, represented every house surrounded by a large bit of garden ground ; whereas those of my ‘vision’ were all built quite close together, with merely an ordinary pavement in front ! Then the style of ornamentation is the very last I should consciously have thought of or should suggest. Besides, I abominate freemasonry. Yet I am bound to say that there was nothing unsightly or offensive in the corner house of my ‘vision.’

“I do not pretend to understand how all this comes about ; you may. But my belief is that, having all my life taken a deep interest in scenery of every description, and, while no judge of the talent exhibited in them, have always found great delight in pictures, vast numbers of these views and pictures have been stored away in the cells of my brain for many years, and are liberated and passed before my mind's eye, as a picture-slide is placed between the light and the lens of a

magic lantern, when, in darkness and silence (not always necessary), I reflect on certain subjects. Nor do I think this habit or ability is peculiar to myself. I have no doubt that a great number of other people have similar experiences; but, unlike myself, keep them to themselves."

That the stored-up impressions of the past are capable of being revived, more or less in their entirety, is very true. Their revival constitutes memory, and memory is, undoubtedly, the chief fabric of thought. Without memory and a faculty of comparison, which enables us to judge between past and present experience, every scene

would be new to us, and when our eyes were closed our minds would be a blank. It is hard to conceive what sort of world it would be were memory denied us, as it probably is to vast numbers of existing species. But as both the visions above reported go to prove, the spontaneous action of the nerve-cells of the brain have to be reckoned with; and it is necessary, further, to dismiss the notion that consciousness plays an all-important part in our mental operations. When due allowance has been made for the considerations here indicated, the place left for the supernatural in dreams and visions will be found to be a small one.



WHAT PLAYWRIGHTS EARN.

PRIZES are always fascinating objects—to possess, or merely to covet—and the opening of the theatre season, together with the interest lately shown in the official statement of the earnings of the unhappy dramatist now languishing in Wandsworth Gaol, turns many wondering eyes towards the glittering prizes that await the writer—the popular writer—for the stage. It was not ever thus. The dramatic author must have been for ages much worse off than “the rogue and vagabond” with whom he consorted. Even Shakespeare, who knew all and foresaw all, could hardly have foreseen the good times coming for members of his craft. Till long past his day, the men whose genius made the Garricks, Kembles, Keans, the heroes of their time got but little for their brains.

Before the passing of the Copyright Act, managers were free to perform an author's plays without asking permission or paying fees. Upon original production, however, the receipts of the third, sixth, and ninth nights were generally set apart to satisfy his claims. And thus Oliver Goldsmith received some £450 for his immortal farce, *She Stoops to Conquer*; Sheridan, £1,000 for the *School for Scandal*; and Sheridan Knowles for *Virginius*, *The Hunchback*, and other plays, which brought scores of thousands into the treasuries of Macready's and Charles Kemble's theatres, something less than £1,200 in all. Bulwer Lytton strode at once to better things. “Two hundred

down” and £5 a night were his terms for what proved a failure. And during the forties, fifties, and sixties, fair sums were paid, though the ultimate reward of £1,000 for a single play was rarely secured. Then began the author's fight for his rights. The argument was pushed home that without the author, the actor—the pet of the public—has no existence; and the author, in the character of “predominant partner,” began to come to the front.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert was one of the first to insist upon “payment by results,” obviously the fairest method to be devised. If a play be enormously successful, the author should reap a proportionate harvest. If a failure, he should, in reduced fees, indirectly shoulder his share of the loss. Hence a sliding scale has been adopted, which works in this fashion: An author of established—but not pre-eminent—reputation will take 5 per cent. upon all takings, until an amount sufficient to cover the weekly expenses of the theatre is reached. This, of course, varies enormously. The Lyceum curtain cannot be raised at a cost of less than £170 a performance. A “society” play like *The Masqueraders* or *Vanity Fair*, played at a “society” house, will cost the manager £500 to £700 a week. A heavy melodrama like *The Swordsman's Daughter* will cost more; a farce like *The New Boy* much less. Then the holding capacities vary. Two hundred pounds can be squeezed into the Adelphi pit alone; but barely that sum

into the whole of Terry's. The Haymarket and St. James's, crammed, can bring in some £225 to £240 a night. The Lyceum holds £420; Drury Lane still more; the Gaiety about £300. Taking the average, however, an author at a reputable London house would receive 5 per cent. on all receipts up to, say, £500 a week, with the joyful possibility of learning that, with six evening performances and two matinées, these might be swelled to £1,200, £1,500, or even £2,000! In such an event, his 5 per cent. would not apply.

Under the sliding scale arrangement, with the increase of receipts, his weekly solatium increases too. Thus upon receipts of over £500, and under £800, he would expect $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.; of £800 to £1,000, 10 per cent.; and in a few cases, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's, Mr. Pinero's, Mr. H. A. Jones's, and Mr. Grundy's, for example, as much as 15 per cent. would be levied upon takings in excess of that sum. Then in addition to London, there are the Provinces, Africa, Australia, and America, with all their well-nigh inexhaustible supplies of gold and playgoers. Even the Continent furnishes a "paying claim," until the prospect eventually opened up is that of El Dorado itself, as a little calculation will easily prove. But calculation is superfluous. An author's confession is enough. Eight years and more ago, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in pleading before the Playgoers' Club for the free development of his genius, even with no more than a bare crust to do it on, paralysed his hearers by stating that already his share of *The Silver King* had brought him £10,000, and that play is running to this day.

Mr. Sydney Grundy, when reproached with forsaking comedy for melodrama, retorted with the eloquence of his bank-book, which, in twelve months, showed an advance from £800 to £5,000. Nor are these sums, round and comfort-

able though they are, the first prizes in this profession. Imagine the fortune which Mr. Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea* must have earned. For a quarter of a century it has been a favourite play, and has furnished scores of actresses and lovely women with a part in which millions have crushed to see them. Probably £25,000 would be no excessive estimate of the earnings for its author of this one play. Nor is any piece of its class of the highest value of all.

In the theatre, as in the canvas booth, it is the monstrosity which draws. To *The Private Secretary*, or to *Charley's Aunt*, to a grotesque travesty of nature, one must go for the irresistible attraction, the colossal sums. In the case of the former, the author, or rather adapter, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, was manager also, and his profits have been placed at £100,000. *Charley's Aunt*, on the other hand, can boast a writer, Mr. Brandon Thomas, who has now received fees upon over seven thousand performances! At an absurdly low estimate, this means at least £30,000, and as with Mr. Kipling's *Tomlinson*, "the tale is still to run." These are the big figures, and there is, of course, another side to the picture. Few authors, for instance, would refuse a commission to write a play for two or three hundred pounds, but that is largely because success or failure is little better than a "toss-up."

But there are also the fortunes which are sold for a song. Mr. J. M. Barrie's house-boat comedy, *Walker, London*, was one of these. Its author was unknown as a writer for the stage. He had his dramatic spurs to win. And when Mr. Toole offered him £250 for all rights in the piece, he took it, and, in gaining a name for success, lost thousands. With his second play, *The Professor's Love Story*, Mr. Barrie was in a different position. He could claim reasonable terms, and the comedy has earned him probably as much as the best

of his books. Here, too, the dramatist gains, if he combines with his stage work the art of writing novels. Mr. Hall Caine's reward for the *Ben-my-Chree*, his dramatised version of *The Deemster*, was twice as much as even his great novel brought him. And so, in all likelihood, will it be with *The Manxman*—unequalled success though the novel has been—before the stage has done with the story. For nothing creative offers anything like a play's golden return, once the slightest success is achieved. The tens of thousands are rare, it goes without saying. They are reserved for plays that create a sensation. But the units are common enough. These fall indiscrimin-

ately upon the just and unjust—alike to the *Mrs. Ebbsmiths*, *The New Boys*, *The Lady Windermere's*, *The Shop Girls*, *The Miss Broucns*, the anythings, brilliant or ludicrous, stodgy or lively, that "catch on" even for half a season. And as for the mere hundreds, they are to be had for the asking—provided, of course, that in addition to his modest material capital of pens, ink, and paper, the playwright possesses a little wit, a little knowledge, a gift of invention (or an eye for another's), a nose for what is "in the air," a wide acquaintance among managers, and a wholesome abhorrence for such clogging ideals as devotion to Art, with a capital A.

CROSSIN' THE BRIDGE.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

WE were sitting round the Store, "swapping yarns" with the Four Corners' Store-keeper, who had recently been elected Sheriff, and was thus compelled to keep in touch with his supporters, lest the French-Canadian element should come in and swamp all chances of reaping adequate resource and emolument from his office. It was well-known that Laviolette, from Quebec, had been going about promising his own party everything they wanted if they would only elect him at the next General Election as Member for the County. But the Store-keeper, that very afternoon, arrested Laviolette for being "mad-drunk" and using threatening language. Most of us had returned from the exhilarating spectacle of seeing Laviolette fined ten dollars by a local magistrate (the magistrate was an old chum of the Store-keeper's, and rather hurried matters, seeing that the affair seemed a private as well as a political one), and committed to gaol in default. Whereupon, the Store-keeper had invited us to come up to the Court House, which overhangs the gaol-yard, in order to enjoy seeing this disturber of the public peace shorn of all his glory and clad in parti-coloured striped prison trousers, which made him look like the lower part of a bipedal zebra. Touched by pity at the sight of one so fallen, we had unanimously thrown him some tobacco and a pipe, and left him to the dismayed contemplation of a big stone-breaking hammer and a heap of geological specimens, the crushing of which would form a constant part of his official duties during the enforced seclusion of gaol life.

"If he hadn't gone an' got on a jag," said the Store-keeper, moralisingly, "there's no tellin' all the harm he might have done in a peaceful an' united constituency. Now, breakin' stones 'ill take the mischief outer him, an' he'll leave gaol a healthier, wiser man. It's a sort of thing to warn people never to drink unless they can do so in moderation, or without disturbin' folk."

"Jesso," said Peter Marston. "Jesso, Sheriff. D'you remember what happened to Fergusson Small, when he tried to cross the bridge with a bottle of whiskey in his pocket? That scared off most of the young fellows from drink round here, an' we had a thunderin' temperance revival. Don't you remember the year, Sheriff?"

"Wal, no," said the Store-keeper, "I disremember 'zackly the time it was when folks round here got worried to join the temperance cause; but twarn't more'n a few years ago, an' I'll tell you all about it if that son of a gun, Timber Jake, 'ill shut the door, an' come in outen the snow. 'Fore what happened to Fergusson Small, we didn't take much stock in water round here. Seemed sorter unkind to Lavie's whiskey to mix it up in such an unnatural matrimony, so to speak; an', besides, when the Baptists took to breakin' holes in the Ottawa to baptise folk one winter, it kind of broke up the Baptist community, an' made the rest of us weaken on water in any shape or form after old Deacon Jenkins was doused in the river with only a night-shirt on, an' the presidin' minister carelessly let him slip under the ice, an' he didn't turn up again till the spring following, knocked outen all recog-

nisable shape. No, sir, the Baptists had to clear out or give up their primitive method of welcoming folk to the fold; an' they cleared out all of 'em exceptin' Mamie Roberts an' her old dad. That's how the trouble began between Fergusson Small an' Peter Snell. Now Peter's joined the Salvation Army, an' has quit chewin' an' drinkin' an' all his other pleasant little ways, it can't hurt him any to let on about his share in the transaction, which was a mighty mean one, as you'll discover when I come to tell you all about it.

"Wal, Mamie Roberts was a monstrous pretty girl, an' Fergusson Small an' Peter Snell soon got to fightin' about her. At first, Mamie only laughed an' went sleigh-driving with both of 'em, or accepted their presents an' made out she didn't know her own mind, which, being a woman, was very likely true enough. But the shame of it was that though Fergusson Small was mighty rich an' well-to-do, an' spent money right and left, he couldn't help gittin' drunk as an Injun every night. Peter warn't no slouch, an' could take his liquor like a man; but the tother feller ud git upset d'reckly.

"Every time one of 'em took Mamie out drivin' the other ud wait round the corner when he went to put up his horses, an' the set to atween 'em was only brought to an end by old Constable White a readin' the Riot Act from his bedroom window, an' threatenin' to gaol the pair if they didn't go home. Just about that time, too, the Contractors started to build a bridge the tother side of the river, over the mouth of the Rouge. You know what a thunderin' wide bridge it is now, an' how carefully the drivers always slow up afore they cross there.

"Wal, one fine day ('twas about Indian summer-time, when you can't hear the leetlest, tiniest sound in the woods, an' everything seems just waitin' to bid good-bye to old friends), folk was mighty

s'prised to see Fergusson Small an' Peter Snell go out gunnin' together. They got it into their heads as how Fergusson and Peter was goin' to shoot off the difficulty, an' who hit most birds was to marry Mamie; but it turned out afterwards it was only their own foolishness that led 'em to think so. Old Roberts was livin' close to the Crick, an' neither he nor Mamie saw Peter go into Lavie's and bring out a bottle of whiskey, which Fergusson shoved into the inner breast pocket of his shootin' coat, an' started, half fuddled, with Peter, Peter doin' all the rowin', as if he wanted to work off some of the black thoughts in his heart. Folks saw 'em reach the other side safely enough, an' then I seed 'em afterwards when I was sittin' at the mouth of the river, just underneath the trestle-work of the bridge, sixty feet above me, an' peerin' through the open spaces of the temporary woodwork. The way of the bridge hadn't been laid down permanently, but long timbers ran from one arch to the other, with, here an' there, a cross-timber to hold 'em together. Between each cross-timber an' the next was a space of about a yard-and-a-half, though it didn't look so big from where I was sittin' makin' believe to catch pickerel, but not gettin' any, an' lettin' my line play about among the big, half-covered boulders round which the Rouge River rushed and swirled an' eddied an' foamed like a witch's broth-pot. Most of the rocks had jagged, sharp-pointed edges, an' wasn't pretty to look at, bein' slippery as well, but there was two big perfectly flat rocks only half covered by the water, separated by about two yards or a yard. Presently, as I sot there, I heard shots gittin' nearer an' nearer an' nearer, an' once something struck the buttress of the bridge close to my head. I made up my mind it was time to move, or those two durned fools would try to shoot me, an' count me by weight as so many turkeys to add to their score. But just then I got a bite, an' I

was so surprised that I didn't know what to do, but was sorter struck all of a heap. Fifteen years, man an' boy, I'd fished in thisyere spot 'ithout gittin' a fish. The wonder of it most took my breath away as if I'd been caught stealin' hens or robbin' a collectin' plate o' Sundays. Not that I ever did either; but when I got a bite an' landed that fish it most knocked me out of time. When I looked up again, I could see Fergusson an' Peter comin' out of the woods by the furthest side of the bridge, an' each stoppin' to take a swig outen the bottle, which Fergusson put back into his pocket again. As far as I could make out, Peter was jeerin' at him, an' darin' him to walk across the unfinished bridge. I dessay most of you gentlemen know how it is when one leg starts north an' the other south, an' your left side leans over nor'-west, an' your head tries to waggle to the south-east. I could see Fergusson was pretty far gone, from the way he walked. There was no earthly chance of my gittin' there in time to stop him. All I could do was to keep quiet so as not to startle Fergusson, while that skunk of a Peter stood lookin' on with a grin, which I could see.

"Fergusson still held the gun in his hand. I began to think he'd git over the bridge safely after all, though he had one or two slips which brought my heart into my mouth. Suddenly Peter let off his gun, an' Fergusson, thinkin' he was shot, gave a stumble an' came flyin' through the bridge on to the rocks below. I couldn't help givin' a yell, for I knew Mamie loved him, and didn't care a red cent. for Peter; but presently I heard a groan in the place where he fell, an' hurried up to the spot to look after the remains. Would you believe it, gentlemen, that chap had fallen atween the two rocks, with his gun outstretched, an' that had broken his fall—an' the gun too! He was bleeding pretty

badly from a broken head an' rib when I got to him, an' he was unconscious for a time, but, as I lifted his head, out tumbled the whiskey bottle from his pocket, safe and sound. You may break a man's heart, but it takes a lot to smash his whiskey bottle."

"Did he die?" asked someone.

"No, sir, you bet he didn't die. A trifle like that don't kill a true-born Canadian. It's only you imported Brit-ishers as pass in your checks for a little thing of that sort. Some fellows who was hard by carried him to my boat, an' laid him down slam-jam on top of my beautiful pickerel—a fish I had intended to have stuffed, just to show the sawdust from the mills hadn't killed everything in the Ottawa yet. That pickerel looked as if it had been fed in a boardin'-house, it was so thin when I heaved Fergusson off its remains. He was always a gentleman was Fergusson. As they helped me to lift him into the boat, he says, 'Kindly thank these gentlemen for their trouble, an' give 'em something.' That was his way. He seldom gave people anything himself, but they always felt as if he had.

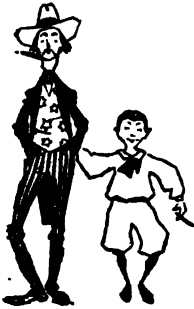
Then he fainted away again, as we rowed him over, an' I went on ahead to break the news to Mamie. Somehow, I was that flustered I forgot to knock, an' walked right into the house.

'He's dead,' says she, jumpin' up an' lookin' white.

'It's a lie,' says I, gently, not wishin' to fluster her too much; but she rushed out of the house, an' helped to carry him in, an' laid him down on her own bed, an' when Peter pretended it was all an accident, she turned on him like a wild cat.

'You coward, oh, you coward!' she said, her eyes blazin' at him. 'Oh, you skunking coward! I love him! I love

If you want the opinion of an American boy about the way to bring up parents you have come to the right shop, and I can give it to you straight. I know all about parents. I've always got on beautifully with them by just doing as I pleased, and letting them see that there wasn't any use in their sulking or getting on their ear. Since I've been in England, I've been fairly ashamed of the way that the English fellows let their fathers and mothers ride over them. There's a chap in the same house with me who is a regular slave to his father, and don't dare to say his soul is his own. I admit that he is a little chap, for he is only ten years old, and, as I am thirteen, I don't have very much to do with him. Still, I am disgusted with the meek way that he minds every foolish thing that his father says to him, and I've told him so, a dozen times. From what I have seen, I believe that parents are brought up in England a great deal worse than they are in America. I guess that our American parents are a great sight better to start with; but whether that is so or not, we American boys get on first-class with our fathers, and



make them do anything that we want them to do. I would like to have a lot of these English fathers made to go and live in America, and be put through an American education by a lot of American stepsons. They'd have a pretty bad time at first, but it would do them good in the end, and don't you forget it.

* * * *

I prefer to treat this subject from a serious point of view. One has to live with one's parents for a great many years, so one may just as well know how to manage them. My parents are fairly easy to manage, but it wants a lot of tact to do it properly. It makes a great deal of difference to you the way you bring up your parents.

I get on with my father very easily; I have been accustomed to tell him what I wish him to do ever since I can remember. To begin with, I never ask him anything I want particularly, unless he is smoking; a man is generally amiable when he is smoking, and, unless he is unusually cross, I get my way.

My parents have a good many different moods; at any rate they have three. The first is what I call the severe mood, in which they will not let me do anything I want; the second, I call the lazy mood, when they are too lazy to disturb themselves whatever I do; and the

Miss Elsie Jerome treats the subject seriously.



third is when they are thoroughly good-tempered, and let me do anything I like. But they are not as a rule in the same mood together, and that makes it difficult. If my mother is good-tempered, my father is irritable, and *vice versa*.

I began at a very early age to manage my mother. I think it must have been soon after I was born. I was very delicate when I was younger, and, being the only child, I was indulged a good deal. My mother gave in to me, in nearly every way. I took it quite as a matter of course, and things have gone on like that ever since. If I want my mother to do anything, I always find out, first of all, that none of her many duties have gone the slightest bit wrong, and if everything has gone smoothly and she is pleased with herself and the world generally, then I ask for what I want; occasionally she does not agree with me, but, as it so seldom happens, I usually give in with a good grace. On the whole, I find my mother more difficult to manage than my father; my mother has too many ideas of her own on the subject of bringing up children, so she and I sometimes differ.

I know a lot of children who have no tact whatever, and the result is that their parents are simply awful. I sincerely pity the children. On the whole, my parents are very satisfactory, and I am very satisfied with them and the way I have brought them up.

* * * *

Grant Allen Jun., says that this question requires the most serious consideration.

The education of parents by their children is, and always has been, a matter that requires the most earnest consideration. With the revolt of the Celt and the revolt of the daughter

before us, what can be more reasonable than to look for the revolt of the parent?

When it was first suggested to me that I should make my opinion on this subject known, I at once said to my "pupils": "The result's good enough, but I'm hanged if I know how I got there." I understand, however, that the secret of success in writing articles consists, to a great extent, in saying a vast deal about things of which one is entirely ignorant, so here goes:

The secret of bringing up and educating one's parents lies, without a doubt, in gentleness not unmixed with fortitude. Above all, guard against excessive familiarity, which, in this as in everything, tends to breed contempt. On the other hand, while exercising due will-power over one's subjects (I should perhaps say "objects") a certain amount of freedom of speech and action should be admitted, as under too great constraint the "pupils" are apt to break away and kick over



the traces. The expression, "kick over the traces," strikes me as being very applicable, as the training of parents, is to be best accomplished in much the same way as one breaks in a colt.

The importance of not allowing the objects of so much care and solicitude to mix with unfit companions is such as *never* for a moment to be overlooked. It is dreadful to consider the awful waste of time and talent caused by the allowing of parents, before they are fully "cured," to associate with persons totally without any sense of gratitude at the kind thought and provision that their children make for their bringing up. Should they be allowed to "get into bad company" they will immediately revert to original sin. It is well also to occasionally spout some good wholesome platitudes, such as "you are now at by far the happiest period of your life," and any other such twaddle as occurs to one's mind.

In conclusion I may say that, for some seventeen years, I have followed this method with the greatest success, and can assure all who seek advice on this matter that, besides being an excellent way in theory, it is entirely satisfactory in practice.

* * * *

After twelve years of experience in the care and education of parents, I am convinced that the chief reason why they are troublesome is that they are not treated either with constant indulgence or constant strictness. I believe that parents, as a rule, mean well, though that is more than one can say of aunts. Of course, if you indulge them too much and pay attention to all their whims, they will be of very little use or comfort to you, but they will usually behave fairly well. If you are strict and severe with them, and let them see that you mean to be obeyed, they will keep their proper place and give you very little trouble. But in most cases we are severe with parents one moment, and over-indulgent the next. This will ruin the disposition of the most affectionate father or mother. They will never know when you mean to be obeyed, and when you are willing that they should have their own way. I have known dozens of parents, who might have been a credit and a joy to their children, who have been entirely spoiled by this injudicious treatment. Parents are, in nine cases out of ten, what their children make them. I am certain that both parents and children are the happier in the end where the former are brought up with uniform strictness; but even constant and foolish indulgence is better than strictness and indulgence mixed together. Any child can conquer the most obstinate parent by steady persistence. I have never seen the time when I could not make my father obey by simply refusing to eat anything until he did as I

Miss Alden narrates her experiences.

wished him to do. Any child who has the courage to refuse to eat for twenty-four hours can break an obstinate parent's will, and when once broken he will remain docile and obedient, if he is not spoiled by foolish kindness.

* * * *

Miss Freda Hawtrey see, he was such a precocious parent. He had a very inquiring mind, and wanted to know all sorts of awkward things—what the world was coming to, for instance? How could I know? One is simply obliged to tell parents not to speak until they are spoken to, when they will ask questions like that. I was always very particular about the books father read ;



it seemed to me so important that his fresh, innocent mind should be kept in ignorance, as long as possible, of the terrible problems of life that perplex our own generation. Dear papa says *Westward Ho* is his favourite book. One of the greatest struggles I had was to cultivate a spirit of truthfulness in him. It was perfectly awful to hear the hardened way he would send down to say he was "Not at home." "Sir," I said

severely, "look me straight in the face and deny, if you can, that you are at home." Then I tried to strike terror into his soul by telling him he might be killed by lightning if he lied, but he didn't seem to mind ; I couldn't even rouse him to enthusiasm on the subject of George Washington ; at last I had recourse to severer punishment, though, as I said, it pained me far more than it did him. The great conclusion at which I finally arrived was, that firmness is essential in educating the parent. I was always firm, with the result that father now looks up to me with humble gratitude, and has really turned out quite a credit to the family.

* * * *

Miss Helen Fenwick Miller considers the bringing up of parents a hard task.

The bringing up of a parent is, I am sure, as hard as a parent says the bringing up of a child is. Indeed, I should think it is much the same. Parents, however young or old, ought to be a good deal petted, coaxed, and thought for, and not allowed to do what we know is bad for their health. You should give them a pleasant surprise from time to time, such as a bunch of flowers, to show you think of them. This might, perhaps, spoil some parents, but it agrees with mine. It is a great point to study



the individual character of the parent, so as to know what they can put up with, and what they will be too much disturbed with; it is no use to upset their tempers and digestions by going too strongly against them. It is best never to downright contradict them, as it only makes them more cross and troublesome. My plan, when I do not find my desires attended to, is to keep very quiet and grave, and look as if I could hear nothing and would think nothing and say nothing till I was mollified. I can recommend these plans, as they have brought my mother up the nicest mother I know of anywhere; as to my father, I have let him grow up by himself.

* * * *

I should bring up parents rather strictly, but I should sometimes give them treats—when they were very good. Sometimes I should take them to theatres, especially pantomimes; and I should always give them ices.

"Bootles" Stannard prefers drastic methods, but occasionally relaxes.

I think parents ought to have money. I would give mine two pounds on each birthday, and about as much at Christmas. Then they should have threepence a week besides. I would encourage parents to put their money in savings banks.

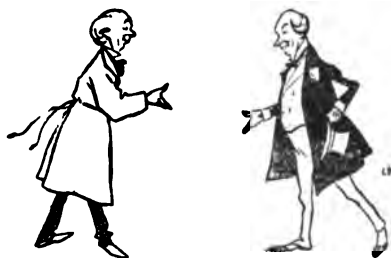
I should be *very* strict in the matter of grumbling. Parents sometimes say they are not very well, and cannot do with our noise; but when

outside people come in, they forget being ill, and are ever so nice. So I should call *that*—grumbling.

Some parents quarrel with each other, which is horrid for children. My parents don't (they asked me to say this, because they wouldn't like people to think they quarrel), but if they did, I should lock them up in separate rooms and leave them for a long time. When I let them out, if they were not *quite* good, I should put them to bed.

I don't see why fathers should not smoke if they like; but I don't think people ought to ask parents to parties without their children.

Some parents want all the tit-bits, which is very *mean*. On a chicken there is the merry-thought and the knob (*we* call it the knob, but



my mother says its proper name is "the parson's nose"), and the liver and the eye, which is on the back. Children ought to be quite willing to share these with parents, but parents should do the same, too.

I am awfully well satisfied with my parents, though they have a few very tiresome habits—one is, worrying about clean hands, and I thank-yous.

But some people's parents are horrid. There is a mother at Westgate, a place not very far away from this, who beats her baby six months old—I've seen her. She smacks it *hard* when it can't go to sleep. I'm glad I'm not that mother's child. I would drown that mother.

* * * *

Miss Gertrude
Warden has no
fixed plan.

I have to bring up Papa and Mamma without any sort of fixed plan, just the best way I can, because it is so hard, and it grows harder every year. Papa is much easier to manage than Mamma, and they are both easier to manage than Nurse. If you go on asking or telling Papa to do a thing long enough—sometimes you have to keep at it all day, or two or three days—he will grumble and scold and stamp his feet, and say children are the misery of a man's life, and that he will send us to school and all that. But he generally ends by doing what one wants.

But Mamma is different. She looks crosser than Papa, and doesn't say so much; but it is often very difficult to make her see that what we want is best for us.

We should find it easier to manage our parents if we understood them better. If they had ever been children themselves, it would be easy, for then they would enter into our feelings. They say they have been children; but that is all nonsense, and only said to keep us quiet; for if they had ever been children, wouldn't they walk through the puddles like us?



And would they go and buy toys for us, instead of letting us play with the things in Mamma's cabinet, which we should like ever so much better? Everything they do and say proves they have never been children; they couldn't alter so much in a few years.

I notice that the older you get the more difficult you find it to manage your parents. My brother Rupert, who is two, makes them do much more that he wants than any of us; my little sister Olivia gets her own way more than I do with them; while, as for my big brother Godfrey, who is seven, will you believe it that he has given up managing Papa and Mamma altogether, and lets *them* manage *him*! Isn't it mean-spirited? Just like a boy!

I don't know any more to tell you, but I hope this will help other little boys and girls.

I will try and give you my opinion on the bringing up of my parents. For instance, I would much rather if mother, instead of rehearsing at the theatre, or going out to see people, would come and play at hide-and-seek with me in the square.

Miss Beerbohm
Tree's
Opinions.

Daddy is always hearing plays read, or writing speeches, going out to dine, and all that sort of thing, instead of taking me riding or driving. It is the most difficult thing to bring up parents exactly the way one wishes them to be.

If I had my way, I should make mother wear short skirts and thick boots and straw hats, so that she could climb trees and play cricket. After much persuasion, I have got as far as making her ride a bicycle. Of course, Daddy could do all these things quite well if he likes, only he *won't*. When I ask him to come for a walk with me, he looks at his watch, and says: "I can't, for it's 11 o'clock now, and I *must* be in town by 9.30." So what am I to say? Sometimes when he goes to the theatre in the evening, he takes me with him, because I say it will be such a surprise for mother; so I go to mother, and she says: "You really must go now, it's so late for you to be out." Of course, I would much rather have stayed. Now that is another thing I would rather they would not do; but nobody is quite perfect.

* * * *

My opinions of parents are that they should be firm but kind, so that when the child grows up it ought to look up to them as a pattern of everything that is right.

Master W. S.
Penley has a
Programme.

As to punishment for children, I think the parents ought not to use the stick, except in very necessitous instances. As to slighter offences, they should give them a punishment such as a lesson to learn, or a pleasure taken away from them.

Parents ought to enter into their children's play, not actually joining in unless they like, but watch them, and encourage those that seem to

be out of it. The parents should be the first persons a child should go to in case of hurt. A mother who has no sympathy with her child will injure its future. Children want sympathy.

The parents ought to send their children to boarding-schools, so that when they come home for the holidays their home will seem all the dearer to them. The parents should see that the rooms are high and well-ventilated, spacious, and not crowded with furniture.



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FOR THEE.

FOR thee was always my awakening thought,
For thee the prayer that soothed me ere I slept,
For thee the smiles that Hope but seldom brought,
For thee the many bitter tears I wept.

For thee my life I gladly would cast down,
And for thy love would pay Death's fatal price—
Thou, my sweet consolation and my crown;
Thou, my despair, my hope, my Paradise.

For thee, oh my unsullied, stainless goal,
I live to-day, and for one perfect kiss
From thy warm lips I would give up my soul
And life in worlds hereafter and in this.

For thee from sin I would not even shrink;
For thee I would not tremble before Death;
For thee I'd perish, if I once could sink
And die upon the perfume of thy breath.

Thou art my hope, my future, and my past;
Thou art my sweetest torture and delight;
Thou art my only love, the first, the last;
Thou art my radiant dawn, my starry night.

Spurn not my passion that will e'er abide,
Boundless and vast, and constant as the sea,
But rather pity in thy conscious pride
A love more strong than Death itself, for thee.

FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

PROFESSOR VAN WAGENER'S EYE.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

"THERE is one thing," said the Colonel, as we were walking along the Strand one evening, "in which London is behind the age, and that is in the matter of electric lighting. Take my own town of New Berlinopolisville. It hasn't more than fifty thousand inhabitants, but there isn't a gas lamp in the whole place, except in a few houses. The streets and most of the houses are all lighted with electricity, and I shouldn't be surprised to find when I get home again, that our people were doing all their cooking and house-warming by electric heat. Why you Britishers still stick to gas as you do, is something that I can't account for.

"Did I ever tell you about old Professor Van Wagener and his electric inventions? Well, this looks like a respectable bar-room, and, if you say so, we'll step in and have a little something; and I'll tell you about the Professor. He was one of our most remarkable men, and though the general public doesn't know it, he did more for the cause of electricity than almost any man in America, except Edison.

"About two years ago," began the Colonel, as he sipped his hot Scotch, and tried in vain to tilt back on its imaginary hind-legs the sofa on which we were sitting, "Professor Van Wagener went crazy, as most folks thought, on the subject of electricity. Incandescent lamps were his particular style of lunacy, and he made up his mind that he wouldn't have any other sort of light in his house. You see his sight was beginning to get a little dim, which made him dissatisfied with gas; and then he had knocked over his kerosene lamp—paraffin, I believe you call it over here, though I don't see what right you have to invent new names for things that we Americans have named

—half a dozen times, and had come so near to setting the house on fire, that he was anxious to get rid of kerosene altogether. Then, again, he believed that electricity would be a good deal cheaper than gas, provided it was properly managed; and I'm inclined to think that he was right. Anyway, he told Mrs. Van Wagener that he was going to furnish the house with incandescent lights, and that she might sell her kerosene lamps and her gas fixtures for what they would bring.

"Now thishyer Professor was not only an ingenious man, but he was a practical man, which is something that a Professor very seldom is. He saw that it was all a mistake to have lights fixed in one place, as gas-burners are, or to have them carried about by hand like ordinary lamps or candles. "Peripatetic lamps are what we want," said he, which, I suppose, means lamps fastened on the top of our heads, though I admit that I don't know any German to speak of. So the Professor, as soon as he had taken the gas fixture out of the front hall, fitted an incandescent light on the top of the head of the housemaid, and supplied it from a storage battery that was concealed under the girl's back hair. When there was no need for a light in the front hall it was left in darkness, but whenever anybody rang at the front door, the maid just turned up her light, and answered the bell. She was a rather pretty girl, and she made a fine effect with her lamp glowing on the top of her head, and lighting up her face in a way that would have made an ugly face pretty hard to bear. When she showed visitors into the parlour, she would walk in front of them, lighting the way; and everybody declared that she was a long way superior to the best hall light that had ever been previously known.

"Then the Professor fitted a light in the inside of his silk hat, and cut openings in the hat to let the light shine through. In front of the hat was a window of plain glass; on the right side was one of green glass; and on the left side one of red glass. You see, the Professor's idea was, that his lights would show which way he was heading, when he went out on the street after dark. 'Any man who knows the rule of the road,' said he, 'will know by the colour of my lights which way I am heading, and can keep out of my way.' This was very convenient for the old gentleman, for, as I have said, his sight was rather dim, letting alone the fact that he had one glass eye; and this being the

case, he often ran into people, and horses, and things, when he was out after dark. He made a good deal of a sensation the first time he appeared on our Broadway, with his head-light and his side-lights burning their brightest, and, as was natural, he had a pretty big crowd following him. The policemen were a little doubtful about the thing at the start, for a policeman always thinks that anything that is new must be unlawful. However, the Professor was so generally respected that even the policemen hesitated to club their ideas into his head.

"Professor Van Wagener had a daughter who was middling popular with the young men, although she did know an awful lot of mathematics and chemistry. Of course, her father fitted her, as he did everybody else in the house, with an electric head-light; but the girl wasn't very well pleased with it. When a young man came to see her, she would turn herself on, and light him into the back parlour, where they would sit together and talk. But somehow the young men never seemed to make much progress after Miss Sallie was lighted by electricity. Whether it was that no fellow likes to have an electric light resting on his shoulder, or whether it was because there was no way of turning the light down till it would burn in a cosy subdued way, like gas when it is turned down by an intelligent girl, I can't say; but the result of the thing was that Sallie didn't get a single offer from the day her father lit her up with the incandescent light. At first she begged him to let her have a kerosene light, and when he wouldn't do it she cried a good deal, and said that he wanted her to die an old maid. That's what would probably have happened if



"FITTED AN INCANDESCENT LIGHT."

it hadn't been for the intelligence of a young man who came to see her before the winter was quite over, and brought a candle with him every time. Sallie would light the candle, and then turn herself off for the rest of the evening, and she gathered in that young man the very second time he called at the house.

"Professor Van Wagener had a cat that he considered to be an animal of considerable taste for science, and nothing would satisfy him till he had provided the cat with an electric head-light. He had considerable difficulty in fastening the light on the cat's head, for, although she had always seemed to take a good deal of interest in watching him experimenting with different sorts of things in his chemical laboratory, she drew the line at electricity and objected to being lighted up like the rest of the people in the house. However, the Professor wouldn't listen to her; and the first night that the lamp was in working order, he put the cat in the kitchen, and told her to lay for mice. They do say that the next morning, when the housemaid came downstairs, she found about five thousand mice lying on the kitchen floor, too frightened to think of running away. The cat was sitting up in the middle of the room, with her head-light blazing away, and she paying not the least attention to the mice, but just licking her chops, and saying to herself that after all there was considerable good in electricity. She never made the least attempt to catch the mice, considering that it wouldn't be sportsmanlike to take advantage of their condition. The girl, she just gave one big scream, and then she got out of that kitchen and fainted dead away on the hall-floor, breaking her head-light in her fall, and creating a good deal of excitement in the house. The Professor came down and swept up the mice, and carried them out in a basket. They do say that there was pretty near a bushel of them, but I don't doubt that the thing was exaggerated. Anyhow, the house

was completely cleared of mice; and whether the Professor drowned his basketful, or just let them loose somewhere in the street, I never knew. I suspect he let them loose, for that is what a scientific man would have been middling sure to do.

"There was one person in the Professor's family who didn't like the electric light business. That was Mrs. Van Wagener. She was a woman of a great deal of character, people said, and, of course, we all know that when a woman is said to have a great deal of character, what is meant is that she can make herself mighty disagreeable, and generally does it. Mrs. Van Wagener always disliked her husband's scientific habits. She used to say that some men were kept up late at night by whiskey, and some by science, but of the two she preferred the man who went in for whiskey. Mrs. Waterman, who lived next door to Mrs. Van Wagener, had a husband who drank considerable whiskey, and Mrs. Van Wagener used to say to her, 'My dear, don't you grieve! When Waterman gets drunk, you know where he is, but when my husband gets to work in his laboratory I never know from one minute to another whether he is alive, and all in one piece, or whether he has blown himself up, and is scattered all over the country in mornamillion bits.' You see, the Professor had blown himself up a number of times, which made his wife a little prejudiced against chemistry, though he had never done himself any very great harm, except when he lost his eye.

"Well, as I was saying, Mrs. Van Wagener was mightily opposed to the electric light, and nothing could induce her to wear one on her head. She compromised by wearing a light fastened to her waist-belt, but she complained that it was of very little use when she wanted to read or to sew. 'Gimme an old-fashioned kerosene lamp every time,' she used to say. 'Some day thishyer electricity will



"PROVIDED THE CAT WITH AN ELECTRIC HEAD-LIGHT."

blow up and kill the whole of us.' By the way, did you ever notice that women always believe that electricity is liable to explode? I remember when we had electric bells put into our house in New Berlinopolisville, my aunt, who kept house for me, used to warn the servants never to bring a lighted candle anywhere near the wires for fear of setting the electricity on fire and blowing up the house. Say what you will for women, you can't honestly think that they have scientific minds.

"There was one thing that troubled the Professor. He had his electric light rigged up in the top of his hat, as I believe I told you. This was all right when he took his walks abroad, but it wasn't quite so convenient in the house. Every time the Professor wanted a light he had either to call the maid, or his daughter, or his wife, or else he had to put on his hat. Now he had a fashion of reading in bed, and he found it mighty awkward to go to bed with his hat on, which was what he had to do if he wanted a light to read by. One day a happy thought struck him, and he told his wife that he had solved the problem of his head-light at last.

"A glass eye isn't of very much use, except for show, and this was a reflection that had always annoyed the Professor, ever since he began to wear a glass eye. He now saw his way to make that eye useful, and to give himself the most convenient light that a man ever had.

His idea was to make a glass eye with an incandescent fibre in the middle of it, and to run it by a storage battery in his waistcoat pocket. So he went to work, and, being a very ingenious workman, as well as a man brimful of science, he turned out a glass eye that couldn't be distin-

guished from a natural one, so far as appearances went, and that had an electric light of six candle-power in the middle of it.

"It was the biggest success that the Professor had ever had. Wherever he went after dark, that eye was blazing away and lighting up the path. When he wanted to read, there was his light in just the handiest place it could possibly have been. The fine wires that ran from it down to his waistcoat pocket were concealed under his hair, so that hardly anybody would notice them; and when he wanted to put his light out, or to turn it on, all he had to do was to put his finger and thumb into his pocket. Then again, the thing operated like a dark lantern,



"FOUND IT MIGHTY AWKWARD TO GO TO BED WITH HIS HAT ON."



"SAW THE PROFESSOR'S EYE!"

for whenever the Professor wanted to turn his light off in a hurry, and without fumbling for the button in his pocket, all he had to do was to shut his eye. The light would keep on burning behind the eyelid, but it wouldn't be bright enough to attract attention.

"The day the Professor got his new eye-light into working order, his wife wasn't at home, having gone out to spend the day and the evening. He lit himself up early in the evening, and, keeping in his room, he wasn't seen by anybody.

When night came he went to bed early, so as to enjoy the luxury of reading in bed. He took the storage battery out of his pocket, and put it under the pillow; and when he had stretched himself out in bed, with a book in his hand and his eye blazing away with six candle-power, he was about the happiest man in all New Berlinopolisville. He read and read until he began to get sleepy, and then he put down his book, and thought over a lot of scientific things, till he accidentally fell asleep. I told you he could close the lid

over the illuminated eye if he wanted to, but as a rule he didn't close that lid, but slept with it wide open. Mrs. Van Wagener came home in course of time, and naturally went up to her bedroom. She was a strong-minded woman, who was about as likely to steal a sheep as to faint away, but she admitted afterwards that when she entered the room and saw the Professor's eye blazing its level best, she came nearer dropping on the floor than she had ever done before. However, she pulled herself together, and woke the Professor up. She never said just how she did it, but it's my idea that he was waked up suddener than a man was ever waked before. She told him that this time he had gone too far; that his illuminated eye was simply blasphemous, and that she wouldn't stay in the same house, and much less in the same room, with it. 'It's bad enough for a man to sleep with a glass eye wide open,' says she, 'but when it comes to an illuminated eye, it is more than any Christian woman is called to bear.'

"The Professor was ordered to turn his eye out at once, which he naturally did, being a small, as well as a peaceful, man; and he was told that he must never wear an illuminated eye again. This didn't suit him, for he was proud of his new eye, and then there is no denying that it was a very convenient thing. So he said that he really couldn't afford to give up one of the most important inventions of the age

just because of a woman's whim, and he stuck to this view of the case all through the night. The next morning, Mrs. Van Wagener went home to her mother, and brought a suit for a divorce against the Professor on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment. When the case came on to be tried, the Professor was compelled to show the practical working of his illuminated eye to the jury, and they found a verdict for the plaintiff without leaving their seats.

"The Professor didn't seem to care very much about this, for the only thing he did care much about was science, and now that he had his house to himself he had nobody to interrupt him in his experiments. But he never could go into the street with his eye lit up without causing a crowd to collect and follow him, and presently there was an injunction got out against him, forbidding him to wear his eye in public, on the ground that it constituted a nuisance, and led to breaches of the peace. The poor old gentleman got angry at this, and said he wouldn't go into the street either by day or night; and the consequence was that, not having any exercise, he took sick and died. Well, he was a mighty bright light of science, and it's my opinion that some one else will take up his scheme of illuminated servant girls, and the like, and make a fortune out of it, though I'm willing to admit that I don't believe that illuminated glass eyes will ever become popular."

CLEMENT SCOTT AT HOME—POET, PLAYWRIGHT, CRITIC.

BY M. A. BELLOC.

(Photographs by Messrs. Fradelle and Young)

“LET me write their criticisms, I care not who writes their plays,” might well exclaim, in paraphrase of Tyrtæus’ famous saying, any great dramatic critic of the day. It is no exaggeration to say



MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

that such a man wields an almost unlimited power of making or marring both plays and players, especially when, in addition to a striking and popular personality, the critic is associated with a great daily newspaper.

Among those famed in the craft, Mr. Clement Scott is *facile princeps*, and yet few of those who see the still youthful and upright figure will find it easy to believe there stands before them the senior of London critics.

During the early years of his professional career, Mr. Clement Scott made his home on the top floor of one of the fine old houses overlooking Lincoln’s Inn Fields. There, in a workroom-study, lined with rare curios and many priceless mementoes of his long and close connection with the British stage, he received countless noteworthy people owing their fame to pen and pencil, to say nothing of the myriads of the yet unknown actors and actresses who have sought him out in the hope of obtaining a word of counsel from one whose good-nature and sympathetic kindness of disposition have become proverbial both among his friends and foes. Prominent among his treasures, and preserved in a black and gold frame, was the faded letter in which “the proprietors of the *Sunday Times* respectfully request theatrical managers to place their newly-appointed critic on their ‘free list.’” This missive, now some thirty-five years old, marked the beginning of Mr. Scott’s critical work, and, together with countless other household gods, it finds an honoured place in the charming dwelling which has been his home since his marriage.

Mr. Clement Scott’s pleasant workroom is an ideal study; somewhat below the level of the house, it occupies what was once a garden, and so rejoices in a quietude and stillness rarely to be found in leafy old-world Bloomsbury.

As your host sits at his large writing-table, covered with innumerable volumes, papers, letters, and not a few of the twopenny notebooks, in which is written the neat pencilled “copy” characteristic both of the man and his work, you cannot but realise you are in the presence of one who will live and die fighting, and

who feels, with almost painful keenness, the responsibility attached to his post.

"No, I never take any notes during the course of a play," he replied, in answer to a question; "every worker has his or her own methods. Personally, it would be no help for me to take notes; once I have mapped out in my mind the lines on which I am going to write my notice, the rest is easy. Some people," he added, with a smile, "believe that a dramatic critic writes his notice beforehand—in fact, takes advantage of dress rehearsals. As far as I myself am concerned, with the exception of two or three occasions when I have taken the trouble to get the book of the play—and, I may add, I have always regretted having done so—I have never written a line before reaching the office after a performance."

"Then your real labour only begins after the fall of the curtain?"

"I do not admit that by any means; if the play has anything in it, I am completely and intensely absorbed in it during the whole of the performance, and I doubt if either author or actor is more nervous on a first night than I am myself. I want to be just. I am not getting younger, and I don't want to go back. I know people have thought me very rude because I would not talk to them during the entr'actes. No, believe me, witnessing a play is often quite as hard work as writing the notice. I think I may claim to be one of the fastest writers on the London press. Not unfrequently I have written a column (small print) of the *Daily Telegraph* in a solid hour. I do not, as a rule, get home till two in the morning, for, as you know, first nights' performances often go on till midnight."

"And do you find that the taste in plays of the audiences has altered much during the last thirty years?"

"On the whole, I should say not," he answered deliberately; "if a play contains something of human interest, plenty of

heart, that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, the playgoers are sure to like it. What the public do not want are bad plays, written by bad playwrights, and acted by bad actors. People will always crowd to see a piece that is worth seeing. As you probably know, I have very little patience with the morbid and pessimistic view of life which has lately tinged the work of latter-day dramatists. I consider that the stage above all should elevate and amuse, and the theatre should essentially be a place where a man can take his wife and daughters without its being necessary for him to go first in order that he may judge whether the play is one he would care for his womenkind to see. There is another



MRS. CLEMENT SCOTT.

point which may be mentioned in this connection; the playgoing public is essentially a feminine public; if the playwright has the ladies on his side he is sure to make a popular success. I consider that the New Drama, like the New Woman, is



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

interesting, but has not come to stay. I have always held that everything may be discussed and analysed on the stage that may be discussed at a refined and intellectual dinner-table. Society has certain rules, and the stage cannot do better than to follow those rules."

"And how do you regard the present popularity of music-halls?"

"I do not think it is the least to be wondered at, especially since they have become so vastly improved. I believe in free trade in amusement, and consider that the audience are the best judges of what they want."

"Yet you would not care, I presume, to see smoking and drinking introduced into theatres?"

"Well, from what I can see, a great deal of smoking and drinking *does* go on at theatres," he replied, smiling; "young men, nowadays, cannot exist for long with-

out a cigarette. No man is fonder of a pipe than I am, but I do not approve of cigarette smoking; still I have no desire to interfere with anybody's amusements, and I think the British public can generally be trusted to look after themselves."

"I should like to ask you, Mr. Scott, what you think of the stage as a profession for young people?"

"That is a very difficult and delicate question to answer," he replied thoughtfully. "I personally never advise a girl to go on to the stage, unless her parents are more or less connected with the profession; and I fancy you will find that most people, with a right to speak with authority on the subject, will agree with me. The whole conditions of stage life are so different from those that obtain in any other existence; for instance, take the question of marriage, nothing can be happier than a well-assorted theatrical couple, but I

pity the man or woman who, being unconnected with the stage, marries an actor or actress. Fancy coming home after your day's work is done and finding your wife just starting for her theatre!" concluded Mr. Scott, with a twinkle in his eye.

"And is your advice ever followed by the stage-struck damsels who appeal to you," I inquired.

"Very rarely indeed," observed my host, shaking his head; "you probably know as well as I do that no advice will stop a person who is bent on pursuing a given course."

"And if a girl *will* go on to the stage, how do you think she should set about it?"

"As we have, unfortunately as yet, no dramatic school in this country, she cannot do better than join a genuine stock company, if she can find one. Half our young actresses would get along very well if they

only knew how to speak. As Mr. Hare said the other day, young actors and actresses now learn their work in front of their audiences. Stock companies were once, to all intents and purposes, as good as a Conservatoire. When a girl entered a company, some good experienced actress took her in hand just for the love of the thing. As for travelling companies, those which take a popular play round the provinces, they are worse than no good for the purpose of which we are now speaking."

"Miss Sarah Thorne boasts of an old-fashioned stock company, I believe?"

"Yes, and a very excellent one it is," he answered heartily, "for there the young people can get plenty of practice in Shakespeare. But we are sadly in need of a good dramatic school. Look at what has been done for music, not in one but in several splendid institutions."



MR. CLEMENT SCOTT AT WORK.

"Then do you approve of the French State-aided Conservatoire system?"

"The System, *Yes*; the State, *No*."

"And would your remarks as to the advisability of a young girl's adopting the stage as a profession apply equally to her brother? Do you think that a man in order to become a really successful actor must be born in the buskin?"

"No," he replied, after a moment's consideration; "I think young men had never a better chance than they have now; but, of course, all that I said about training applies quite as much to the actor as to the actress. The dramatic art, like any other, must be acquired, and nothing can be done without hard work. The establishment of an English Conservatoire," he added with a smile, "would make a critic's work much easier and pleasanter. How often one sees a really charming and talented player injured by his or her lack of elocution. It is far more easy and pleasant," he concluded rather sadly, "to praise than to blame."

"That brings us to a rather delicate subject, Mr. Scott. You are, I believe, a strong advocate of signed work; yet would not anonymity often facilitate freedom of speech on the part of a critic?"

"Yes, I know what you mean," he said quietly; "but an unsigned, anonymous criticism, which might have been written by Tom, Jack, or Harry, did not save my wife and myself from that unpleasant experience, when a small and rowdy portion of first-nighters chose to testify their disagreement with the point of view I had taken of a certain play; and yet," musingly, "I was one of the first people who pointed out the value and worth of the pittance. I was his first friend."

"Many years ago, I wrote an article entitled, 'A Plea for the Pit.' Again, I was one of the first who lectured at the Playgoers' Club when it was still in Newman Street. But *pour revenir à nos moutons*, I have always been quite pre-

pared to take the responsibility for all I write, and to maintain the accuracy of all I have said. Besides, it is fairer, both to the public and to the critic, that work should be signed, and this is, in a special degree, true of dramatic criticism. Supposing you go away for a short holiday, some one else may be put in your place whose views on life and the drama, in a word on everything, are diametrically opposed to your own; your readers read his notices, and are bewildered, not unnaturally regarding you henceforth as a wobbler. No, every man should be held responsible for what he writes, especially when his work may influence the lives and careers of those of whom he is writing. Another matter may be mentioned in this connection; under the existing state of things a person who imagines himself aggrieved by matter published in an article, does not bring an action against the man who wrote it, but against the proprietor of the publication in which it appeared. For instance, some years ago I was asked by the editor of a theatrical paper to write him a descriptive report of what was called a theatrical ball; the entertainment turned out to be a low orgie, and I so described it in a letter to my paper. The promoter of the ball brought a criminal action for libel against my editor. The case came on and was going dead against us, when his counsel, the late Sergeant Ballantyne, whispered to me, 'He will go to prison unless you go into the witness-box and state that you wrote the article. But I should warn you first,' he added, 'that if you do so you will probably find yourself in the dock next week.' I replied that I was willing to risk it, and, going into the witness-box, I gave my evidence. After I had admitted having written the article, the foreman of the jury asked whether I could not change places with my editor and be put in the dock. The judge, of course, told him that they were not there to try me, but my editor, who was, however, finally



THE INEVITABLE TYPE-WRITER.

acquitted ; I never heard anything more about the matter."

"The life of a dramatic critic is not without its trials and difficulties ?"

My host's kindly and genial face clouded over. "After having done one's duty to the public for thirty-five years, one is rewarded by hisses and cat-calls. For one nice letter from an unknown friend and reader, one receives fifty abusive anonymous epistles. A critic may persistently and conscientiously praise an actor's work for years, and, at the first bad notice, the man or woman whose career he may be said to have helped on as no other human being has done, will turn and rend him. People forget praise, they never forget blame. If you speak well of a play, you are said to be a friend of the author; if you criticise a production, the playwright's friends ask you what has he done to you ? I could quote you the

case of an actress who owed her first London engagement to me; I am told that she now hates me because I venture to criticise her methods."

"Yet, in the face of this, you believe in signed criticisms ?"

"Yes, I most emphatically do. I should like to see everything in a newspaper signed, excepting the political articles."

"I believe that you advocate the payment of seats for critics ?"

"Yes, I should like to see every paper pay for its critic's stall. *The Times* did do so for many years, but broke down at last. As it is, theatrical managers invite critics to come and criticise them, and then bring actions for libels when they do so. From all that I can see, neither actors, managers, nor authors, have anything to grumble about. I repeat, it is far easier to praise than to blame. There was once a talk of inviting the critics on

the third or fourth night. I called a meeting of my *confrères*, and we determined to go to the pit and pay our money. We did so, and proved that no manager could control a first-night audience. Of course, it is the critics' work to reflect as well as guide opinion. As regards myself, I have become so accustomed to study the attitude of those 'in front,' that I can tell, without any outward or visible sign, how a play strikes an audience."

"Your work must have doubled of late years?"

"Yes, indeed, the number of theatres, and also the number of plays produced, have enormously increased. Sometimes, in the height of the theatrical season, there are as many as five and six first-nights a week. I have never confined myself to West End theatres, I am very fond of the Grand, Islington; indeed, I always enjoy going to the play. When I go abroad, I try and see something of the theatrical world of whatever place I am in. By the way, I may mention that I have been present at every Lyceum *première* since '63, when Fechter produced *The Duke's Motto*, except *Becket*, when I was at the other end of the world; in fact, I postponed my journey round the world several days, in order to be present at the first night of *King Lear*."

"I suppose, like most veteran playgoers, you are never so happy as when seeing a play of Shakespeare?"

"Yes, when played with simplicity and breadth of feeling. Strangely enough, the first dramatic notice I ever wrote was on *Romeo and Juliet*; that was in 1863, when a young actor called Walter Montgomery went through a round of Shakespearian characters at the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street. I only wish that some of those who now applaud the new methods of acting tragedy could have seen the *Juliet* of Stella Colas. They tell me I only applaud tradition or Shakespeare. Nonsense! I point out the best acting I have seen, and prove how im-

measurably inferior is the so-called art of the actress who will not study art! When I write on a play of Shakespeare I look it up and see what the best critics have said! Why should not an actress take the trouble to study what the best actresses have done? I confess I would rather see a play acted between three plain walls, as Shakespeare intended it to be played, than amid almost perfect staging, and in costumes serving to obscure, rather than illustrate, a tragedy. The old Shakespearian labels: 'This is a house,' 'This is a wood,' 'This is a street,' would be good enough for me, if force and virility would arise again."

A glance round Mr. Scott's book-lined study shows that he has the right to speak with authority about the past and present dramas. He possesses one of the finest theatrical libraries in the world, to say nothing of a unique collection of modern play-bills; whilst Sir Henry Irving himself cannot possess a finer set of Irvingania. Mr. Scott's knowledge of continental plays and playwrights is singularly complete, and woe betide the dramatic pilferer who does not acknowledge the source of his inspiration. Mr. Scott pointed with a smile to a row of imposing iron-bound boxes containing his correspondence. Probably no man alive has received a stranger assortment of letters, written in more varying moods.

Mr. Clement Scott, like many other of his most distinguished comrades in the fields of literature and criticism, has spent much of his life in a government office. The son of the vicar of Christ Church, Hoxton, and St. Olave's, Old Jewry, he was educated at Marlborough, where, even as a school-boy, he contributed from time to time to the local paper, and where he long remained famous as a racket player and cricketer. Soon after leaving college he obtained a clerkship in the War Office from Lord Herbert, of Lea.

Even in those early days he was devoted to the stage and things theatrical; both in the pit and among the

gods he was thoroughly in his element, and when chance made him acquainted with the fact that James Foard was about to throw up his position as critic to the *Sunday Times*, he obtained, by the aid of

retired from the War Office on a government pension in 1879, to become attached in permanent fashion to the editorial staff of the great paper with whose good fortunes he has since been so closely associated.



A COSY CORNER.

the friends of his father, who was one of the original founders of the *Saturday Review*, the vacant appointment, which then bore with it the munificent salary of two pounds a week.

The originality and conscientious power of his work soon made itself felt, and when the late Mr. Levy was seeking for a critic to the *Daily Telegraph*, he bethought himself of the still youthful Clement Scott. Years went by, and Mr. Scott continued doing his double work till he

lighter vein, *The Women of Mumbles Head* has long been the favourite with both the amateur and professional reciter.

Apart from his dramatic work, Mr. Scott has done a good deal of all-round journalism, and is a master of picturesque reporting. He was one of those present at the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and more lately described the Jubilee Procession and Ceremonial as seen from the west door of Westminster Abbey.

"What do I think of journalism as a

As is sometimes the case, the critic is, in this instance, double with a dramatist, an author and a poet. Some of the plays of which he has been whole or part author, notably *Diplomacy*, *Off the Line*, *Tears*, *Idle Tears*, *The Cape Mail*, and *Peril*, have obtained lasting popularity. An anonymous but constant contributor to *Punch*, it is in the pages of that journal that some of his best-known poems first appeared, and among the popular songs to which his name is to be found attached, perhaps *The Midshipmite* is best known. Some of his verses recall in them mingled humour and pathos. *The Times* published in *extenso* his *Cry of the Clerk*, and of those verses written in

profession?" he repeated, smiling; "I believe in my work, and think that a young man might do worse than become a journalist, especially nowadays when folk read more and more, and new papers are started every day in the week."

"You are, I believe, a great advocate of out-door sports?"

"Well, I played in the first game of lawn tennis ever played in England. The set was composed of Major Wingfield, who may claim to have been the inventor of the game, poor Alfred Thompson, who died the other day, and one of the

cricketing Lubbocks. It took place at the old Princes Ground, in Brompton, and I remember how the old cricketers came round and jeered at us. By the way, I was in my school eleven, and, until lately, I played cricket pretty often."

As the thousands who have read *Poppyland Papers* know, Mr. Scott is a keen lover of nature, and his happiest holiday-hours are spent in some homely Devon, Norfolk, or Worcestershire farm-house within hail of the sea, though probably no man ever enjoyed a tour round the world more than did the hard-working critic-author-dramatist.



ROUND THE WORLD IN A HURRY.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

WHEN I went to New York in the spring I meant going on farther whether I could or not. Australia and home again was in my mind, and in New York slang I swore there should be "blood on the face of the moon" if I did not get through inside of four months. Now this is not record time by any means, and it is not difficult to do it in much less, provided one spends enough money; but I was at that time in no position to sling dollars about, and, besides, I wanted some of the English rust knocked off me. Living in England ends in making a man poor of resource. I hardly knew an ordinary Londoner who would not shiver at the notion of being "dead broke" in any foreign city, to say nothing of on the other side of the world; and though it is not a pleasant experience it has some charms and many uses. It wakes a man up, shows him the real world again, and makes him know his own value once more. So I started for New York in rather a devil-may-care spirit, without the slightest chance of doing the business in comfort. And my misfortunes began at once in that city.

To save time and money I went in the first quiet vessel that crossed—the *Lucania*; and I went second-class. It was an experience to run twenty-two knots an hour; but it has made me greedy since. I want to do any future journeys in a torpedo-boat. As to the second-class crowd, they were, as they always are on board Western ocean boats, a set of hogs. The difference between first and second-class passengers is one of knowing when and where to spit, to put no fine point on it. I was glad when we reached New York on that account.

I meant to stay there three days, but

my business took me a fortnight, and money flowed like water. It soaked up dollars like a new gold mine, and I saw what I meant for the Eastern journey sink like water in sand. But I had to get to San Francisco. I took that journey in sections. All my trouble in New York was to get across the continent. I let the Pacific take care of itself, being sure I could conquer that difficulty when the time came. I recommend this frame of mind to all travellers. I acquired the habit myself in the States when I jumped freight trains instead of paying my fare. It is most useful to think of no more than the matter in hand, then we can use one's whole faculties at one time. Too much forethought is fatal to progress, and if I had really considered difficulties I could have stayed in England and written a story instead, a most loathsome *pis aller*.

I do not mean to say that I was without money. All I do mean is that I had less than half that I should have had, unless I meant to cross the continent as a tramp in a "side-door Pullman," as the tramping fraternity call a box car, and the Pacific in the steerage. As a matter of fact, I proposed to do neither. I wanted a free pass over one of the American railroads, and if there had been time I should have got it. I tackled the agents, and "struck" them for a pass. I assured them that I was a person of illimitable influence, and that if I rode over their system, and simply mentioned the fact casually on my return, all Europe would follow me. I insinuated that their traffic returns would rise to heights unheard of; that their rivals would smash and go into the hands of receivers. It was indeed a beautiful, beautiful game, and reminded one of poker, but the railroad birds sat on

the bough, and wouldn't come down. They are not so easy as they used to be, and I had so little time to work it. Then the last of the cheap trains to the San Francisco Midwater Fair were running, and if I played too long for a pass and got euchred after all, I should have to pay ninety dollars instead of forty-five. Then I should be the very sickest sort of traveller that ever was. In the end I bought a cheap ticket on the very last

cheap train. By the very next post I got a pass over one of the lines. It made me very mad, and if I had been wise I should have sold it. I am very glad to say I withstood the temptation, and kept the pass as a warning not to hurry in future. I started out of New York with twenty-two pounds in my pocket. For I had found a beautiful, truthful New Yorker, who cashed me a cheque for fifteen pounds with a child-like and simple faith which was not unrewarded in the end.

My affairs stood thus. I had to stay in San Francisco for a fortnight till the next steamer, and as I have said even a steerage fare to Sydney was twenty pounds. I had two pounds to see me through the transcontinental journey of nearly five days, and the time in the city of the Pacific slope. I looked for hard times and some rustling to get through it all. I had to rustle.

As a beginning of high times, I could not afford to take a sleeper. I was on the fast West-bound express, and the emigrant sleepers are on the slow train which takes nearly two days more. The high-toned Pullman was quite beyond me, so I stuck to the ordinary cars and put in a mighty rough time. After twenty-four hours of the Lehigh Valley Road, which runs into Canada, I came to Chicago. There I had to do a shift from one station to another, and after half-an-hour's jolting I was landed at the depôt of the Chicago and North-Western Railroad. I hated Chicago always; I had starved in it once, and slept



"IT MADE ME VERY MAD."

in a box car in the old days. And now I didn't love it. I tried to get a wash at the station, for I was like a buried city with dust and cinders.

"There used to be a wash-place here a year or two back," said a friendly porter, "but it didn't pay and was abolished."

Of course they only cared about the money. The comfort of passengers mattered little. This porter took me down into a rat and beetle haunted basement, and gave me soap and a clean towel. I shined off the mud and discovered somebody underneath that at any rate reminded me of myself, and hunted for the porter to hand him twenty-five cents. But he had gone, and the train was ready. I had to save the money and run.

From thence on I had no good sleep. I huddled up in the narrow seats with no room to stretch or lie down. Once I tried to take up the cushions and put them crossways, but I found them fixed, and the conductor grinning.

"You can't do it now; they're fixed different," he said.

So I grunted, and was twisted and racked and contorted. In the morning I knew well that I was no longer twenty-five. Twelve years ago it wouldn't have mattered, I could have hung it out on a fence rail, but when one nears forty, one tries a bit after ordinary comforts, and pays for such a racket in aches and pains and a temper with a wire edge on it. But I chummed in after Ogden with a young school ma'am from Wisconsin who was going out to Los Arydes, and we had quite a good time. She assured me I must be lying when I said I was an Englishman, because I did not drop my H's. All the Englishmen she ever met had apparently known as much about the aspirate as the later Greeks did of the Dyanime. This cheered me up greatly, and we were firm friends. In fact, I woke up in the sierras, and found her fast asleep with her head on my shoulder. It was an odd picture that swaying car at midnight in the lofty

hills. Most of the passengers were sleeping uneasily in constrained attitudes, but some sat at the open windows staring at the moon-lit mountains and forests. The dull oil lights in the car were dim, so dim that I could see white sleeping faces hanging over the seats disconnected from any discoverable body. Some looked like death masks, and then next to them would be the elevated bodies of some far-stretching person who had tried all ways for ease. It was a blessing to come to the divide and run down into the daylight and the plains. Yet even there, there was something ghastly with us. At Reno a young fellow, trying to beat his way, had jumped for the brake-beam under our car and been cut to pieces. He died silently, and few knew it. I was glad to get to San Francisco. I went to a third-class hotel on Ellis Street, and had a bath, which I most sorely needed. I went out to inspect the city.

It looked the same as when I knew it, and yet it was altered. The gigantic architectural horrors of New York and Chicago had leapt to the Pacific, and here and there ten or twelve-storied buildings thrust their monotonous ugliness into the sky.

In this city I had starved for three solid months, picking up a meal where I could find it. I had been without a bed for three weeks. I had shared begged food with beggars. Now I came back to it under far different circumstances. I walked in the afternoon to some of my old haunts, and, coming to the hideous den of a common ledging-house where I had once lived, my flesh crept. I remembered that once the agent for a directory had put down "Charles Roberts, labourer," as living there, and I tried to get back into my old skin. For a while I succeeded, but the experiment was horrible, and I was glad to drop the dead past and leave the grimy water front where I had looked and looked in vain for work.

For a week I stayed in San Francisco.



FOUND HER FAST ASLEEP WITH HER HEAD ON MY SHOULDER.

△ △

Then I had an experience which falls to few men, for I went to stay as a visitor at Los Guilieros, where I had once been a stableman. The situation was interesting, for there were still many men in the ranch who had worked with me; even the Chinese cook was there. In the old days he had often appealed to me for more wood to give his devouring dragon of a stove. But things were altered now. On the first morning of my stay I saw the wood pile and could not help taking my coat off and lighting into it with the axe. The Chinaman came running out with uplifted hands.

"Oh, Mr. Loberts, Mr. Loberts, you no splittee me wood, you too much welly kind gentleman, you no splittee me wood!"

So things change, but I split him a barrow load all the same.

I was sorry to leave the ranch and go back to San Francisco, where nine men out of ten in all degrees of society are much too disagreeable for words. The only really decent fellows I met there were a Frenchman and a young mining engineer named Brandt, son of Dr. Brandt, at Rozat, who was once R. L. Stevenson's physician; and above all an Irish surveyor and architect, the most charming and genial of men. The Californians themselves are less worth knowing as they appear to have money; the moment they begin to fancy themselves a cut above the vulgar, their vulgarity is their chief feature, stupendous as the Rocky Mountains, as obvious as the Grand Duke of Johannisberg's nose. But I had other things to think of than the social parodies of the Slope.

I found at the Poste Restante a letter from my agent, which was a frank statement of misfortune and ill-luck. There was not a red cent in it, and I had only a hundred dollars left. This was just enough to pay my steerage fare to Sydney, but I had still some days to put in and there was my hotel bill. I concluded I had to make money somehow. I tried

one of the papers, but though the editor willingly agreed to accept a long article from me, dealing with my old life in San Francisco from my new standpoint, his best scale of pay was so poor that I frankly declined to wet a pen for it. Journalistic rates in the East seem about three times as high as in the West.

I went to a man in the town who was under considerable obligations to me for holding my tongue about a certain transaction, and asked him to cash a cheque for a hundred dollars. He refused point-blank. I never regretted so in my life that there are things one can't do and still retain one's self-respect. I could, I know, have sold some information to his greatest enemy for a very considerable sum. I was, indeed, approached on the point. However, I couldn't do it, worse luck, so I washed my hands of this gentleman, and went to a comparatively poor man, who helped me over the fence. Even if I had no luck I could still go steerage. But I meant going first-class. And I did. If I had put up my ante I meant staying with the game.

For a day after my agent's letter came a letter from a shipping friend in Liverpool. I had been "previous" enough to write him from New York for a good introduction in San Francisco. He sent me a letter to an old friend of his who occupied a pretty important post in the city, one as important, let us say, as that of a Chief of Customs. I laughed when I saw the letter, for I knew if I could make myself solid with this gentleman I had the San Franciscan folks where the hair was short. It's a case of give or take there, sell or be sold, commercial honesty is good as long as it pays. I whistled and sang, and took a cocktail on the strength of it.

In these little commonplace adventures I had some luck. That I have written many articles on steamships has often helped me in travel, and it helped me now. It was an unexpected stroke of

fortune that the gentleman to whom I took the letter was not only an extremely good sort, but when I learnt that he knew my name, and had seen some of my work, I found it was all right. I was not only all right, for inside of an hour I had a first-class ticket to Sydney, with a deck cabin thrown in, for the very reasonable sum of one hundred dollars. I have a suspicion that I might have got it for nothing, but I have found it a good business rule never to lose a good thing by trying for a better. I had accommodation equal to two hundred and twenty-five dollars. Of course, I regretted I dare not ask them one hundred dollars for condescending to go in their boat. If I had been full of money I might have tried it. However, I was quite happy and satisfied. That I might land in Sydney with nothing did not trouble me. Three days after I went on board the steamer, and was seen off by my friend the Irishman and one other.

I had never sailed on the Pacific, or at least that part of it, before, and its wonders were strange to me. I had not seen coral islands, nor cocoanuts growing. It grieved me that I could not afford to stay in Honolulu and visit Kilanaka. I only remained some hours, which I spent in prowling about the town, which is like a tenth-rate city in America. And the business American has his claw into it

for good. The Hawaiians, in truth, seem to care little. They go blithely in the streets, crowned and garlanded with flowers, and even the leprosy that strikes one now and again with worse than living death seems far away.

On board the *Monowai*, most comfortable of ships, commanded by Captain Carey, best of skippers, life was easy and delightful. Our one romance was between San Francisco and the Islands,



"ASKED HIM TO CASH A CHEQUE."

for an individual, with most incredible cheek, managed to go first-class from California almost to Honolulu without a

ticket. Two days from the Islands he was bowled out, and set to shovel coals. We left him in gaol at Honolulu, and steamed south of Samoa.

It was good to be at last in the tropics, deep into them, and to wear white all day and feel the heat tempered by the Trades. We played games and sang and lazed and loafed, and life had no troubles. Why should I think of future difficulties when

rushed ashore, met him, spent three more than pleasant hours with him, and away again round the island reefs with our noses pointed for Auckland.

Some of our passengers had left us at Honolulu, others dropped off at Samoa, but after Auckland, when the weather grew quite cold, we were a thin little band, and our spirits oozed away. We could not keep things lively, the decks seemed

empty. I was glad to run into Sydney harbour. I found I had just enough money to get to Melbourne if I went at once, so I caught the mail train and soon smelt the Australian bush that I had left in 1878. On reaching Melbourne at midday I had fifteen shillings left. Dumping my baggage at the station, I hunted up my chief friend, a journalist. The very first thing he handed me was a cable-gram demanding my instant return to England. My rage can be imagined; it would take strong language to describe it, for I had meant to stay in Australia for a year, and write a book about it from another standpoint than *Land Travel and Seafaring*.

I hadn't even enough money to live anywhere. I couldn't cable for any, for if my instructions had been obeyed, all available cash was now on its way to me, when I couldn't wait for it. I talked it over with my friend.

"Have you no money?" I asked, but then I knew he had none.

"Nobody has any money in Australia," he answered. "If it is known you have a



"TOOK A COCKTAIL ON THE STRENGTH OF IT."

there were none at hand, and the weather was lovely? We ran at last into Apia, the harbour of Upolu, the island where the late Robert Louis Stevenson lived. I

sovereign in cash, you will be pestered in Collins Square by millionaires, whose wealth is locked up in Minbrind banks, for mere half-crowns as a temporary accommodation."

I pondered a while.

"I have a plan whereby we may get a trifle in the meantime. You can write a long interview with me and I will take the money. Sit down and don't move."

He remonstrated feebly.

"My dear fellow, why not do it yourself?"

"It would be taking a mean advantage of other writers," I said. "Besides, I'm in no mood to write."

Overcome by my generosity, he at last wrote a column and a half. I shall always treasure that interview, for when he tired I dictated some of it myself. The only thing I really objected to was his determination not to let me say what I meant to say about the Australian financial outlook. Under the circumstance of the failure of credit, the matter touched me deeply, and was a personal grievance. But he persisted that if I were too pessimistic the article would never see type, and I couldn't have the money. I gave way, and condescended to have hopes about Australia. But even when I got his cheque I was not much further forward.

I went to my banker's agents and asked them to cash a cheque. Would I pay for a cable home and out? No I would not, because I didn't know whether my account was overdrawn or not. All I knew was that if they would cash a

cheque I would telegraph from Port Said or Naples and see it was sent. So that failed. I tried Cook's, who had cashed cheques for me on the Continent. They also spoke of cabling. I explained matters, but they had no faith. Nobody had.

I began to think I would have to work



"PESTERED BY MILLIONAIRES."

my passage, for I was determined to get away inside of two weeks or perish. I looked up the vessels in port in case I might know some of them. They were all strangers. In such cases unless one is in a hurry such as I was, for my return was urgent, it is best to tackle some cargo boat. It is often possible to get a passage for a quarter the mail-boat fare, for the tramp steamer's captain looks on the fare as his own and never mentions passengers to the owner. But I couldn't wait for a good old tramp, and at last, in despair, my friend and a friend of his and I clubbed everything together that was valuable and raised a fare to Naples on the proceeds. I left Melbourne after ten

days' stay there. We lay at Adelaide two days, and got to Albany in a hurling gale of wind. Leaving it we got a worse snorter round Cape Leeuwin. But after that things improved till we caught the south-west monsoon, which blew half a gale, and was like the breath of a furnace. We reached Colombo, and I had no money to spend. I raised five on a cheque with the steward, and spent the whole of it in rickshaws and carriages. I saw what one could in the time, for I breakfasted at one place, lunched at another, dined at a third. I mean one of these days to spend a week or two at the Galle Face Hotel, Colombo. At Mount Lavinia I got the one dinner of my life. I cordially recommend the cooking.

We ran to Cape Guardafui in a gale, a sticky hot gale which made life unendurable. The Red Sea was a relief and not too hot, but how we pitied the poor devils quartered at Perim, and the lighthouses seen at the Two Brothers. I would as soon camp for ever on the lee side of Tophet. But my first trip through the Canal was charming. At night, when the vessel's search-light threw its glare on the banks, the white sand looked like snow-drifts. In the day the far-off deserts were a dream of red sands, and red sand mingled with the horizon. At last we came to the Mediterranean and I landed at Naples. The driver of my carrozzella took my last money, so I put up at a good hotel and wired to England at the hotel-keeper's expense. I went overland to London, and was back there in four days under four months from the time I started from New York.

There are scores of people—I meet them every day—who are in a constant state of yearn to do a bit of travelling. They say they envy me. But it is not money they want, it is courage. It will interest some of them to know what it can be done for. I will put down what it usually costs. A first-class ticket from London *via* New York, San Francisco, Sydney, Melbourne,

Colombo, the Suez, Naples, Gibraltar, and Plymouth will run to £125, without including the cost of sleeping-car accommodation and food in the American trans-continental journey. If he stays anywhere it is a mighty knowing and economical traveller who gets off under £200 or £250 by the time he turns up in London.

Now as to what it cost me when I meant doing it moderately. It cost £8 to New York. Owing to business in New York, I stayed there a fortnight, and it cost me \$4 a day, say £11. The journey to San Francisco ran to £12 including provisions. The Pacific voyage was £22 in all. The fare from Sydney to Melbourne for ocean passengers is £2 1s. 6d. To Naples I paid £32. Another £12 brought me to London. This runs up to £99.

If I had not been in a hurry I could have done the homeward part for less. If I had been twenty-five I would have gone steerage. But with time to spare for looking up a tramp I might have easily got to London as the only passenger for £20. If I had not stayed in New York and had had the time I could have cut expenses to £70.

But any young man, writer or not, who wants to see a bit of the world, can do it on that if he has the grit to rough it. He can cut the Atlantic journey to £3, and learn some things he never knew while doing it. I can put anyone up to crossing America for £15 at any time. But if he spends £20 he can see Niagara, the work of God, and Chicago, the *chef d'œuvre* of the Devil. The Pacific can be done for £20 steerage; and he can stay in America a month for £10, and a year for £20 if he knows what I know. The steerage fare home is £16. I fancy it would be the best investment that any young fellow could make. He would learn more of what life is than the world of London would teach him in the ordinary grooves in ten years.

TALKS WITH A NURSE.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

I.

MISS G—— is a lady well known in “the profession” from one end of London to the other. In addition to being an authority on hygiene, she has devoted most of her life to alleviating the

nearly so fashionable an amusement as it is now. When I say “amusement,” I mean that many people do not take the profession of a nurse seriously until they really get behind the scenes and discover the grim side of the work. I began my career at a children’s hospital, and a very



MISS G——’S DRAWING-ROOM.

sufferings of the London poor. In these days of hysterical gush and inordinate craving for publicity, it is refreshing to meet with someone who is content to do good by stealth. Seated in her pretty drawing-room, situated within a stone’s throw of a great London thoroughfare, I have passed many pleasant hours. Here are the results of my pilgrimage, told as nearly as possible in Miss G——’s own words :

Twenty-five years ago, nursing was not

picturesque, inconvenient, insanitary hospital it was ; the nursing indifferent, but the kindness great. Of course, my “people” did not like a girl going in for this kind of work. At that time, only a few women of independent means took up nursing in earnest ; and they had a halo round their heads immediately. Sairey Gamp ramped through the land, but good nurses were almost unknown. I can remember fetching a woman who had just come home from “charing” all day, to get

her to sit up with a scarlet fever case. The poor woman's weary look haunted me, but there was an absolute lack of nurses, and we were glad to get even "charwomen." During the "cholera scare," a notice was posted up outside my hospital asking for respectable women to nurse cholera patients. The "respectable" women came, but, as a safeguard against infection, drank all the stimulants provided for the patients, and never went near them.

A friend of mine, who is now the *doyenne* of that period, once told me that her only food on Sundays was a raw chop and an uncooked potato: each nurse had to cook her own dinner, and the food was usually very bad. The head nurse of the ward occasionally gave a "secret supper" to the other nurses, of boiled pork. I also once provided a Lucullian banquet (at midnight) of sausages (boiled in a saucepan) for my sister nurses, after having first stopped up all the speaking tubes in my room, so that the savoury odour of the sausages might not reach official noses.

After ten years' nursing experience, I took charge of the children's ward at a well-known London hospital. One night a boy was brought in, very badly injured; then a second—both in an hour. The first boy (a very dark little fellow of twelve) had a crushed leg, which the surgeon said must be amputated. The operation could not legally be performed

without the consent of one of the boy's parents, so the mother (an excitable Irish-woman) was promptly found by a policeman. She said she was a "distressful widdy," and cheerfully consented that the operation should take place. All the necessary arrangements were made, when suddenly a man arrived on the scene, claimed the child, and refused his consent. The "distressful widdy" looked rather puzzled, but ultimately acknowledged as her offspring an exceedingly red-haired boy in another cot. When asked why she had made such a stupid mistake her excuse was, "How could I tell he was black, sorr? Shure I thought it was only the dhirt."



"I PROVIDED A BANQUET."

The London Irish, however, are not the only poor people who are difficult to manage. Whitechapel costers' wives have very elementary ideas as to the proper diet for children. I was nursing a little fellow whose jaw had been broken by a pony kick, and fed him with fluids only. His mother thought a stick of "Edinburgh

rock" the most suitable diet for him under the circumstances, and wanted to take the child away when I objected to it. At last she proposed the following compromise: "Very well, my dear. We'll give 'im 'arf a saveloy, and say no more about it."

But the Jews are really the worst of all. You don't know what lying is until you encounter a few representative Whitechapel Jews. It is perfectly dreadful the way they call God to witness such and such a fact when they know they are lying. The parents, too, are the patients' worst enemies. If you have been watching a child

little Jewish children of six weeks old brought to me who have never been unbandaged since their first toilet. Of course, it takes weeks and weeks of care-



"THE HEBREW MOTHER WILL GIVE IT ROTTEN STRAWBERRIES."

over whose tender little body a wheel has passed, and there is some faint hope that it may still recover, the Hebrew mother will wait until your back is turned, and give it rotten strawberries, under the bedclothes, of course with fatal results. She also considers a light but continuous diet of pastry and fried fish suitable food for a child suffering from internal inflammation. And her ignorance of children is simply criminal. I have had beautiful

ful nursing to overcome the damage done by this frightful ignorance. The parents are fond, in an animal sort of way, of their children. As a matter of fact, Jewish children, although very beautiful when young, have little stamina (probably this is owing to the way in which they are fed), and an abscess, from which an ordinary Gentile child would recover, usually proves fatal to a Jewish one. The Hebrew mother will sit nursing her child all day long, to the neglect of every other household duty; but when she is allowed to have it on her lap in the ward, someone has to look after her in order to see that the child is properly attended to. As to keeping it covered over with a blanket, that is, apparently, beyond her intelligence. When a Jewish child is absolutely dying, the professional watcher must be summoned, and the parents withdraw. They will not even see the child die. The father or uncle may stand behind a screen,

but must not approach the bed. If a Jewish patient dies with a splint, poultice, or other application on him, even these must not be removed by anyone who is not a professional Jewish watcher. The public watcher is paid so much for each death, and becomes so expert in detecting the symptoms of approaching dissolution that he will not waste his time, as he considers, unnecessarily, but goes away, and returns later. The body, however, is generally taken to a separate mortuary, and is there very reverently treated, probably becoming cleaner in death than it ever was in life.

In the Jewish ward of a hospital everything is completely different. Special things are used on Saturday, which is the Jewish Sabbath. The cups and the platters required for the Pass-over, after having been used, are put away for the rest of the year. Even the patients, to a certain extent, keep the Pass-over. Many of them have owned to keeping it more strictly on a bed of sickness than in the outside world. It is a curious sight to see them sitting up in bed wearing high hats and prayer scarves.

The term "Jew" being considered somewhat offensive, nurses always say "Hebrew" in addressing one of the race. When a Jewish child becomes a patient in a ward, its friends and relatives besiege the nurses with shrill entreaties "to be a little kind to it," promising a handsome gift to each person who is good "to the little angel." Sometimes this attempted bribery

extends to two pennies pressed into a nurse's hands. These being promptly returned, and no further offer receiving encouragement, the Hebrews begin to realise that they can count on gratuitous kindness being exhibited towards their babies, and pence and promises accordingly cease. I have never once known a poor Jew give anything to the charity or to the ward after the child has been discharged as cured. The hands or the feet of the faithful nurse may be lavishly embraced by the parents, but more often they depart with their regained offspring after a hasty good-bye. Poor costers and their wives, equally badly



"JUST A POT O' FLOWERS,
MUM."

off, frequently expend coppers, sorely needed by themselves, in buying a pot of flowers or a street nosegay, which they offer to the nurse with many apologies for its insignificance. A Hebrew's gratitude is for favours to come, but the slower English poor show some gratitude for favours already received.

On Saturdays, the poorest Jewesses will appear at the hospital in most gorgeous

costumes, the wearers emerging from dens in which a country-bred dog would die



A MEMBER OF "THE FEATHER CLUB."

from want of air and light. The Jewess girl's complexion on these occasions does credit to her art, although the looking-glass is too obscurely placed to show the amount of whitening she has applied to her sallow cheeks, above which brilliant eyes look forth in Eastern splendour. Her costume is a parody of that worn by her rich West End sisters. It is a copy, in cruder colours, texture, and caricatured form, of the dress of a duchess; and the likeness and unlikeness point a moral which he who runs may read. Even though the eye is pained by its glaring inconsistencies, one can still give a thought to the industry and patience which enable the pathetically poor girl to strive to equal the sister whose splendour has been attained without the labour and the hunger, amounting to practical starvation, faced by the poverty-stricken dweller of the slums in order to achieve her ambition. Many East End Jewesses

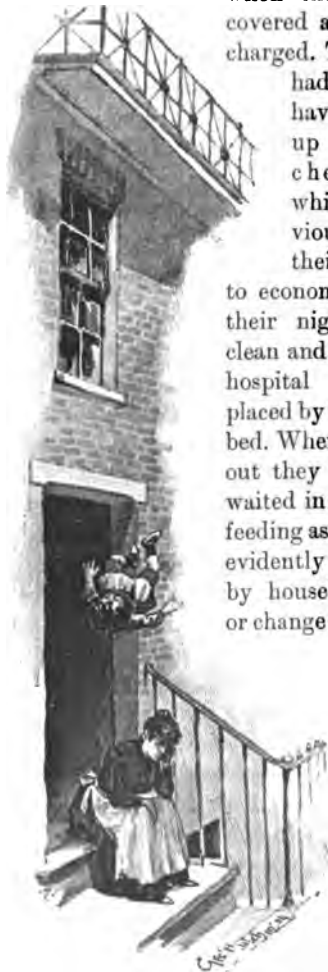
belong to a "Feather Club," and pay small weekly instalments until they become the proud possessors of plumes enough to last for a lifetime. Every week lots are drawn for one set of feathers, the fortunate winner becoming possessed of them at once, without waiting until she has paid their full value.

I once knew a pair of Polish Jews whose only child was very ill in hospital. So ill, that the parents had leave to be with her constantly. They availed themselves of this permission to spend many long nights in the ward. A curious fact came to light

when the child recovered and was discharged. The parents

had no home, having given up the wretched shelter which had previously been theirs in order

to economically pass their nights at the clean and wholesome hospital on chairs placed by their child's bed. When they went out they must have waited in the streets feeding as they could, evidently unfettered by household goods or change of raiment.



"FELL ON MOTHER."

Sometimes, however, Jewish children will make an excellent recovery under rather surprising circumstances. A boy was looking over the balcony of a model lodging-house, and fell from the first storey window. His mother (she was sitting on the doorstep below) received his weight on her shoulder. Very little hope was entertained of the boy's recovery when it was found that he had a fractured skull, arm, and thigh. He was put into a cot, and means taken to ensure warmth and absolute quiet. It was not until the end of the third day that he showed any knowledge of his surroundings. Then he opened his eyes, tried to sit up, and complained of "flannel rash," which had been caused by the bandages. This trivial rash was the only inconvenience the lad appeared to suffer, and he made an excellent recovery.

Some cases are very pitiful. One day a tiny child of three, clad in white frock and blue ribbons, was brought to me terribly crushed by the wheel of a passing cart. Her little body was quite numb. We made death as easy as possible for her by means of warmth and quiet. She had wandered more than a mile from home before she was missed. Another child, a little older, was once brought to me under similar circumstances. She was in no pain, and died lovingly holding a doll to her breast.

The visitors to a big hospital are not always an unmixed blessing. There was one lady who usually brought a bag of sweets. She would go carefully round, giving each child a sweet, and then take the unused contents of the bag away with her for another occasion. Of course, some of the children were almost well, and could have eaten half-a-dozen sweets with ease. One day she was going away with the half-emptied bag as usual, when a little fellow hopped up to her, his head on one side like a sparrow. "I say, missis," he piped, "'adn't yer better leave them sweets with Sister. She *likes* us to 'ave

'em. I could do that lot on my 'ead." He got the sweets. Another lady brought a lot of plaster-of-Paris eggs, without my leave, and distributed them to the children, who all became horribly sick in consequence. It is useless telling the



"HER LITTLE BODY WAS QUITE NUMB."

poorer class of visitors that their friends get enough to eat. A woman whose husband had heart disease brought him a huge saveloy. The man choked it down in a hurry when we were not looking, and died half-an-hour later. Another type of visitor is the woman who pities the patients, and thinks that the nurses are not sufficiently sentimental, and don't read enough Tennyson to keep their hearts tender. Almost equally objectionable is the gushing girl who looks upon each nurse as a saint first and a woman afterwards: she always wants to pity the nurses. Next comes the visitor who does good and does not talk about it. She is followed by the visitor who talks about doing good and doesn't do it. This type of visitor will insist on bringing nasty little tracts for the British workman, who,

naturally, feels insulted when they begin, "Are you going to hell?" "I don't know for certain as I am, mum," a British workman is reported to have said to her on one occasion; "but if I'm agoin' to meet you there, sut-



tingly not." One sweet old lady, silvery-haired, and with a benignant voice, was very different. She always brought little presents for the Sister to give to patients after she had gone. She never gave the patients anything herself because she did not wish to buy their gratitude, but wanted to be welcomed by them for her own sake. Then there is the visitor who comes round with a note-book, and covertly asks the patients if they are well treated, with a view to getting up "Another Hospital Scandal." The visitor who tells the patients they ought to be very thankful for having all they want, and being so well attended to, is also rather a drawback to the harmony of hospital life. Perhaps the best visitor of all is "the comfortable visitor," who listens to weary, world-worn women, and sympathises with them in their troubles.

Another trial a hospital nurse has to undergo is the incongruous nature of the clothes sent to her for the patients. It may not be generally known that every hospital will forward patterns of under-linen, &c., required by children and women, to anyone who likes to apply for

them. There are many ladies of leisure who would be only too glad to help if they knew how. If, for instance, they would make three articles of clothing for one child instead of different things for half-a-dozen, it would be very much better. It is rather puzzling to know what to do with a lady's discarded old ball dress, when the patient wants a stuff gown. There is no necessity to make ugly things out of *malice prepense*. Poor people have waists and shoulders like anyone else. Children especially derive great comfort from pretty and suitable things. This fact is beginning to be known a little. I am glad to see also that poor old paupers, when visiting their friends, are allowed, by one or two workhouses, to do so in their ordinary garb. It is a monstrous thing to brand a man with the garb of poverty so that he can never escape from it.

Even in the most tragic incidents of hospital life, there is sometimes a touch of laughter. A lad of seventeen tried to hang himself in Epping Forest "all along of that there dawg." You may remember the old story of the doctor who was lecturing to his pupils on the desirability of using the nearest remedy in an emergency. "What would you do in a case of poisoning?" he asked a youth. Whitewash contained the antidote in the case cited by the doctor, and the youth addressed promptly answered that he should at once proceed to scrape the ceiling with a fire-shovel in order to obtain it. "And what would you do to restore a man who had partially hanged himself?" the doctor inquired of a second youth. "Scrape the ceiling with a fire-shovel," he replied. Quite as sensible an idea occurred to the friends of the boy I have just mentioned, for they cut him down, and rolled him vigorously in the nearest pond. He revived, was brought to the hospital in a drenched condition, and suffered more from the effects of rheumatism than from the attempt to kill himself. The lad was

a little surly at first, but said, in an impersonal kind of way, "It was all along of that there dawg." This dog referred to was the beginning of his troubles. He had bought the animal for sixpence, and



"'BUT 'E AIN'T 'AD A CHANCE.'"

sold it for half-a-crown. His step-mother said it was immoral to sell a dog for half-a-crown which had only cost him sixpence. Her continual jeers, combined with the cruelty of a sweetheart who "chucked him," rendered the lad desperate. The

only way to soften the hearts of both women seemed to him to consist in making a tragic end. One day, when the lad was nearly well again, his brother arrived at the hospital. "I've come to take him away, Miss. We're agoin' to Canada," he said. "But do you want to go to Canada?" "No, Miss, I can't say as I do. But 'e ain't 'ad a chance. It's me and my brother's fault for not alookin' after 'im, so I'm agoin' to chuck up my place, and 'im and me 'ill go away together and 'ave a fresh start." I found out that the brother was doing well, had a comfortable home, and was much attached to a girl who wouldn't leave England on any consideration. Yet he brushed these things aside in an apparently stolid, matter-of-fact manner, and "chucked" them all, for the sake of the brother who had so nearly muddled away his life. In truth—

"These hard and horny-handed sons of toil
Have oft the virtues of their Mother Earth,
Are patient, strong, tender, and true to save
A fallen brother, and then turn away
From the world's praise as though they heard
it not."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



“THE ARTS OF PEACE AND WAR.”—MR. MELTON PRIOR.

BY ROY COMPTON.

MY wire was abrupt: “Melton Prior—Lee. Can I see you on behalf of THE IDLER?”

The reply was signally laconic, and characteristic of the well-known war-artist.

“Delighted! Come out and make an idle day of it.—Melton Prior.”

I delayed not the order of my going, but went at once, and, after fifteen minutes by the London and South Eastern Railway, and a stiff climb, partly up Lee Hill, found myself under the verandah of a cosmopolitan bungalow designed by the versatile artist himself, and of which he is naturally proud and fond.

There is no ostentatious show in the surroundings, but every detail in the way of comfort and artistic effect has been studied, and the interior is not only a typical English home, but a curiosity shop *par excellence*.

Invitingly the door stands open, and, passing through the draped entrance of the beautiful carved Mushabeer screen which divides the hall, I see in the distant flower-laden garden the alert figure of the special war-artist of the *Illustrated London News*; not as he has become familiar to the public during the English and foreign wars of the last twenty years—clad in Kharki uniform, pencil in hand, always “at the front” or in some “hot corner,” sketching the battle-field with as much *sang-froid* as though the scene had been specially arranged for his amusement—but in the peaceful garb of a tennis-player, surrounded only by the smoke of a sweet-rette he never forsakes, Mdlle. “Cigarette,” which is issuing from his lips, and scenting the sultry atmosphere, whilst he energetically replaces the white lines of his tennis-court, and anathematizes the night’s storm and the destruction of his roses. His keen ear catches the sound of my

approaching footsteps. It is difficult to realise that the young, bright-looking man who comes forward to give me a hearty welcome, has seen more of war and its horrors than any soldier of his age—so little trace does he bear of his arduous career.

“Very glad to see you. Just marking my courts ready for to-night; thought after the *ordeal* you might like a knock up. You did not lose much time *en route*,” he adds, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, as he re-adjusts his *pince-nez*, and offers me his cigarette-case. As I have undertaken the responsibility of bringing the “real man” to the front, I must mention here that whenever he is about to be witty, serious, sarcastic, or excessively severe, Mr. Melton Prior removes his glasses, and re-adjusts them with infinite care. The process, he once remarked in my presence, gives him time to think, and is as equally a mark of his individuality as his infectious laugh and sparkling gaiety, which have so often solaced his companions when on march, whilst he frankly admits that his dogged determination has led success to him, and him to success.

“Come up to the studio and smoke, it is too hot here for comfort. We English people never prepare ourselves for a tropical summer, and consequently everything we do at this season of the year is a fag.” As he speaks, he briskly leads the way to his “sanctum.”

It is a long room, lighted from the north by a big window; in fact, nearly all one side of the room is window, and close by is the table at which the intrepid artist works in time of peace, and on which lies a sketch of the visit of H.R.H. the German Emperor to Cowes. The trophies and souvenirs on the walls would furnish a field-day for an auctioneer’s clerk, but being only a “Modern Pest,” as Mr. H. M. Stanley has designated all the



MR. MELTON PRIOR.



THE STUDIO.

"Lightning Biographers" of to-day, I refrain from cataloguing details, for I am interested in the innumerable Royal portraits that line the mantles shelf and bookcase, and which recall to Mr. Melton Prior's mind the numerous occasions on which he has received marks of Royal favour and special assistance from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The room has one distinctive curiosity. It is a high, narrow cupboard, which reaches from the floor to the ceiling, and which is painted grey. In this the artist keeps the record of his adventurous and distinguished career. Faded notebooks, sketches, travel-stained and travel-worn, are herein ranged and numbered with precise care, for the artist is as neat in his work as he is in personal appearance. The first shelf is labelled "Ashantee." And whilst my host is looking after my creature comforts, he grants me permission to glance through

its contents; and as he draws up a couple of low basket-chairs, he remarks, cheerily: "You have no idea what a whiskey-and-soda, with a lump of ice, tastes like when you have been on the march for days across the desert, with no opportunity for quenching your thirst or washing. When you arrive within the bounds of civilization, a whiskey-and-soda is like 'Nectar of the gods.'

"Ah, what is it you have there? A sketch of Coomassie? It was the most picturesque campaign I have ever been in. We marched one hundred and ninety-nine miles through a dense tropical forest; lissom black natives, their curious habits, the various exciting engagements, all making it most interesting. At the entrance into Coomassie, we waded up to our arm-pits in stagnant blood-stained water, which came from the human slaughter-house of a place we called 'Golgotha,' in which were

laid the corpses of thirty men and women who had been slaughtered as a 'Fetish.' Along the road we entered Coomassie they lay in the glare of the tropical sun, mutilated and naked, some still warm and quivering, and appearing to stare up at me with distorted features as I stood and sketched, whilst the smells from the blood-stained, stagnant water were positively unearthly. Going up the hill into the town of Coomassie, I felt so done up that I caught hold of the tail of Lord Wolseley's mule. He turned round and saw me doing so.

"I said: 'I beg your pardon, sir.' He laughingly replied: 'Hold on, Mr. Prior; we will pull you in.'"

"Another ghastly sight I do not wish to see again was the dead bodies of Baker Pasha's army, after the massacre in Egypt. At the conclusion of the Ashantee War, I went home, suffering from the effects of sun-stroke and fever, and the latter I have never been really able to shake off."

"What was your sensation the first time under fire?"

"Deadly funk," replied the artist, with a smile. "I do not care how many campaigns a man has been in, the night before the battle is a blue time; but directly the bullets are flying thick around you, you are as right as a rocket."

"Which has been your most arduous campaign?"

"Herzegovina; the battles there were fought with desperate determination, and, by Jove! I have never seen finer soldiers than the Herzegovinians, or received greater kindness and more courtesy on the field than from the Turkish soldiers of the line. The finest charge of cavalry I have ever seen was at the battle of Karahassan-keui, where a Russian and Turkish regiment encountered each other. It was like the closing of a telescope, so closely did the two masses of horsemen empack."

Whilst he is speaking, Mr. Prior rises, and shows me the actual sketches he took



THE ELECTION IN BUENOS AYRES.



THE HALL.

on the scene of action, under no common difficulties.

"The next war I went to was the Kaffir war. The way we put a stop to that was by attacking a village, capturing all the women and children, and putting them on board for Cape Town. A Kaffir cannot live without his wife, who works for him, so that war soon ended. Then followed the Boer war. I shall not easily forget my disgust when we repaired to Lang's Neck to attack the enemy for the last time. We had sufficient troops to have ensured a magnificent victory, when the telegram came for General Sir Evelyn Wood, 'Must arrange terms of peace'; and, after peace was signed, I made up my mind to sleep in the Boer camp that night, and be the first on the scene. As there were a great many correspondents about, I pretended to return to my den, and, as soon as I got out of their sight, I rode into the river and walked up the bed, with the

banks on either side. When I thought I had gone a sufficient distance, I hauled myself up the bank with the aid of a tree, and led my horse up, and then set spurs for Lang's Neck. Just as I got there I met Mr. Brand, the Commandant of the Orange Free State, going to announce peace. He said, 'Stop, Mr. Prior, you mustn't go on; it is not safe.' I said, 'All right, sir, I will take my chance of that.'

"With which I galloped on to Lang's Neck, where the Boers were standing ready to receive us. Thanks to General Joubert's kindness, I spent a very comfortable night in his tent, and was ready to receive General Sir Evelyn Wood, who visited the camp the next morning, before the Boers *treked*. Then followed the Egyptian, Soudan, and Nile Expeditions. In the latter I lost my best pal, Cameron, who was shot by my side at lunch."

"Before we lay aside the 'arts of war,' will you tell me how you work on the battle-field?"

Mr. Prior rises and lights a fresh cigarette ere replying; then he hands me a note-book on which I see rough drawings, which are little more than mere notes. "Pictorial shorthand" is the best way to describe these brief hurried dashes and phases of the fight, which, later on, resolve themselves into finished sketches in *The Illustrated London News*, and which he works upon in camp after the fight is over.

"I never had such a shock in my life as towards the close of the Battle of Ulundi, when, running across the square and suddenly putting my hand in my pocket for my sketch-books, I realised that I had left them in the holster of my saddle. I ran back for them and found, to my horror, that my books, full of notes on the cam-

paign, were gone. Whether they had been stolen or fallen out I don't know, but my horse had been very restless during the fighting. I was utterly broken down, and——" and even now Mr. Prior cannot recall the incident without an expression of gravity—"I fell on the ground and burst into tears. General Newdigate came up, and, on seeing me, said, 'Never mind, Mr. Prior, cheer up.' I said to him, 'My dear sir, I have lost all my sketches.' Sir William Gordon Cumming, who was passing, called out, 'Never mind, Prior. Here's my note-book. Run about the square and make some more sketches;' and he gave me as he spoke this identical book, which, apparently, he had made himself. I took his advice, and managed to send home that day nine sketches. But I shall never forget the horror of having no paper or pencil."



THE DRAWING ROOM.



AT THE BALBOA STOCK EXCHANGE.

"What was the most enjoyable trip you have had?"

"When I accompanied the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne on their royal procession through Canada. During the journey, I and Mr. Henry Lucy, better known to the public as 'Toby,' played such a vast amount of tricks in the train, and were so extremely merry, that more than once we were severely reprov'd, and caused Sir John McNeil a vast amount of uneasiness." Mr. Prior pauses and laughs heartily at his reminiscences. He then continues: "At Montreal, where H.R.H. the Marchioness of Lorne held her first Drawing Room, it was so very difficult to get a sketch of the presentations—the passage was so narrow—that my only chance of making a sketch was by being constantly presented myself; and each time I walked up the passage, I made a few pictorial notes on a small

piece of paper that I carried in the palm of my hand. The fourth time I was presented to the Marchioness and made my bow, both she and the Marquis, realising the comic side of the situation, burst out laughing. At one stopping-place of the royal train, Mr. and Mrs. Lucy both suggested that I should pass as a lunatic. This I willingly agreed to do; and enjoyed the joke, until I discovered Mr. Lucy had warned the hotel attendants and manager that I was on no account to have a knife and fork, or to be excited by being offered food; and then, as our time for refreshment was limited and I was very hungry, I uttered a maniacal laugh and went for the buffet. As every one fled at my approach, I managed to get the best breakfast, and the laugh was on my side. Another good time I had was when I went for my



FUNERAL OF THE LATE CZAR.

paper to make sketches of the Stock Exchange and the 'Cedulas King.' Directly I got into the inner ring they smashed my hat, then they stood me up against the barrier, and dragged up in front of me any well-known man on 'Change, and held him whilst I sketched him. Meantime, the men standing behind me amused themselves by putting postage stamps on my bald head, and, as some wore heavy rings on their fingers, the process was not very pleasant, for they were anything but light-fingered. After I had finished my sketches I had to get some one to wash them off, which was not an easy job; but all the same, I had a rattling good time on 'Change; they were awfully kind to me."

"And you have had many narrow escapes outside the battlefield?"

"Yes; one was at the election proceedings in Buenos Ayres, in 1892. I witnessed the operation of voting in one of the churches, and was conducted to the 'Union Civica' Club, where a Radical

meeting was being held. About six hundred men were in the club at the time, and, as you must know, they were excitable fiery people; and some one had been throwing fireworks over on the roof of the club. The police, knowing the club to be rather dangerous, ordered that it should be cleared. I had just come out and stood in a doorway opposite, and the police, seeing I was an Englishman, said nothing to me. In the excitement, a policeman touched a man on the shoulder, and he immediately drew his revolver and fired upon him. The police fired back, then everybody who could crowd to the windows and balconies did so. Eighty men came out on to the balcony of the Club House with Remington rifles, others fired revolvers from the roof into the street, and it was soon a scene of wild excitement. It might be thought incredible that such a cowardly attack should be made on such a small body of police. Thinking that I was a Commissioner of Police, they fired at me, the bullets flew



GOING TO A BALL—CONSTANTINOPLE.

thick round me, and I afterwards found twenty-four imbedded in the door against which I had been standing. After great difficulty I got into the house, where I had to stay all night, as the police would not guarantee me a safe escort home, though it was only fifty yards away. Finally, they cleared the club by ejecting two members at a time."

"In your career you must have seen many sad sights?"

"Yes; the most pathetic was the funeral of H.I.M. the Czar. At the ceremony, when the Empress approached the coffin to take a last fond look at the husband whom she had adored, she almost fainted from grief, an emotion which was shared by everyone in the vast assembly. Inured as I am to affecting scenes, I could not look on unmoved as our beloved Princess stepped hastily forward and drew the Empress back

within the shelter of her arms, assisted by the young Czar. The look of despair on the Empress's face was impossible to describe."

"We have made one grave mistake," I remark seriously, as Mr. Melton Prior returns his sketches to their place, and shows an evident desire to get once more out into his garden. "We commenced at Coomassie, and we should have started from Camden Town."

"Ah!" said Mr. Melton Prior, "but my life was so very uninteresting until I had my foot upon the ladder, and had decided my own line of profession; although I shall always look back upon the days spent in my father's studio as the happiest of my bachelor life. To his hints and advice, coupled with my determination, I owe my success."



THE NIHOTAPU AND WAITAKEREI WATERFALLS.

BY B. HENDERSON.



NIHOTAPU FALLS (300 FT.).



UPPER WAITAKERU FALLS (390 FT.).



WAITAKERE FALLS (390 FT.).



WAITAKERERE FALLS (60 FT.).

A WOMAN INTERVENES.*

BY ROBERT BARR.

CHAPTER XIX.

"WHAT name, please?"

"Tell Mr. Wentworth a lady wishes to see him."

The boy departed rather dubiously, for he knew this message was decidedly irregular in a business office. People should give their names.

"A lady to see you, sir," he said to Wentworth, and then, just as the boy had expected, his employer wanted to know the lady's name.

Ladies are not frequent visitors at the office of an accountant in the City, so Wentworth touched his collar and tie to make sure they were in their correct position, and, wondering who the lady was, asked the boy to show her in.

"How do you do, Mr. Wentworth?" she said, brightly, advancing towards his table and holding out her hand. Wentworth caught his breath, took her extended hand somewhat limply, then he pulled himself together, and said:

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Brewster."

Jennie blushed very prettily, and laughed a laugh that Wentworth thought was like a little ripple of music from a mellow flute.

"It may be unexpected," she said, "but you don't look a bit like a man suffering from an overdose of pure joy. You didn't expect to see me, did you?"

"I did not, but now that you are here, may I ask in what way I can serve you?"

"Well, in the first place, you may ask me to take a chair, and in the second place you may sit down yourself, for I've come to have a long talk with you."

The prospect did not seem to be so alluring to Wentworth as one might have

expected, when the announcement was made by a girl so pretty and dressed in such exquisite taste; but the young man promptly offered her a chair, and then sat down, with the table between them. She placed her parasol, and a few trinkets she had been carrying, on the table, arranging them with some care, then, having given him time to recover from his surprise, she flashed a look at him that sent a thrill to the finger tips of the young man. Yet a danger understood is a danger half overcome; and Wentworth, unconsciously drawing a deep breath, nerved himself against any recurrence of a feeling he had been trying to forget with but indifferent success, saying grimly, but only half convincingly, to himself: "You are not going to fool me a second time, my girl, lovely as you are."

A glimmer of a smile hovered about the red lips of the girl, a smile hardly perceptible, but giving an effect to her clear complexion as if a sunbeam had crept into the room, and its reflection had lit up her face.

"I have come to apologise, Mr. Wentworth," she said at last. "I find it a very difficult thing to do, and, as I don't know, just how to begin, I plunge right into it."

"You don't need to apologise to me for anything, Miss Brewster," replied Wentworth, rather stiffly.

"Oh, yes I do. Don't make it harder than it is, by being too frigidly polite about it, but say you accept the apology, and that you're sorry--no, I don't mean that—I should say that you're sure I'm sorry, and that you know I won't do it again."

Wentworth laughed, and Miss Brewster joined him.



"SHE BURIED HER FACE IN HER ARMS."

"There," she said, "that's ever so much better. I suppose you've been thinking hard things of me ever since we last met."

"I've tried to," replied Wentworth.

"Now that's what I call honest; besides, I like the implied compliment; I think it's very neat indeed. I'm really very very sorry that I—that things happened as they did. I wouldn't have blamed you if you had used exceedingly strong language about it at the time."

"I must confess that I did."

"Ah," said Jennie, with a sigh, "you men have so many comforts denied to us women. But I came here for another purpose; if I had merely wanted to apologise I think I would have written. I want some information which you can give me, if you like."

The young woman rested her elbows on the table, with her chin in her hands, gazing across at him earnestly and innocently. Poor George felt that it would be almost impossible to refuse anything to those large beseeching eyes.

"I want you to tell me about your mine."

All the geniality that had gradually come into Wentworth's face and manner vanished instantly.

"So this is the old business over again," he said.

"How can you say that," cried Jennie, reproachfully. "I am asking for my own satisfaction entirely, and not for my paper. Besides, I tell you frankly what I want to know, and don't try to get it by indirect means—by false pretences—as you once said."

"How can you expect me to give you information that does not belong to me alone? I have no right to speak of a business which concerns others, without their permission."

"Ah, then there are at least two more concerned in the mine," said Jennie, gleefully. "Kenyon is one, I know; who is the other?"

"Miss Brewster, I will tell you nothing."

"But you have told me something already. Please go on and talk, Mr. Wentworth—about anything you like—and I shall soon find out all I want to know about the mine."

She paused, but Wentworth remained silent, which, indeed, the bewildered young man realised was the only safe thing to do.

"They speak of the talkativeness of women," Miss Brewster went on, as if soliloquising, "but it is nothing to that of the men. Once set a man talking, and you learn everything he knows—besides ever so much more that he doesn't."

Miss Brewster had abandoned her very taking attitude, with its suggestion of confidential relations, and had removed her elbows from the table, sitting now back in her chair gazing dreamily at the dingy window which let the light in from the dingy court. She seemed to have forgotten that Wentworth was there, and said, more to herself than to him:

"I wonder if Kenyon would tell me about the mine?"

"You might ask him."

"No; it wouldn't do any good," she continued, gently shaking her head. "He's one of your silent men, and there are so few of them in this world. Perhaps I had better go to William Longworth himself, he's not suspicious of me."

As she said this she threw a quick glance at Wentworth, and the unfortunate young man's face at once told her that she had hit the mark. She bent her brow over the table, and laughed with such evident enjoyment, that Wentworth, in spite of his helpless anger, smiled grimly.

Jennie raised her head, but the sight of his perplexed countenance was too much for her, and it was some time before her merriment allowed her to speak. At last she said:

"Wouldn't you like to take me by the

shoulders and put me out of the room, Mr. Wentworth?"

"I'd like to take you by the shoulders and shake you."

"Ah, that would be taking a liberty, and could not be permitted. We must leave punishment to the law, you know, although I do think a man should be allowed to turn an objectionable visitor into the street."

"Miss Brewster," cried the young man, earnestly, leaning over the table towards her, "why don't you abandon your horrible inquisitorial profession, and put your undoubted talents to some other use?"

"What, for instance?"

"Oh, anything."

Jennie rested her fair cheek against her open palm again, and looked at the dingy window. There was a long silence between them; Wentworth absorbed in watching her clear-cut profile and her white throat, his breath quickening as he feasted his eyes on her beauty.

"I have always got angry," she said at last, in a low voice with the quiver of a suppressed sigh in it, "when other people have said that to me—I wonder why it is I merely feel hurt and sad when you say it? It is so easy to say 'oh, anything;' so easy—so easy. You are a man, with the strength and determination of a man, yet you have met with disappointments and obstacles that have required all your courage to overcome. Every man has, and with most men it is a fight until the head is grey, and the brain weary with the ceaseless struggle. The world is utterly merciless, it will trample you down relentlessly if it can, and if your vigilance relaxes for a moment, it will steal your crust and leave you to starve. When I think of this incessant, sullen contest with no quarter given or taken, I shudder, and pray that I may die before I am at the mercy of the pitiless world. When I came to London, I saw, for the first time in my life, that hopeless, melancholy

promenade of the sandwich-men, human wreckage drifting along the edge of the street, as if they had been cast up there by the rushing tide sweeping past them. They—they seemed to me like a tottering procession of the dead—and on their backs was the announcement of a play that was making all London roar with laughter. The awful comedy and tragedy of it! Well, I simply couldn't stand it. I had to run up a side street and cry like the little fool I was, right in broad daylight."

Jennie paused and tried to laugh, but the effort ended in a sound suspiciously like a sob, and she dashed her hand with quick impatience across her eyes, from which Wentworth had never taken his own, watching them dim, as the light from the window proved too strong for them, and finally fell as she ceased to speak. Searching ineffectually about her dress for a handkerchief, which lay on the table beside her parasol unnoticed by either, Jennie went on with some difficulty:

"Well, these poor forlorn creatures were once men—men who had gone down, and if the world is so hard on a man with all his strength and resourcefulness, think—think what it is for a woman to be thrown into this inhuman human turmoil—a woman without friends—without money—flung among these relentless wolves—to live if she can—or—to die—if she can."

The girl's voice broke, and she buried her face in her arms, which rested on the table.

Wentworth sprang to his feet and came round to where she sat.

"Jennie," he said, putting his hand on her shoulder. The girl, without looking up, shook off the hand that touched her.

"Go back to your place," she cried, in a smothered voice. "Leave me alone."

"Jennie," persisted Wentworth.

The young woman rose from her chair and faced him, stepping back a pace.

"Don't you hear what I say ? Go back and sit down. I came here to talk business, not to make a fool of myself. It's all your fault, and I hate you for it—you and your silly questions."

But the young man stood where he was, in spite of the dangerous sparkle that lit up his visitor's wet eyes. A frown gathered on his brow.

"Jennie," he said, slowly, "are you playing with me again ?"

The swift anger that blazed up in her face, reddening her cheeks, dried the tears.

"How *dare* you say such a thing to me ?" she cried, hotly. "Do you flatter yourself that because I came here to talk business, I have also some personal interest in you ? Surely even *your* self-conceit doesn't run so far as that !"

Wentworth stood silent, and Miss Brewster picked up her parasol, scattering, in her haste, the other articles on the floor. If she expected Wentworth to put them on the table again, she was disappointed, for, although his eyes were upon her, his thoughts were far away upon the Atlantic Ocean.

"I shall not stay here to be insulted," she cried, resentfully, bringing Wentworth's thoughts back with a rush to London again. "It is intolerable that you should use such an expression to me. Playing with you, indeed !"

"I had no intention of insulting you, Miss Brewster."

"What is it but an insult to use such a phrase ? It implies that I either care for you, or——"

"And do you ?"

"Do I what ?"

"Do you care for me ?"

Jennie shook out the lace fringes of her parasol, and smoothed them with some precision. Her eyes were bent on what she was doing, and, consequently, they did not meet those of her questioner.

"I care for you as a friend, of course," she said, at last, still giving much attention to the parasol. "If I had not looked

on you as a friend, I would not have come here to consult with you, would I ?"

"No, I suppose not. Well, I am sorry I used the words that displeased you, and now, if you will permit it, we will go on with the consultation."

"It wasn't a pretty thing to say."

"I'm afraid I'm not good at saying pretty things."

"You used to be."

The parasol being arranged to her liking, she glanced up at him.

"Still, you said you were sorry, and that's all a man can say—or a woman either, for that's what I said myself when I came in. Now, if you will pick up those things from the floor—thanks—we will talk about the mine."

Wentworth seated himself in his chair again, and said :

"Well, what is it you wish to know about the mine ?"

"Nothing at all."

"But you said you wanted information."

"What a funny reason to give. And how a man misses all the fine points of a conversation. No ; just because I asked for information, you might have known that was not what I really wanted."

"I'm afraid I'm very stupid. I hate to ask boldly what you did want, but I would like to know."

"I wanted a vote of confidence. I told you I was sorry because of a certain episode. I wanted to see if you trusted me, and I found you didn't. There."

"I think that was hardly a fair test. You see the facts did not belong to me alone."

Miss Brewster sighed and slowly shook her head.

"That wouldn't have made the least difference if you had really trusted me."

"Oh, I say. You couldn't expect a man to——"

"Yes I could."

"What, merely a friend ?"

Miss Brewster nodded.

"Well, all I can say," remarked Wentworth, with a laugh, "is that friendship has made greater strides in the States than it has in this country."

Before Jennie could reply, the useful boy knocked at the door and brought in a tea-tray, which he placed before his master, then silently departed, closing the door noiselessly.

"May I offer you a cup of tea?"

"Please. What a curious custom this drinking of tea is in business offices. I think I shall write an article on 'A Nation of Tea-tippers.' If I were an enemy of England, instead of being its greatest friend, I would descend with my army on this country between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, and so take the population unawares while it was drinking tea. What would you do if the enemy came down on you during such a sacred national ceremony?"

"I would offer her a cup of tea," replied Wentworth, suiting the action to the phrase.

"Mr. Wentworth," said the girl archly, "you're improving. That remark was distinctly good. Still, you must remember that I come as a friend, not as an enemy. Did you ever read the *Babes in the Wood*? It is a most instructive, but pathetic, work of fiction. You remember the wicked uncle, surely? Well! You and Mr. Kenyon remind me of the 'Babes,' poor innocent little things, and London—this part of it—is the dark and pathless forest. I am the bird hovering about you, waiting to cover you with leaves. The leaves, to do any good, ought to be cheques fluttering down on you, but alas! I haven't any. If negotiable cheques only grew on trees, life would not be so difficult."

Miss Brewster sipped her tea pensively, and Wentworth listened to the musical murmur of her voice, which had such an entrancing effect on him, that he paid less heed to what she said than a man should, when a lady is speaking. The tea drink-

ing had added a touch of domesticity to the *l'le-à-l'le*, that rather went to the head of the young man. He clinched and unclined his hand out of sight under the table, and felt the moisture on his palm. He hoped he would be able to retain control over himself, but the difficulty of his task almost overcame him, when she, now and then, appealed to him with glance or gesture, and he felt as if he must cry out, "My girl, my girl, don't do that, if you expect me to stay where I am."

"I see you are not paying the slightest attention to what I am saying," she said, pushing the cup from her. She rested her arms on the table, leaning slightly forward, and turning her face full upon him: "I can tell by your eyes that you are thinking of something else."

"I assure you," said George, drawing a deep breath, "I am listening with intense interest."

"Well, that's right, for what I am going to say is important. Now, to wake you up, I will first tell you all about your mine, so that you will understand I did not need to ask anyone for information regarding it."

Here, to Wentworth's astonishment, she gave a rapid and accurate sketch of the negotiations and arrangements between the three partners, and the present position of affairs.

"How do you know all this?" he asked.

"Never mind that; and you mustn't ask how I know what I am now going to tell you, but you must believe it implicitly, and act upon it promptly. Longworth is fooling both you and Kenyon. He is marking time, so that your option will run out; then he will pay cash for the mine at the original price, and you and Kenyon will be left to pay two-thirds of the debt incurred. Where is Kenyon?"

"He has gone to America."

"That's good. Cable him to get the option renewed. You can then try to form the Company yourselves in London.

If he can't obtain a renewal, you have very little time to get the cash together, and if you are not able to do that, then you lose everything. This is what I came to tell you, although I have been a long time about it. Now I must go."

She rose, gathered her belongings from the table, and stood with the parasol pressed against her. Wentworth came around to where she was standing, his face paler than usual, probably because of the news he had heard. One hand was grasped tightly around one wrist in front of him. He felt that he should thank her for what she had done, but his lips were dry, and, somehow, the proper words were not at his command.

She, holding her fragile lace-fringed parasol against her with one arm, was adjusting her long neatly-fitting glove, which she had removed before tea. A button, one of many, was difficult to fasten, and, as she endeavoured to put it in its place, her sleeve fell away, showing a round white arm above the glove.

"You see," she said a little breathlessly, her eyes upon her glove, "it is a very serious situation, and time is of great importance."

"I realise that."

"It would be such a pity to lose everything now, when you have had so much trouble and worry."

"It would."

"And, I think, that whatever is done should be done quickly. You should act at once and with energy."

"I am convinced that is so."

"Of course it is. You are of too trusting a nature; you should be more suspicious, then you wouldn't be tricked as you have been."

"No! The trouble is I have been too suspicious, but that is past. I won't be again."

"What are you talking about?" she said, looking quickly up at him. "Don't you know you'll lose the mine if——"

"Hang the mine!" he cried, flinging

his wrist free and clasping her to him, before she could step back or move from her place. "There is something more important than mines or money."

The parasol broke with a sharp snap, and the girl murmured "Oh," but the murmur was faint.

"Never mind the parasol," he said, pulling it from between them and tossing it aside, "I'll get you another."

"Reckless man!" she gasped; "you little know how much it cost; and, I think you know, I ought to have been consulted—in an—in an—affair of this kind—George."

"There was no time. I acted upon your own advice—promptly. You are not angry, Jennie, my dear girl, are you?"

"I suppose I'm not, though I think I ought to be, especially as I know only too well that I held my heart in my hand the whole time, almost offering it to you. I hope you won't treat it as you have treated the sunshade."

He kissed her for answer.

"You see," she said, putting his necktie straight, "I liked you from the very first, far more than I knew at the time. If you—I'm not trying to justify myself, you know—but if you had—well—just coaxed me a little yourself, I would never have sent that cable message. You seemed to give up everything, and you sent Kenyon to me and that made me angry. I expected you to come back to me, but you never came."

"I was a stupid fool. I always am, when I get a fair chance."

"Oh no you're not, but you do need someone to take care of you."

She suddenly held him at arm's length from her.

"You don't imagine for a moment, George Wentworth, that I came here to-day for—for this."

"Certainly not," cried the honest young man, with much indignant fervour, drawing her again towards him.

"Then it's all right. I couldn't bear to have you think such a thing, especially—well, I'll tell you why some day. But I do wish you had a title. Do they ever ennoble accountants in this country, George?"

"No, they knight only rich fools."

"Oh, I'm so glad of that, for you'll get rich on the mine, and I'll be Lady Wentworth yet."

She drew his head down until her laughing lips touched his.

CHAPTER XX.

ALTHOUGH the steamship that took Kenyon to America was one of the speediest in the Atlantic service, yet the voyage was inexpressibly dreary to him. He spent most of his time walking up and down the deck, thinking about the other voyage of a few months before. The one consolation of his present trip was its quickness.

When he arrived at his hotel in New York, he asked if there was any message there for him, and the clerk handed him an envelope, which he tore open. It was a cable despatch from Wentworth with the words "Longworth at Windsor. Proceed to Ottawa immediately. Get option renewed. Longworth duping us."

John knitted his brows and wondered where Windsor was. The clerk, seeing his perplexity, asked if he could be of any assistance.

"I have received this cablegram, but don't quite understand it. Where is Windsor?"

"Oh, that means 'The Windsor Hotel.' Just up the street."

Kenyon registered, told the clerk to assign him a room, and send his baggage up to it when it came. Then he walked out from the hotel and sought "The Windsor."

He found that colossal hostelry, and was just inquiring of the clerk whether a Mr. Longworth was staying there, when

that gentleman appeared at the desk, took some letters and his key.

Kenyon tapped him on the shoulder.

Young Longworth turned round with more alacrity than he usually displayed, and gave a long whistle of surprise when he saw who it was.

"In the name of all the gods," he cried, "what are *you* doing here?" Then, before Kenyon could reply, he said: "Come up to my room."

They went to the elevator, rose a few storeys, and passed down an apparently endless hall, carpeted with some noiseless stuff that gave no echo of the footfall. Longworth put the key into his door and opened it. They entered a large and pleasant room.

"Well," he said, "this is a surprise. What is the reason of your being here? Anything wrong in London?"

"Nothing wrong so far as I am aware. We received no cablegram from you, and thought there might be some hitch in the business; therefore I came."

"Ah, I see. I cabled over to your address, and said I was staying at 'The Windsor' for a few days. I sent a cablegram almost as long as a letter, but it didn't appear to do any good."

"No, I did not receive it."

"And what did you expect was wrong over here?"

"That I did not know. I knew you had time to get to Ottawa and see the mine in twelve days from London. Not hearing from you in that time, and knowing the option was running out, both Wentworth and I became anxious, and so I came over."

"Exactly. Well, I'm afraid you've had your trip for nothing."

"What do you mean? Is not the mine all I said it was?"

"Oh, the mine is all right; all I meant was, there was really no necessity for your coming."

"But, you know, the option ends in a very short time."

"Well, the option, like the mine, is all right. I think you might quite safely have left it in my hands."

It must be admitted that John Kenyon began to feel he had acted with unreasonable rashness in taking his long trip.

"Is Mr. Melville here with you?"

"Melville has returned home. He had not time to stay longer. All he wanted was to satisfy himself about the mine. He was satisfied, and he has gone home. If you were in London now you would be able to see him."

"Did you meet Mr. Von Brent?"

"Yes, he took us to the mine."

"And did you say anything about the option to him?"

"Well, we had some conversation about it. There will be no trouble about the option. What Von Brent wants is to sell his mine, that is all." There was a few moments' silence, then Longworth said: "When are you going back?"

"I do not know. I think I ought to see Von Brent. I am not at all easy about leaving matters as they are. I think I ought to get a renewal of the option. It is not wise to risk things as we are doing. Von Brent might at any time get an offer for his mine, just as we are forming our Company, and, of course, if the option had not been renewed, he would sell to the first man who put down the money. As you say, all he wants is to sell his mine."

Longworth was busy opening his letters, and apparently paying very little attention to what Kenyon said. At last, however, he spoke:

"If I were you, if you care to take my advice, I would go straight back to England. You will do no good here. I merely say this to save you any further trouble, time, and expense."

"Don't you think it would be as well to get a renewal of the option?"

"Oh, certainly, but, as I told you before, it was not at all necessary for you to come over. I may say, furthermore,

that Von Brent will not again renew the option without a handsome sum down, to be forfeited if the Company is not formed. Have you the money to pay him?"

"No, I have not."

"Very well then, there will not be the slightest use in your seeing Von Brent."

Young Mr. Longworth arched his eyebrows and gazed at John through his eyeglass. "I will let you have my third of the money, if that will do any good."

"How much money does Von Brent want?"

"How should I know? To tell you the truth, Mr. Kenyon—and truth never hurts, or oughtn't to—I don't at all like this visit to America. You and Mr. Wentworth have been good enough to be suspicious about me from the very first. You have not taken any pains to conceal it, either of you. Your appearance in America at this particular juncture is nothing more nor less than an insult to me. I intend to receive it as such."

"I have no intention of insulting you," said Kenyon, "if you are dealing fairly with me."

"There it is again. That remark is an insult. Everything you say is a reflection upon me. I wish to have nothing more to say to you. I give you my advice that it is better for you, and cheaper, to go back to London. You need not act on it unless you like. I have nothing further to say to you, and so this interview may as well be considered closed."

"And how about the mine?"

"I imagine the mine will take care of itself."

"Do you think this is courteous treatment of a business partner?"

"My dear sir, I do not take my lessons in courtesy from you. Whether you are pleased or displeased with my treatment of you is a matter of supreme indifference to me. I am tired of living in an atmosphere of suspicion, and I have done with it—that is all. You think some

game is being played on you—both you and Mr. Wentworth think that, and yet you haven't the 'cuteness,' as they call it here, or sharpness to find it out. Now a man who has suspicions he cannot prove should keep those suspicions to himself until he can prove them. That is my advice to you. I wish you a good day."

John Kenyon walked back to his hotel more suspicious than ever. He wrote a letter to Wentworth detailing the conversation, telling him Melville had sailed for home, and advising him to see that gentleman when he arrived. He stayed in New York that night, and took the morning train to Montreal. In due time he arrived at Ottawa, and called on Von Brent. He found that gentleman in his chambers, looking as if he had never left the room since the option was signed. Von Brent at first did not recognise his visitor, but, after gazing a moment at him, he sprang from his chair and held out his hand.

"I really did not know you," he said, "you have changed a great deal since I saw you last. You look haggard and not at all well. What is the matter with you?"

"I do not think anything is the matter. I am in very good health, thank you; I have had a few business worries, that is all."

"Ah, yes," said Von Brent, "I am very sorry, indeed, you failed to form your Company."

"Failed!" echoed Kenyon.

"Yes, you haven't succeeded, have you?"

"Well, I don't know about that; we are in a fair way to succeed. You met Longworth and Melville who came out to see the mine? I saw Longworth in New York, and he told me you had taken them out there."

"Are they interested with you in the mine?"

"Certainly; they are helping me to form the Company."

Von Brent seemed amazed. "I did not understand that at all. In fact, I understood the exact opposite. I thought you had attempted to form a Company, and failed. They showed me an attack in one of the financial papers upon you, and said that killed your chances of forming a Company in London. They were here, apparently, on their own business."

"And what was their business?"

"To buy the mine."

"Have they bought it?"

"Practically, yes. Of course, while your option holds good I cannot sell it, but that, as you know, expires in a very few days."

Kenyon, finding his worst suspicions confirmed, seemed speechless with amazement, and, in his agony, mopped from his brow the drops collected there.

"You appear to be astonished at this," said Von Brent.

"I am very much astonished."

"Well; you cannot blame me. I have acted perfectly square in the matter. I had no idea Longworth, and the gentleman who was with him, had any connection with you whatever. Their attention had been drawn to the mine, they said, by that article. They had investigated it, and appeared to be satisfied there was something in it—in the mine, I mean, not in the article. They said they had attended a meeting which you had called, but it was quite evident you were not going to be able to form the Company. So they came here and made me a cash offer for the mine. They have deposited twenty thousand pounds at the bank here, and, on the day your option closes, they will give me a cheque for the amount."

"It serves me right," said Kenyon. "I have been cheated and duped. I had grave suspicions of it all along, but I did not act upon them. I have been too timorous and cowardly. This man, Longworth, has made a pretence of helping me to form a Company. Everything

he has done has been to delay me. He came out here, apparently, in the interests of the Company I was forming, and now he has got the option for himself."

"Yes, he has," said Von Brent. "I may say I am very sorry, indeed, for the turn affairs have taken. Of course, as I have told you, I had no idea how the land lay. You see you had placed no deposit with me, and I had to look after my own interests. However, the option is open for a few days more, and I will not turn the mine over to them till the last minute of the time has expired. Isn't there any chance of your getting the money before then?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well, you see, in that case I cannot help myself. I am bound by a legal document to turn the mine over to them on receipt of the twenty thousand pounds the moment your option is ended. Everything is done legally, and I am perfectly helpless in the matter."

"Yes, I see that," said John. "Good-bye." He went to the telegraph office and sent a cablegram.

Wentworth received the message in London the next morning. It read—"We are cheated. Longworth has the option on the mine in his own name."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN George Wentworth received this message, he read it several times over before its full meaning dawned upon him. Then he paced up and down his room, and gave way to his feelings. His best friends, who had been privileged to hear George's vocabulary when he was rather angry, admitted that the young man had a fluency of expression which was very much more terse than proper. When the real significance of the despatch became apparent to him, George outdid himself in this particular line. Then he realised that, however consolatory such language is to a very angry man, it does little good

in any practical way. He paced silently up and down the room, wondering what he could do, and the more he wondered the less light he saw through the fog. He put on his hat and went into the other room.

"Henry," he said to his partner, "do you know anybody who would lend me twenty thousand pounds?"

Henry laughed. The idea of anybody lending that sum of money, except on the very best security, was in itself extremely comic.

"Do you want it to-day?" he said.

"Yes, I want it to-day."

"Well, I don't know any better plan than to go out into the street and ask every man if he has that sum about him. You are certain to encounter men who have very much more than twenty thousand pounds, and perhaps one of them, struck by your very sane appearance at the moment, might hand over the sum to you. I think, however, George, that you would be more successful if you met the capitalist in a secluded lane some dark night, and had a good reliable club in your hand."

"You are right," said George. "Of course, there is just as much possibility of my reaching the moon as getting that sum of money on short notice."

"Yes, or on long notice either, I imagine. I know plenty of men who have the money, but I wouldn't undertake to ask them for it, and I don't believe you would. Still there is nothing like trying. He who tries may succeed, but no one can succeed who doesn't try. Why not go to old Longworth? He could let you have the money in a moment if he wanted to do so. He knows you. What's your security? what are you going to do with it?—that eternal mine of yours?"

"Yes, that 'eternal mine'; I want it to be mine. That is why I need the twenty thousand pounds."

"Well, George, I don't see much hope for you. You never spoke to old Long-

worth about it, did you? He wasn't one of the men you intended to get into this Company?"

"No, he was not. I wish he had been. He would have treated us better than his rascally nephew has done."

"Ah, that immaculate young man has been playing you tricks, has he?"

"He has played me one trick, which is enough."

"Well, why don't you go and see the old man, and lay the case before him? He treats that nephew as if he were his son. Now a man will do a great deal for his son, and perhaps old Longworth might do something for his nephew."

"Yes, but I should have to explain to him that his nephew is a scoundrel."

"Very well, that is just the kind of explanation to bring the twenty thousand pounds. If his nephew really is a scoundrel, and you can prove it, you could not want a better lever than that on the old man's money bags."

"By Jove," said Wentworth, "I believe I shall try it. I want to let him know, anyhow, what sort of man his nephew is. I'll go and see him."

"I would," said the other, turning to his work. And so George Wentworth, putting the cablegram in his pocket, went to see old Mr. Longworth in a frame of mind in which no man should see his fellow-man. He did not wait to be announced, but walked, to the astonishment of the clerk, straight through into Mr. Longworth's room. He found the old man seated at his desk.

"Good day, Mr. Wentworth," said the financier, cordially.

"Good day," replied George, curtly. "I have come to read a cable despatch to you, or to let you read it." He threw the despatch down before the old gentleman, who adjusted his spectacles and read it. Then he looked up inquiringly at Wentworth.

"You don't understand it, do you?" said the latter.

"I confess I do not. The Longworth in this telegram does not refer to me, does it?"

"No, it does not refer to you, but it refers to one of your house. Your nephew, William Longworth, is a scoundrel!"

"Ah," said the old man, placing the despatch on the desk again and removing his glasses, "have you come to tell me that?"

"Yes, I have. Did you know it before?"

"No, I did not," answered the old gentleman, his colour rising; "and I do not know it now. I know you say so, and I think very likely you will be glad to take back what you have said. I will at least give you the opportunity."

"So far from taking it back, Mr. Longworth, I shall prove it. Your nephew formed a partnership with my friend Kenyon, and myself, to float on the London market a certain Canadian mine."

"My dear sir," broke in the old gentleman, "I have no desire to hear of my nephew's private speculations. I have nothing to do with them. I have nothing to do with your mine. The matter is of no interest whatever to me, and I must decline to hear anything about it. You are, also, if you will excuse my saying so, not in a fit state of temper to talk to any gentleman. If you like to come back here when you are calmer, I shall be very pleased to listen to what you have to say."

"I shall never be calmer on this subject. I have told you that your nephew is a scoundrel. You are pleased to deny the accusation."

"I do not deny it; I merely said I did not know it was the case, and I do not believe it, that is all."

"Very well, the moment I begin to show you proof that things are as I say——"

"My dear sir," cried the elder man, with some heat, "you are not showing

proof. You are merely making assertions, and assertions about a man who is absent—who is not here to defend himself. If you have anything to say against William Longworth, come and say it when he is here, and he shall answer for himself. It is cowardly of you, and ungenerous to me, to make a number of accusations which I am in no wise able to refute."

"Will you listen to what I have to say?"

"No, I will not."

"Then, by God, you shall!" and with that Wentworth strode to the door and turned the key, while the old man rose from his seat and faced him.

"Do you mean to threaten me, sir, in my own office?"

"I mean to say, Mr. Longworth, that I have made a statement which I am going to prove to you. I mean that you shall listen to me, and listen to me *now*."

"And I say, if you have anything to charge against my nephew, come and say it when he is here."

"When he is here, Mr. Longworth, it will be too late to say it; at present you can repair the injury he has done. When he returns to England you cannot do so, no matter how much you might wish to make the attempt."

The old man stood irresolute for a moment, then he sat down in his chair again.

"Very well," he said, with a sigh, "I am not so combative as I once was. Go on with your story."

"My story is very short," said Wentworth, "it simply amounts to this. You know your nephew formed a partnership with us in relation to the Canadian mine?"

"I know nothing about it, I tell you," answered Mr. Longworth.

"Very well, you know it now."

"I know you say so."

"Do you doubt my word?"

"I will tell you more about that when I hear what you have to say. Go on."

"Well, your nephew, pretending to aid us in forming this Company, did everything to retard our progress. He engaged offices that took a long time to fit up, and which we had, at last, to take in hand ourselves. Then he left for a week, leaving us no address, and refusing to answer the letters I sent to his office for him. On one pretext or another, the forming of the Company was delayed, until at length, when the option by which Mr. Kenyon held the mine had less than a month to run, your nephew went to America in company with Mr. Melville, ostensibly to see and report upon the property. After waiting a certain length of time and hearing nothing from him (he had promised to cable us), Kenyon went to America to get a renewal of the option. This cablegram explains his success. He finds, on going there, that your nephew has secured the option of the mine in his own name, and, as Kenyon says, we are cheated. Now have you any doubt whether your nephew is a scoundrel or not?"

Mr. Longworth mused for a few moments on what the young man had told him.

"If what you say is exactly true, there is no doubt William has been guilty of a piece of very sharp practice."

"Sharp practice!" cried the other.

"You might as well call robbery sharp practice!"

"My dear sir, I have listened to you, now I ask you to listen to me. If, as I say, what you have stated is true, my nephew has done something which I think an honourable man would not do; but as to that, I cannot judge until I hear his side of the story. It may put a different complexion on the matter, and I have no doubt it will; but even granting your version is true in every particular, what have I to do with it? I am not responsible for my nephew's actions. He has entered into a business connection, it seems, with two young men, and has out-

witted them. That is probably what the world would say about it. Perhaps, as you say, he has been guilty of something worse, and has cheated his partners. But even admitting everything to be true, I do not see how I am responsible in any way."

"Legally, you are not ; morally, I think you are."

"Why ?"

"If he were your son——"

"But he is not my son ; he is my nephew."

"If your son had committed a theft, would you not do everything in your power to counteract the evil he had done ?"

"I might, and I might not. Some fathers pay their sons' debts, others do not. I cannot say what action I should take in a purely suppositious case."

"Very well, all I have to say is, our option runs out in two or three days. Twenty thousand pounds will secure the mine for us. I want that twenty thousand pounds before the option ceases."

"And do you expect me to pay you twenty thousand pounds for this ?"

"Yes, I do."

Old Mr. Longworth leaned back in his office chair, and looked at the young man in amazement.

"To think that you, a man of the city, would come to me, another man of the city, with such an absurd idea in your head, is simply grotesque."

"Then the name of the Longworths is nothing to you—the good name, I mean ?"

"The good name of the Longworths, my dear sir, is everything to me ; but I think it will be able to take care of itself without any assistance from you."

There was silence for a few moments. Then Wentworth said, in a voice of suppressed anguish :

"I thought, Mr. Longworth, one of your family was a scoundrel, I now wish to say I believe the epithet covers uncle as well

as nephew. You have had a chance to repair the mischief one of your family has done. You have answered me with contempt. You have not shown the slightest indication of wishing to make amends."

He unlocked the door.

"Come now," said old Mr. Longworth, rising, "that will do, that will do, Mr. Wentworth." Then he pressed an electric bell, and, when the clerk appeared, he said :

"Show this young gentleman the door, please, and if ever he calls here again, do not admit him."

And so George Wentworth, clenching his hands with rage, was shown to the door. He had the rest of the day to ponder on the fact that an angry man seldom accomplishes his purpose.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE stormy interview with Wentworth disturbed the usual serenity of Mr. Longworth's temper. He went home earlier than was customary with him that night, and the more he thought over the attack, the more unjustifiable it seemed. He wondered what his nephew had been at, and tried to remember what Wentworth had charged against him. He could not recollect, the angrier portions of the interview having, as it were, blotted the charges from his mind. There remained, however, a very bitter resentment against Wentworth. Mr. Longworth searched his conscience to see if he could be in the least to blame, but he found nothing in the recollections of his dealings with the young men to justify him in feeling at all responsible for the disaster that had overtaken them. He read his favourite evening paper with less than his usual interest, for every now and then the episode in his office would crop up in his mind. Finally he said sharply :

"Edith !"

"Yes, father," answered his daughter.

"You remember a person named Wentworth, whom you had here the evening William went away?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well. Never invite him to this house again."

"What has he been doing?" asked the young woman in rather a tremulous voice.

"I desire you, also, never to ask anyone connected with him, that man Kenyon, for instance," continued her father, ignoring her question.

"I thought," she answered, "that Mr. Kenyon was not in this country at present."

"He is not, but he will be back again, I suppose. At any rate, I wish to have nothing more to do with those people. You understand that?"

"Yes, father."

Mr. Longworth went on with his reading. Edith saw her father was greatly disturbed, and she much desired to know what the reason was, but knew enough of human nature to believe that, in a very short time, he would relieve her anxiety. He again appeared to be trying to fix his attention on the paper. Then he threw it down and turned towards her.

"That man, Wentworth," he said bitterly, "behaved to-day in a most unjustifiable manner to me in my own office. It seems that William and he and Kenyon embarked in some mine project. I knew nothing of their doings, and was not even consulted with regard to them. Now it appears William has gone to America and done something Wentworth considers wrong. Wentworth came to me and demanded twenty thousand pounds—the most preposterous thing ever heard of—said I owed it to clear the good name of Longworth, as if the good name were dependent on him, or anyone like him. I turned him out of the office."

Edith did not answer for a few moments, while her father gave expression to his indignation by various ejaculations that need not be here recorded.

"Did he say," she spoke at length, "in what way William had done wrong?"

"I do not remember, now, just what he said. I know I told him to come again when my nephew was present, and then make his charges against him, if he wanted to do so. Not that I admitted I had anything to do with the matter at all, but I simply refused to listen to charges against an absent man. I paid no attention to them."

"That certainly was reasonable," replied Edith. "What did he say to it?"

"Oh, he abused me, and abused William, and went on at a dreadful rate, until I was obliged to order him out of the office."

"But what did he say about meeting William at your office, and making the charges against him then?"

"What did he say? I don't remember. Oh, yes, he said it would be too late then; that they had only a few days to do what business they have to do, and that is why he made the demand for twenty thousand pounds. It was to repair the harm, whatever the harm was, William had done. I look on it simply as some blackmailing scheme of his, and I am astonished that a man, belonging to so good a house as he does, should try that game with me. I shall speak to the elder partner about it to-morrow, and if he does not make the young man apologise in the most abject manner, he will be the loser by it, I can tell him that."

"I would think no more about it, father, if I were you. Do not let it trouble you in the least."

"Oh, it doesn't trouble me; but young men, nowadays, seem to think they can say anything to their elders."

"I mean," she continued, "that I would not go to his partner for a day or two. Wait and see what happens. I have no doubt, when he thinks over the matter, he will be thoroughly ashamed of himself."

"Well, I hope so!"

"Then give him the chance of being

ashamed of himself, and take no further steps in the matter."

Edith, very shortly afterwards, went to her own room, and there, clasping her hands behind her, she walked up and down thinking, with a very troubled heart, of what she had heard. Her view of the matter was very different from that of her father. She felt certain something wrong had been done by her cousin. For a long time she had mistrusted his supposed friendship for the two young men, and now she pictured to herself John Kenyon in the wilds of Canada, helpless and despondent because of the great wrong that had been done him. It was far into the night when she retired, and it was early next morning when she arose. Her father was bright and cheerful at breakfast, and had evidently forgotten all about the unpleasant incident of the day before. A good night's sleep had erased it from his memory. Edith was glad of this, and she did not mention the subject. After he had gone to the City, the young woman prepared to follow him. She did not take her carriage, but hailed a hansom, and gave the driver the number of Wentworth's offices. That young man was evidently somewhat surprised to see her. He had been trying to write to Kenyon some account of his interview with old Mr. Longworth, and, somehow, after he had finished, he thought John Kenyon would not at all approve of his zeal, so had just torn the letter up.

"Take this chair," he said, wheeling an arm-chair into position. "It is the only comfortable one we have in the room."

"Comfort does not matter," said Miss Longworth. "I came to see you about the Mica Mine. What has my cousin done?"

"How do you know he has done anything?"

"That does not matter. I know. Tell me as quickly as you can what he has done?"

"It is not a very pleasant story to tell,"

he said, "to a young lady about one of her relatives."

"Never mind that. Tell me."

"Very well, he has done this. He has pretended he was our friend, and said he was going to aid us in forming this Company. He has delayed us by every means in his power until the option has nearly expired. Then he has gone to Canada and secured for himself, and a man named Melville, the option of the mine when John Kenyon's time is up. That is to say, at twelve o'clock to-morrow, when Kenyon's option expires, your cousin will pay the money and will own the mine; after which, of course, Kenyon and myself will be out of it. I don't mind the loss at all; I would gladly give Kenyon my share; but for John it is a terrible blow. He had counted on the money to pay debts of honour which he owes to his father for his education. He calls them debts of honour; they are not debts of honour in the ordinary sense of the word. Therefore, it seemed to me a terrible thing that——" here he paused and did not go on. He saw there were tears in the eyes of the girl to whom he was talking.

"It is brutal," he said, "to tell you all this. You are not to blame for it, and neither is your father, although I spoke to him in a heated manner yesterday."

"When did you say the option expires?"

"At twelve o'clock to-morrow."

"How much money is required to buy the mine?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Can money be sent to Canada by cable?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Aren't you quite sure?"

"No, I am not. It can be sent by telegraph in this country, and in America."

"How long will it take you to find out?"

"Only a few moments."

"Very well; where is Mr. Kenyon now?"

"Kenyon is in Ottawa. I had a cablegram from him yesterday."

"Then will you write a cablegram that can be sent away at once, asking him to wait at the telegraph office until he gets a further message from you?"

"Yes, I can do that; but what good will it do?"

"Never mind what good it will do; perhaps it will do no good. I am going to try to make it of some good. Meanwhile remember, if I succeed, John Kenyon must never know the particulars of this transaction."

"He never will; if you say so."

"I say so. Now it is six hours' difference of time between this country and Canada, is there not?"

"About that, I think."

"Very well, lose no time in getting the cable-message sent to him, and tell him to answer, so that we shall be sure that he is at the other end of the wire. Then find out about the cabling of the money. I shall be back here, I think, about the same time you are."

With that she left the office, and, getting into her cab, was driven to her father's place of business.

"Well, my girl," said the old man, shoving his spectacles up on his brow, and gazing at her, "what is it now, some new extravagance?"

"Yes, father, some new extravagance." His daughter was evidently excited, and her breath came quickly. She closed the door and took a chair opposite her father.

"Father," she said, "I have been your business man, as you call me, for a long time."

"Yes, you have. Are you going to strike for an increase of salary?"

"Father," she said, earnestly, not heeding the jocularity of his tone, "this is very serious. I want you to give me some money for myself—to speculate with."

"I will do that very gladly. How

much do you want?" The old man turned his chair round and pulled out his cheque-book.

"I want thirty thousand pounds," she answered.

Mr. Longworth wheeled quickly round in his chair, and looked at her in astonishment. "Thirty thousand what?"

"Thirty thousand pounds, father; and I want it now—and I want it in cash."

"My dear girl," he expostulated, "have you any idea how much thirty thousand pounds is? Do you know that thirty thousand pounds is a fortune?"

"Yes, I know that."

"Do you know that there is not one in twenty of the richest merchants in London who could, at a moment's notice, produce thirty thousand pounds in ready money?"

"Yes, I suppose that is true. Have you not the ready money?"

"Yes, I have the money. I can draw a cheque for that amount, and it will be honoured at once; but I cannot give you so much money without knowing what you are going to do with it."

"And suppose, father, you do not approve of what I am going to do with it?"

"All the more reason, my dear, that I should know."

"Then, father, I suppose you mean that whatever services I have rendered you—whatever comfort I have given you—what I have been to you all my life is not worth thirty thousand pounds."

"You shouldn't talk like that, daughter. Everything I have is yours, or will be when I die. It is for you I work. It is for you I accumulate money. You will have everything I own, the moment I have to lay down my work."

"Father," cried the girl, standing up before him, "I do not want your money when you die. I do not want you to die, as you very well know; but I do want thirty thousand pounds to-day, and now. I want it more than I ever wanted any-

thing else before in my life, or ever shall again. Will you give it to me?"

"No, I will not; unless you tell me what you are going to do with it."

"Then, father, you can leave your money to your nephew when you die. I shall never touch a penny of it. I now bid you good-bye. I will go out from this room and earn my own living."

With that the young woman turned to go, but her father, with a sprightliness one would not have expected from his years, sprang to the door and looked at her with alarm.

"Edith, my child, you never talked to me like this before in your life. What is wrong with you?"

"Nothing, father, except that I want a cheque for thirty thousand pounds, and want it now."

"And do you mean to say that you will leave me if I do not give it to you?"

"Have you ever broken your word, father?"

"Never, my child, that I know of."

"Then remember I am your daughter.

I have said, if I do not get that money now, I shall never enter our house again."

"But thirty thousand pounds is a tremendous amount. Remember I have given *my* word, too, that I would not give you the money unless you told me what it was for."

"Very well, father, I will tell what it is for when you ask me. I would advise you, though, not to ask me, and I would advise you to give me the money. It will all be returned to you if you want it."

"Oh, I don't care about the money at all, Edith. I merely, of course, don't want to see it wasted."

"And, father, have you no trust in my judgment?"

"Well, you know I haven't much faith in any woman's judgment, in the matter of investing money."

"Trust me this time, father, I shall never ask you for any more."

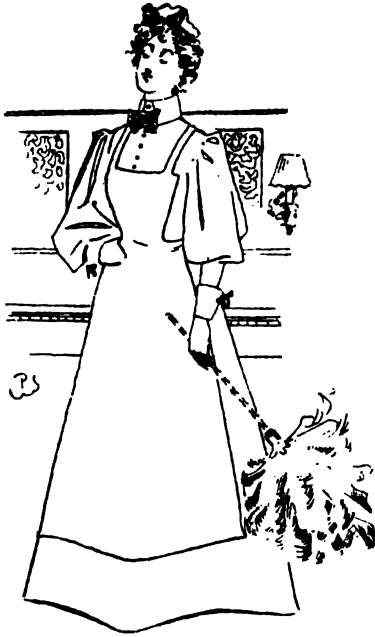
The old man went slowly to his desk, wrote out a cheque, and handed it to his daughter. It was for thirty thousand pounds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW SERVANT.

BY MRS. HUMPHREY.

WHETHER the New Woman be myth or momentous fact, there is no doubt whatever about the New Servant. She is here among us, and has come to



"A YOUNG HOUSEMAID."

stay. The Board Schools are turning her out in her thousands. The ratepayers are educating her, and the mistresses of the land will do well to adjust their ideas to her and accept the new state of affairs with an open mind. It does not answer to keep in an ancient groove when new channels are being dug out around us, and a transverse cut may let in a flood of inconveniences and disadvantages. Free education is bringing about a condition of affairs that may as well be reckoned with soon as late. The old-fashioned servant, whose early studies were limited to the three R.'s, will soon have entirely disappeared, and there is little doubt that, after

employer and employed have become familiar with the new order of things, the change will be for the better; but, in the meantime, the period of transition is apt to be rather puzzling, and occasionally trying.

A young housemaid stood, the other morning, duster in hand, listening to a youthful daughter of her employer practising on the piano. After a while, she remarked to the child: "I am so sorry, Miss, that I did not keep up my music and my shorthand." She had learned both at the Board School, where the list of subjects includes, in addition to the ordinary course, English literature and composition, botany, chemistry, drawing, freehand modelling and modelling in clay, singing, French, mathematics and elementary science. A violin class has been formed for the encouragement of diligent pupils, who are admitted as a reward for good conduct. For a trifling fee instruction can be obtained in playing the mandolin, guitar, and banjo, at another Board School in the same vicinity.

This is what the ratepayers' money does for the working classes, and, apart from the question of fairness in compelling a man to subscribe heavily towards providing a much better education for the Board scholars than he can afford to give his own children, his wife has to reckon with the whole business in dealing with her servants. Perhaps we hardly consider this sufficiently. It is well-known that the women, especially of the servant class, are among the most sensitive of humankind. The foundations of their moral nature would appear to have suffered a sort of seismic disturbance at or before the period when they began to enter upon the duties of domestic service, with the result that they are for ever after liable to be upset with a suddenness and com-

pletteness that are both surprising and embarrassing to those who unwittingly cause the disaster. Whether the new education, with its wide range, will eventually aggravate or minimize this tendency, it would be difficult to guess; but it is absolutely certain that as things are at present, with some servants partially taught and others not taught at all, the unfortunate housewife finds herself surrounded by pitfalls. Servants have always been difficult to comprehend. They have an unwritten code of etiquette, which even the most experienced mistress is only beginning faintly to ascertain after long years of varied experience. Sometimes a glimmer of it can be obtained from an old servant who feels herself to be on sufficiently confidential terms with her mistress to let her into a secret or two. This code appears to be framed entirely with a view to define the duties of servants to each other. The mistress is left out in the cold. She is, perhaps, supposed to be in such a stronghold of power and authority as to be well able to take care



"THE NEW SERVANT."

of herself. But whatever may be the cause, she is only included by inference

in the laws that govern the kitchen, and that inference the unflattering one that sketches her in as a troublesome frontier



"SOMETIMES ACTIVELY ILL-TREAT THEM."

line, shutting off many a pleasure that might otherwise be indulged in. Will the new education make the servant more tolerant of, and considerate to, her employer? Who shall say?

The popular view of the servant in ordinary English households of fair social position is that she is completely at the mercy of her mistress, and that the latter is prone to bully her domestics, scold them, overwork them, and in some cases actively ill-treat them. This view is upheld by incidents in the police-court that crop up from time to time; but there is no publicity given to the innumerable instances of homes where the servants are as comfortable as their own sensitive natures will permit them to be; where they are well-fed, moderately worked, and considered in a variety of ways. The truth is that in many and many a ménage the mistress is at the mercy of her servants. Her comfort and happiness are in their hands, and if she be of a too yielding, pliant, timid character,

she suffers many things in her daily dealings with those in her employ. It needs some strength of mind to point out shortcomings and defects to any fellow-creature. One has to summon all one's courage to an interview with a woman who is as likely as not to take offence over necessary remonstrance, however gently put, and use colloquial weapons. There are adjectives and nouns of so powerful a sort that one would gladly choose a blow in their stead, were the alternative offered. On the other hand, some educated women, who should know better, address satirical remarks to their servants, who hate and dread sarcasm as a weapon which is as much beyond their reach as coarse invective is below that of a gentlewoman.

The fact is that perfect politeness is more than ever necessary in dealings with the maids in the kitchen. It is the best sort of armour wherein a mistress can invest herself. One need not for ever be saying "Thank you" and "If you please" to one's servants, but it is absolutely necessary to abandon the dictatorial manner, the peremptory tone, and the stern, cold glance which raise revolt in the breast alike of cook and housemaid and every other kind of maid. The voice can be pleasant, the tone gentle, the manner kind, even if the words be those of authority, as they should and must be. There are kindly souls who can say, "You will do this or that," with a more agreeable intonation than others can throw into "Please do so and so." If servants are to be placed on an equal footing with the children of many of us in the matter of education, we must accept the state of affairs with what equanimity we may be able to summon. If the cook choose to correct our pronunciation of French words, we must take it as kindly meant, should her manner permit us to do so. This actually happened the other day, when a Board School young woman suggested that "maynoo" was the proper way in which to speak of a bill-of-

fare in French. Perhaps this is the way they teach French in the Board Schools. "Quite a *multum in parvo*, Madam," said a parlourmaid the other morning, speaking of a new invention. The schoolmaster is abroad, indeed, and if only the employer can keep herself above the level of the employed in courtesy, culture, and the practical science of the household, the new era may prove a sort of mild millennium, a 14-carat article, which will contrast agreeably with the pewter period when ignorance and prejudice held sway.

It is one of the difficulties of this intermediate period that some of our servants are of the old-fashioned pattern, very lightly educated, and full of the illimitable incomprehensibility of ignorance, while others, sharing the kitchen with them, belong to the New Servant period. The mixture is a strange one, but it is not uncommon. The cook may be a venerable, if not picturesque, relic of a former age, while the housemaid and the parlourmaid have learned the elements of botany, and



"NEED NOT FOR EVER BE SAYING 'THANK YOU,'"

tried their hands at modelling in clay at the Board School. Sometimes the representatives of the two periods run together

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well enough in double harness, though each secretly despises the other. The enlightened housemaid would not dream of calling her employer "the mistress" as the old-fashioned cook does; and the latter, who can scarcely write her own name correctly, inclines to the opinion that education has not done much for the empty-headed, frivolous chatterer, who, to quote a clever saying, devotes all the leisure she has to spare from the decoration of her person to the neglect of her duties. It was one of these old-fashioned servants who, on being questioned as to her capabilities, and asked if she could make entrées, replied, "I think I could; I made the beds in my last place." Every one is free to guess at what she thought an

entrée was. Another of the same sort, on being told to put salt into the water in which potatoes were being boiled in their jackets, said: "But what is the use? The salt can't get through their skins." A lady whose kitchen range occasionally declined to do anything but smoke, had one cook who remarked with reference to it, "It is very unsatisfactory, Madam," and another who observed, "Hur's a meazley beast, mum." Both meant pre-

cisely the same thing, but the Oxfordshire servant had not enjoyed the etymological training that enabled her compeer to express herself in dictionary English.

It is with a lurking sort of regret that one anticipates the days when every servant will be too well taught to sign herself "Yours respectively" at the end of a letter; to call the sediment in a decanter "settlement"; a *conversazione* a "con-

versation only"; and otherwise to use their ingenuity in translating unknown words into others that are familiar and not very far wide of the sense. Even one of the educated has been known to speak of "exasperating the h," and another bemoans her "scrutinizing pains," while a third, writing to her mistress about a

fellow-servant who had been ill with bronchitis, remarked: "The doctor says it is brown capers on the chest." The loss of these quaint equivalents will tend to diminish the gaiety of nations; but, after all, we engage our domestics more with a view to rendering practical aid in the household than as possible purveyors of amusing paraphrase; and in the former capacity a little general enlightenment may not be amiss.



"THE SERVANT OF THE FUTURE."

EBENEZER.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

THERE is a dog in our street—never mind to whom he belongs ; I know who is his master, but I am not going to give him away—a dog of whom I often overhear the butcher-boys and bakers'-men, and such-like persons, telling one another that they need be under no error as to his knowing a thing or two. He does know a thing or two, does Ebenezer ; and besides, he is a humourist, and deliberately does funny things in order to amuse himself and make his friends laugh. His friends are many, and are fitted, some with two legs and others with four legs ; but they all laugh at Ebenezer, which is his name, for he has constituted himself the clown of the district, and lives on his reputation.

Ebenezer is not any particular kind of dog ; that would not be funny enough. When about to make his entry into this dismal planet, Ebenezer determined to bring a ray of light into it, and make people laugh from the beginning ; so he chose the funniest-looking people of his kind for his parents, and burst upon a delighted world looking something like a poodle and something like a small towel-horse, with a dash of greyhound about the head, and a strong suggestion of hearth-rug about the tail. Then Ebenezer got himself shaved ; he had all the fur about his neck and shoulders taken off and that of the front and hind legs, leaving the rest on, especially the hair on his face, which he gets somebody to brush up into ferocious whiskers every day.

Ebenezer does nothing common, such as barking or howling. He does, occasionally, give a bark in imitation of other dogs, and in a voice which is not a bit like his own ; but that is only when he wishes to startle some cat, and get a little

fun out of it. You can see him, at such times, watch a cat sneaking quietly home unaware of Ebenezer's presence ; he lies still and smiles. Then there is a wild scuffle, and a short, deep bark—and off goes the cat down the street like an arrow from the bow. Ebenezer stands and wags his tail and watches, smiling, till the cat turns to see who it was that made the rush. Then the cat perceives that it has been humbugged, and says to itself—"By George, it's only Ebenezer after all, what a fool I've been !" and lies down then and there to watch and see whether Ebenezer is going to be entertaining again—with some other cat.

An errand boy arrived one day at Ebenezer's front door, accompanied by his mother—not Ebenezer's mother, he had never known a mother's tender care—and reported that Ebenezer had so interfered with the seat of his (the boy's) trousers that a patch had become necessary. There was the patch, sure enough, but the whole thing was a libel as far as Ebenezer was concerned ; for he never went to extremities in his dealings with errand boys, though he had his fun out of them as out of everything else he had anything to do with. Besides, the patch was an old one on the face of it, and, as it turned out afterwards, had already been the basis upon which claims had been made for the attacks of other dogs. It is clear that a patch in the seat of his trousers is a valuable possession to an errand boy, and, with the assistance of a sufficiently vituperative and mendacious mother, may be made a positive and certain source of income.

Only once was Ebenezer known to do real damage to life or property, and that was, of course, the occasion on which he

ran amuck. It was a serious business that, and gave Ebenezer's friends much pain, for we thought—we did indeed—that our Ebenezer had gone mad. As a matter of fact, all that he was suffering from was a violent flow of spirits—goodness knows what set him off. Billiter, his master (the fellow who pays for his licence, I mean—no one is specially Ebenezer's master, he is everybody's and nobody's dog down our street)—I call him Billiter, but, of course, that is not his real name—Billiter declares that he had eaten something that did not agree with him, but everything agrees with Ebenezer. Podgeley says he thinks Ebenezer fell in love; but I don't think that of Ebenezer, and, if he did, he very soon fell out again; my own opinion is that he made some excruciatingly funny joke which we did not happen to see, and that, since he could not sit down and roar, as a human being would, till his sides fell in with the exertion, he was obliged to work off his amusement in some other way. Well, the way he did it was to kill Miss Warmington's cat—which he always hated—and to rush round and round the garden after Crorly's rabbits, three of which died of it. He chased an errand boy half-way down the road, and worried his trouser legs to ribbons, and caused the errand boy to yell as though, not Ebenezer, but all the demons from all sorts of dreadful places were after him. Then Ebenezer calmly went and took a bathe in a neighbour's pond and came home, and had his dinner as though he had passed through no extraordinary phase. Miss Warmington wanted Ebenezer sent to Battersea Home for his exploit—I fancy she believed that establishment to be a kind of reformatory for bad dogs; a penitentiary in which they were taught the iniquity of killing cats, and so on; but, bless you, Ebenezer never dreamt of going to such a place. He stayed at home.

A very favourite game of Ebenezer's is

to pick up a muddy stick out of the road, and run it against some stranger's trousers; I'm afraid he likes to hear them turn their vocabularies inside out at him—which is, of course, a vulgar taste for a dog to have, and I don't defend it. If the stranger is of a stone-throwing kind—some are, though "cursing" is commoner—Ebenezer is well into the next Parish while the man bends to find a stone; he knows in an instant if a missile is going to be hurled at him, and generally chooses for the perpetration of his practical jokes a place in the road where there are no loose stones. Then he runs round the corner.

The other day Ebenezer collected quite a crowd. He had annexed young Pickersgill as he passed down the street for a walk. Ebenezer saw him coming, and decided to accompany him; he does, occasionally, favour one or another of us in this way. Presently, just when our road runs into the more populous High Street (we live, of course, at Luddington), Ebenezer picked up an exceedingly unsavoury stick and rubbed it freely against the trousers of a man he met. Probably it was a new pair; if so, it was no doubt a bit aggravating, and this must be the man's excuse. He instantly lost his way in the lowest depths of his vocabulary. He groped about there, and shot out shockingalities as a dog flings the earth about when digging a hole; the man must have had experience of the principal streets of a large town on Sunday nights; his language was of that kind. Ebenezer saw he was a swearing, or non-stone-throwing person, and sat down with the stick in his mouth to listen; he wagged his tail and smiled at the choicest phrases; it was horrid of him. People came and stood round. Young Pickersgill was the target for all the abuse. The man wanted to know what Pickersgill meant by letting his adjective, past-participled dog bring adverbially dirty sticks in his adjective

mouth, and wipe them on his trousers ? The crowd looked at young Pickersgill as though they, too, were anxious to be informed on this point. Ebenezer looked at Pickersgill, also, as if the question had struck him as being distinctly reasonable on the part of the vituperative person with the trousers, and that he should think poorly of Pickersgill if he did not answer it satisfactorily.

Pickersgill said surely it wasn't *his* fault that the man had run up against a dirty stick and soiled his trousers ?

The crowd looked half convinced. Ebenezer appeared pained.

The man said he would let Pickersgill know whether it was his fault. Why did he bring dogs (he described the dogs in a few vivid adjectives) that ran dirty sticks against peoples' trousers ?

Again the crowd veered round, and were all against Pickersgill for bringing Ebenezer.

But Pickersgill said he *hadn't* brought any dogs, as described, that ran dirty sticks against people's trousers.

The crowd looked puzzled at this. Ebenezer concealed a smile by pretending to catch a non-existent flea.

The man said he would jolly soon teach Pickersgill whether he had acted as described or not, Pickersgill need make no mistake about that. "What," he inquired, "was that past-participled, lost, condemned specimen there ?"

Pickersgill said that, so far as he was aware, the creature referred to was a dog. The crowd breathed more freely, the truth was coming out.

"Very well, then," the man continued, "and what had he in his mouth ?"

"A stick," Pickersgill admitted. The crowd looked pleased ; the man's irresistible logic was drawing Pickersgill into a corner ; in another minute he would give himself away.

"A *muddy* stick ?" said the man.

Pickersgill admitted it: "Very muddy."

"Then, d—— it all !" exclaimed the aggrieved one. "Where *are* yer ?"

Pickersgill gave the fellow his bearings quite correctly—So-and-so,—High Street. The crowd laughed at Pickersgill's simplicity. Ebenezer had to look for another flea.

The man with the trousers remarked that if Pickersgill was going to be so excessively funny they had better all go home to bed and have their laugh out, afore they took and busted. Come, what was he going to get for the damage to his clothes ?

Pickersgill said he had better find out that from the owner of the dog.

At this, the crowd declared unreservedly for Pickersgill, and howled with laughter. But the trousered one did not laugh ; he took up stones wherewith to bombard the author of all his sorrows, and this, Pickersgill said, was the best thing he could do, for it dispersed Ebenezer ; whereas if Ebenezer had remained there, and walked away with him, he might have had difficulty in proving that Ebenezer was not his property.

But Ebenezer would never, I am sure, have given Pickersgill away ; he knows enough to come in out of the rain, does Ebenezer !

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

XVI.

1, OAKLEY VILLAS, BIRCHESPOOL,

November 4th, 1881.

I FACE my study window as I write, Bertie. Slate-coloured clouds are drifting slowly overhead, with ragged fringes. Between them one has a glimpse of higher clouds of a lighter gray. I can hear the gentle swish of the rain striking a clearer note on the gravel path and a duller among the leaves. Sometimes it falls straight and heavy, till the air is full of the delicate gray shading, and for half a foot above the ground there is a haze from the rebound of a million tiny globules. Then, without any change in the clouds, it eases off again. Pools line my walk, and lie thick upon the roadway, their surface pocked by the falling drops. As I sit I can smell the heavy perfume of the wet earth, and the laurel bushes gleam where the light strikes sideways upon them. The gate outside shines above as though it were new varnished, and along the lower edge of the upper bar there hangs a fringe of great clear drops.

That is the best that November can do for us in our dripping little island. You, I suppose, sitting among the dying glories of an American fall think that this must needs be depressing. Don't make any mistake about that, my dear boy. You may take the States from Detroit to the Gulf, and you won't find a happier man than this one. What do you suppose I've got at this moment in my consulting-room? A bureau? A bookcase? No; I know you've guessed my secret already. She is sitting in my big armchair, and she is the best, the kindest, the sweetest little woman in England.

Yes, I've been married six months now—at least, the almanack says months, though I should have thought weeks. I

should, of course, have sent cake and cards, but had an idea that you were not home from the Islands yet. It is a good year since I wrote to you, but when you give an amorphous address of that sort, what can you expect? I've thought of you and talked of you often enough.

Well, I daresay with the acumen of an old married man you have guessed who the lady is as well. We surely know by some nameless instinct more about our futures than we think we know. I can remember, for example, that years ago the name of Bradfield used to strike with a causeless familiarity upon my ear, and since then, as you know, the course of my life has flowed through it. And so when I first saw Winnie La Force in the railway carriage, before I had spoken to her or knew her name, I felt an inexplicable sympathy for and interest in her. Have you had no experience of the sort in your life? Or was it merely that she was obviously gentle and retiring, and so made a silent claim upon all that was helpful and manly in me? At any rate I was conscious of it, and again and again every time that I met her. How good is that saying of some Russian writer, that he who loves one woman knows more of the whole sex than he who has had passing relations with a thousand. I thought I knew something of women. I suppose every medical student does. But now I can see that I really knew nothing. My knowledge was all external. I did not know the woman soul, that crowning gift of Providence to man, which, if we do not ourselves degrade it, will set an edge to all that is good in us. I did not know how the love of a woman will tinge a man's whole life and every action with unselfishness. I did not know how easy it is to be noble when some one else takes it for granted that one will be so, or how

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wide and interesting life becomes when viewed by four eyes instead of two. I had much to learn, you see, but I think I have learned it.

It was natural that the death of poor Fred La Force should make me intimate with the family. It was really that cold hand which I grasped that morning as I sat by his bed which drew me towards my happiness. I visited there frequently, and we often went little excursions together. Then my dear mother came down to stay with me for a spell, and turned Miss Williams gray by looking for dust in all sorts of improbable corners, or advancing with a terrible silence, a broom in one hand and a shovel in the other, to the attack of a spider's web which she had marked down in the beer-cellar. Her presence enabled me to return some of the hospitality which I had received from the La Forces, and brought us still nearer together.

I had never yet reminded them of our previous meeting. One evening, however, the talk turned upon clairvoyance, and Mrs. La Force was expressing the utmost disbelief in it. I borrowed her ring, and holding it to my forehead, I pretended to be peering into her past.

"I see you in a railway carriage," said I. "You are wearing a red feather in your bonnet. Miss La Force is dressed in something dark. There is a young man there. He is rude enough to address your daughter as Winnie before he has ever been"

"Oh, mother," she cried, "of course it is he! The face haunted me and I could not think where we had met it. That is twice, then, that Fred has been a link between us."

Well, there are some things that we don't talk about to another man, even when we know each other as well as I know you. Why should we, when that which is most engrossing to us consists in those gradual shades of advance from friendship to intimacy, and from intimacy

to something more sacred still, which can scarcely be written at all, far less made interesting to another. The time came at last when they were to leave Birchespool, and my mother and I went round the night before to say good-bye. Winnie and I were thrown together for an instant.

"When will you come back to Birchespool?" I asked.

"Mother does not know."

"Will you come soon, and be my wife?"

I had been turning it over in my head all the evening how prettily I could lead up to it, and how neatly I could say it—and behold the melancholy result! Well, perhaps the feeling of my heart managed to make itself clear even through those bald words. There was but one to judge, and she was of that opinion.

I was so lost in my own thoughts that I walked as far as Oakley Villa with my mother before I opened my mouth. "Mam," said I at last, "I have proposed to Winnie La Force and she has accepted me."

"My boy," said she, "you are a true Packenham." And so I knew that my mother's approval had reached the point of enthusiasm. It was not for days—not until I expressed a preference for dust under the bookcase with quiet, against purity and ructions—that the dear old lady perceived traces of the Munros.

The time originally fixed for the wedding was six months after this, but we gradually whittled it down to five and to four. My income had risen to about two hundred and seventy pounds at the time, and Winnie had agreed, with a somewhat enigmatical smile, that we could manage very well on that—the more so as marriage sends a doctor's income up. The reason of her smile became more apparent when a few weeks before the date I received a most portentous blue document in which "We, Brown and Woodhouse, the solicitors for the herein and hereafter men-

tioned Winifred La Force, do hereby" state a surprising number of things, and use some remarkably bad English. The meaning of it when all the "whereas's and aforesaid's" were picked out, was that Winnie had about a hundred a year of her own. It could not make me love her a shade better than I did, but at the same time I won't be so absurd as to say that I was not very glad, or to deny that it made our marriage much easier than it would otherwise have been.

Poor old Whitehall came in on the morning of the ceremony. He was staggering under the weight of a fine Japanese cabinet which he had carried round from his lodgings. I had asked him to come to the church, and the old gentleman was resplendent in a white waistcoat and a silk tie. Between ourselves I had been just a little uneasy lest his excitement should upset him, as in the case of the dinner, but nothing could be more exemplary than his conduct and appearance. I had introduced him to Winnie some days before.

"You'll forgive me for saying, Dr. Munro, sir, that you are a—lucky fellow," said he. "You've put your hand in the bag, sir, and taken out the eel first time, as any one with half an eye can see. Now I've had three dips, and landed a snake every dip. If I'd had a good woman at my side, Dr. Munro, sir, I might not be the broken half-pay skipper of an armed transport to-day."

"I thought that you had been twice married, Captain."

"Three times, sir. I buried two. The other lives at Brussels. Well, I'll be at the church, Dr. Munro, sir, and you may lay that there is no one there who wishes you better than I do."

And yet there were many there who wished me well. My patients had all got wind of it, and they assembled by the pew-full, looking distressingly healthy. My neighbour, Dr. Porter, was there also to lend me his support, and old General Wainwright gave Winnie away. My mother,

Mrs. La Force, and Miss Williams were all in the front pew, and away at the back of the church I caught a glimpse of the forked beard and crinkly face of Whitehall, and beside him the wounded lieutenant, the man who ran away with the cook, and quite a line of the strange Bohemians who followed his fortunes. Then when the words were said, and man's form had tried to sanctify that which was already divine, we walked amid the pealings of the Wedding March into the vestry, where my dear mother relieved the tension of the situation by signing the register in the wrong place, so that to all appearance it was she who had just married the clergyman. And then amid congratulations and kindly faces we were together, her hand on my forearm, upon the steps of the church, and saw the familiar road stretching before us. But it was not that road which lay before my eyes, but rather the path of our lives, that broader path on which our feet were now planted, so pleasant to tread, and yet with its course so shrouded in the mist. Was it long or was it short? Was it uphill or was it down? For her at least it should be smooth, if a man's love could make it so.

We were away for several weeks in the Isle of Man, and then came back to Oakley Villa, where Miss Williams was awaiting us in a house in which even my mother could have found no dust, and with a series of cheering legends as to the crowds of patients who had blocked the street in my absence. There really was a marked increase in my practice, and for the last six months or so, without being actually busy, I have always had enough to occupy me. My people are poor, and I have to work hard for a small fee, but I still study and attend the local hospital, and keep my knowledge up-to-date so as to be ready for my opening when it comes. There are times when I chafe that I may not play a part upon some larger stage than this, but my happiness is complete, and if Fate has no further use for me, I am content now

from my heart to live and to die where I am.

You will wonder, perhaps, how we get on—my wife and I—in the matter of religion. Well, we both go our own ways. Why should I proselytise? I would not, for the sake of abstract truth, take away her child-like faith, which serves to make life easier and brighter to her. I would as soon think of breaking in upon her innocent prayers as she would of carrying off the works of philosophy from my study table. She is not narrow in her views, but if one could stand upon the very topmost pinnacle of broad-mindedness, one would doubtless see from it that even the narrow have their mission.

About a year ago I had news of Cullingworth from Smeaton, who was in the same football team at college, and who had called when he was passing through Bradfield. His report was not a very favourable one. The practice had declined considerably. People had, no doubt, accustomed themselves to his eccentricities, and these had ceased to impress them. Again, there had been one or two coroner's inquests, which had spread the impression that he had been rash in the use of powerful drugs. If the coroner could have seen the hundreds of cures which Cullingworth had effected by that same rashness, he would have been less confident with his censures. But, as you can understand, C.'s rival medical men were not disposed to cover him in any way. He had never had much consideration for them.

Beside this decline in his practice, I was sorry to hear that Cullingworth had shown renewed signs of that curious vein of suspicion which had always seemed to me to be the most insane of all his traits. His whole frame of mind towards me had been an example of it, but as far back as I can remember it had been a characteristic. Even in those early days, when they lived in four little rooms above a grocer's shop, I recollect that he insisted

upon gumming up every chink of one bedroom for fear of some imaginary infection. He was haunted, too, with a perpetual dread of eaves-droppers, which used to make him fly at the door and fling it open in the middle of his conversation, pouncing out into the passage with the idea of catching somebody in the act. Once it was the maid with the tea-tray that he caught, I remember, and I can see her astonished face now, with an aureole of flying cups and lumps of sugar.

Smeaton tells me that this has now taken the form of imagining that someone is conspiring to poison him with copper, against which he takes the most extravagant precautions. It is the strangest sight, he says, to see Cullingworth at his meals, for he sits with an elaborate chemical apparatus and numerous retorts and bottles at his elbow with which he tests samples of every course. I could not help laughing at Smeaton's description, and yet it was a laugh with a groan underlying it. Of all ruins, that of a fine man is the saddest.

I never thought I should have seen Cullingworth again, but Fate has brought us together. I have always had a kindly feeling for him, though I know that he used me atrociously. Often I have wondered whether, if I were placed before him, I should take him by the throat or by the hand. You will be interested to hear what actually occurred.

One day, just a week or so back, I was starting on my round, when a boy arrived with a note. It fairly took my breath away when I saw the familiar writing, and realised that Cullingworth was in Birchespool. I called Winnie, and we read it together.

"Dear Munro," it said, "James is in lodgings here for a few days. We are on the point of leaving England. He would be glad, for the sake of old times,

to have a chat with you before he goes. Yours faithfully, Hetty Cullingworth."

The writing was his, and the style of address, so that it was evidently one of those queer little bits of transparent eunning which were characteristic of him, to make it come from his wife, that he might not lay himself open to a direct rebuff. The address, curiously enough, was that very Cadogan Terrace at which I had lodged, but two doors higher up.

Well, I was averse from going myself, but Winnie was all for peace and forgiveness. Women who claim nothing invariably get everything, and so my gentle little wife always carries her point. Half an hour later I was in Cadogan Terrace with very mixed feelings, but the kindlier ones at the top. I tried to think that Cullingworth's treatment of me had been pathological—the result of a diseased brain. If a delirious man had struck me I should not have been angry with him. That must be my way of looking at it.

If Cullingworth still bore any resentment he concealed it most admirably. But then I knew by experience that that genial loud-voiced John Bull manner of his *could* conceal many things. His wife was more open, and I could read in her tightened lips and cold gray eyes that she at least stood fast to the old quarrel. Cullingworth was little changed, and seemed to be as sanguine and as full of spirits as ever.

"Sound as a trout, my boy," he cried, drumming on his chest with his hands. "Played for the London Scottish in their opening match last week, and was on the ball from whistle to whistle. Not so quick on a sprint—you find that yourself, Munro, eh, what? but a good hard-working bullocky forward. Last match I shall have for many a day, for I am off to South America next week."

"You have given up Bradfield altogether, then?"

"Too provincial, my boy. What's the good of a village practice with a miser-

able three thousand or so a year for a man that wants room to spread. My head was sticking out at one end of Bradfield and my feet at the other. Why there wasn't room for Hetty in the place, let alone me! I've taken to the eye, my boy. There's a fortune in the eye. A man grudges a half-crown to cure his chest or his throat, but he'd spend his last dollar over his eye. There's money in ears but the eye is a gold mine."

"What!" said I, "in South America?"

"Just exactly in South America," he cried, pacing with his quick little steps up and down the dingy room. "Look here, laddie! There's a great Continent from the Equator to the icebergs and not a man in it who could correct an astigmatism. What do they know of modern eye-surgery and refraction? Why, damme, they don't know much about it in the provinces of England yet, let alone Brazil. Man, if you could only see it, there's a fringe of squinting millionaires sitting ten deep round the whole Continent with their money in their hands, waiting for an oculist. Eh, Munro? What? By Crums, I'll come back and I'll buy Bradfield, and I'll give it away as a tip to a waiter."

"You propose to settle in some large city then?"

"City! What use would a city be to me? I'm there to squeeze the Continent. I work a town at a time. I send on an agent to the next to say that I am coming. 'Here's the chance of a life-time,' says he. 'No need to go back to Europe. Here's Europe come to you. Squints, cataracts, iritis, refractions, what you like, here's the great Signor Cullingworth, right up to date and ready for anything.' In they come, of course, droves of them, and then I arrive and take the money. Here's my luggage," he pointed to two great hampers in the corner of the room. "Those are glasses, my boy, concave and convex, hundreds of them. I test an eye, fit him on the spot, and send him away shouting.

Then I load up a steamer and come home, unless I elect to buy one of their little States and run it."

Of course it sounded absurd as he put it, but I could soon see that he had worked out his details and that there was a very practical side to his visions.

"I work Bahia," said he. "My agent prepares Pernambuco. When Bahia is squeezed dry I move on to Pernambuco, and the agent ships to Monte Video. So we work our way round with a trail of spectacles behind us. It'll go like clock-work."

"You will need to speak Spanish," said I.

"Tut, it does not take any Spanish to stick a knife into a man's eye. All I shall want to know is—'Money down—no credit.' That's Spanish enough for me."

We had a long and interesting talk about all that had happened to both of us, without however any allusion to our past quarrel. He would not admit that he left Bradfield on account of a falling off in his practice, or for any reason except that he found the place too small. His spring-screen invention had, he said, been favourably reported upon by one of the first private ship-building firms on the Clyde, and there was every probability of their adopting it.

"As to the magnet," said he, "I'm very sorry for my country, but there is no more command of the seas for her. I'll have to let the thing go to the Germans. It's not my fault. They must not blame me when the smash comes. I put the thing before the Admiralty, and I could have made a Board School understand it in half the time. Such letters, Munro! Colney Hatch on blue paper. When the war comes, and I show these letters, somebody will be hanged. Questions about this—questions about that. At last they asked me what I proposed to fasten my magnet to. I answered to any solid, impenetrable object, such as the

head of an Admiralty Official. Well, that broke the whole thing up. They wrote with their compliments and they were returning my apparatus. I wrote with my compliments and they might go to the devil. And so ends a great historical incident, Munro—eh, what?"

We parted very good friends, but with reservations, I fancy, on both sides. His last advice to me was to clear out of Birchespool.

"You can do better—you can do better, laddie!" said he. "Look round the whole world, and when you see a little round hole jump in feet foremost. There's a lot of 'em about if a man keeps himself ready."

So those were the last words of Cullingworth, and the last that I may ever see of him also, for he starts almost immediately upon his strange venture. He must succeed. He is a man whom nothing could hold down. I wish him luck, and have a kindly feeling towards him, and yet I distrust him from the bottom of my heart, and shall be just as pleased to know that the Atlantic rolls between us.

Well, my dear Bertie, a happy and tranquil, if not very ambitious existence stretches before us. I can foresee the gradually increasing routine of work, the wider circle of friends, the identification with this or that local movement, with perhaps a seat on the bench, or at least, in the Municipal Council in my later years. It's not a very startling programme, is it? But it lies to my hand, and I see no other. I should dearly love that the world should be ever so little better for my presence. Even on this small stage we have our two sides, and something might be done by throwing all one's weight on the scale of breadth, tolerance, charity, temperance, peace, and kindness to man and beast. We can't all strike very big blows, and even the little ones count for something.

So good-bye, my dear boy, and remember that when you come to England

our home would be the brighter for your presence. In any case, now that I have your address, I shall write again in a very few weeks. My kindest regards to Mrs. Swanborough.

[This is the last letter which was mailed to me by my poor friend. He started to spend Christmas of that year (1884) with his people, and on the journey was involved in the fatal railroad accident at Sittingfleet. Dr. and Mrs. Munro were the only occupants of the car next the

locomotive, and were killed instantly, as was the brakesman and one other passenger. It was such an end as both he and his wife would have chosen, and no one who knew them would regret that neither was left to mourn the other. His insurance policy of eleven hundred pounds was sufficient to provide for the wants of his own family, which, as his father was in failing health, was the one worldly matter which could have caused him concern.—A. S.]

[THE END.]

KARL.

BY BART KENNEDY.

OFTEN I sit and think and wonder what has become of Karl. And when I pass along the streets, I find myself instinctively looking for his face in the surge and push of the crowd. How strange it is to be haunted by a face—a face that ever lives in the memory, that fades not. I see it before me now, as plainly as I saw it in the years long gone. Nay, more plainly, for the lapse of time limns it all the more clearly.

Fame has come to me since then. Bah! a snap of my fingers for it. It means nothing. Dead Sea fruit. It fades in the grasp and is bitter, bitter to the taste. One is mocked by it, even as was mocked the famishing Tantalus. But I wish I could see Karl.

Yes, the stupid people of the world, who never by any accident think for themselves, say that I am a great philosopher because—well, because I've written some dull books concerning things of which I know nothing. I had to do it. I had to pander to stupidity because I wasn't strong enough to work in my own way and remain in obscurity. But the mockery of it all!

I knew Karl in the days when I had to struggle desperately with the blackest and lowest sort of poverty. I had to fight the life out to keep the life in. Terrible paradox. To give blood to keep blood. Hunger was my constant companion, my bedfellow—the ghost that haunted me. And what strange scenes and visions this ghost evoked for me as I dreamed in my narrow bed. Wonderful scenes—wonderful visions. In them were feasts—rich, glorious feasts. Aye, always feasts. How the wine flowed; how the goblets sparkled! Fruits, food, savoury meats. And I was the only feaster. I was dining amid luxury unimaginable, and I would eat and drink, and eat and drink for hours and hours. I never could

become satisfied. I used to stop in the middle of my dream and think how strange this was. And waking would come, and with it a gnawing despair. Again I was facing the blackness. Ah! weird dreams, so terrible and beautiful, you were the only things that cheered me in those awful days. Often I have walked the streets so crowded, so lonely, and wished for night so that you might come to me again.

In those days I wrote, protesting with all the power that was in me, against man's cruelty to man. My side was the side of the oppressed, the forlorn. My work breathed malediction against a civilisation that crushed the woman to the earth, that made of the man a slave—a vile slave without even a wish for freedom. I was filled with the glorious emotion of the Sublime Galilean; and I received for my wage contumely, starvation, and obscurity. For this Christian civilisation likes it not when a man endeavours to follow out the spirit of Christ's teachings. It does to him even as it would do to Christ now if He appeared under another name.

You must be on the side of the battalions.

I remember the morning that Karl came and knocked at my door when I lived in that wretched garret over on the east side of New York. It was in the middle of an April five-and-twenty years ago. Five-and-twenty years! A long, long time! But it might have been yesterday. Why, I can still hear the echo of Karl's clear, strong voice. It was a jovial, magnetic voice. It always thrilled me.

"Old fellow," he said, as I let him into the room, "you must dress yourself and come along with me."

Karl was three-and-twenty years old, was over six feet in height, and of strong, mighty build. His eyes were blue and

piercing, his face fresh-coloured and oval, his hair dark brown. A handsome man. He reminded one so much of the pictures that one sees of the glorious old Norse vikings—those grand lads of the ocean.

He was a brilliant and able newspaper man. Though so young, he had already reached to the top of his profession. One of the leading dailies claimed him as their star man. There were those who said hard things concerning him, who thought he was erratic and apt to do things that were somewhat off colour; but then such things are always said about any able man of pronounced individuality. I never paid the slightest attention to them. I always found Karl to be square and honourable in his dealings, and, what was much more to the point, he possessed, to a marked degree, that greatest of virtues which is rarely to be met with amongst men at all, and which is, least of all, to be found amongst men who make a parade of being square and honourable in a conventional sense—the virtue of being true and square to a friend when that friend was in need and at his lowest depth.

“What’s the matter?” I asked, as I got into bed again. I wasn’t feeling well that morning. I was cold. Besides, I felt gloomy and disturbed, for the landlady had threatened to put me out of my room on that very day for non-payment of rent. She had at last grown weary of waiting till I became famous.

“What’s the matter?” he echoed. “Well, what a question!” and he laughed heartily. “Why, I’ve got a plan, a great plan, concerning you. Listen. But, first let me ask you—haven’t you gone awfully down hill lately? Don’t you feel that the game is pretty nearly up?”

Even now I can remember almost every word he said; that morning and its incidents are graven so clearly in my memory.

I nodded assent. Yes, I was going down hill very fast indeed. Hardly anyone would accept my manuscripts. The reason given was, that no new writer

should meddle with the topics of his time. He should confine himself to art, they said. What art was, however, neither books nor men could ever tell me. In my latter days, I’ve come to the conclusion that art is simply a word which means the boundary line of a clique.

“I knew it,” he said. “This is the critical moment in your struggle. If you can hustle through it, you’ll be all right. Now, the worst feature of your present condition is this—you’ve got into a groove; you’ve been working and working, trying to get your stuff accepted, and becoming low and dispirited because hardly anyone will take it; and you’ve been starving. By the way, how are you with the landlady?”

I told him.

“Ah! Well, I’ll fix that. Your togs are all out of gear, too; you’ll have to get a new suit. Now, listen to the programme. The only way to hoist you out of your present confounded groove is to pick you right up and drop you into the midst of totally different surroundings. You must come with me to London.”

“What?”

“Yes, right now, this moment. Do you hear? Get up. Come, get up! The boat sails at one, and it’s now a quarter past ten. Hurry up!”

I was awfully confused. His proposition was such a sudden one. My head began whirling. London! London! The great London which I had never seen! But perhaps he was only joking!

“Do you mean it?” I asked, sitting up in the bed.

“Well, I guess; look at the roll I’ve got; see the sinews of war. Here’s a thousand cold dollars,” and he waved a bundle of banknotes in front of my face. “I went and got this out of the bank this morning. See what it is to have wealthy relatives, whom you can touch for a cheque at just the right moment. Besides, I need an outing myself. Been working too hard, lately, and I’m going to yank you right

out of your groove. So you see, you idealistic duffer, there's power in money, after all. You're always arguing against it, but you just watch what money can do in your case. Come, get up, I'm not going to waste any more breath," and he pulled the clothes off the bed.

In a moment I was dressed, and together we went to a clothier's near at hand, where Karl had me fitted out from top to toe, for, to tell the truth, I looked more like a tramp than anything else. I needed an outfit in the worst way—shirts and shoes, and everything else. Even my eyeglasses were broken. After that, we had a hasty breakfast together, and then we went back to the room, where Karl interviewed my landlady, much to her surprise and satisfaction. She had been waiting for me, I presume, to give me notice.

It did not take me over ten or fifteen minutes to pack up, for I had nothing of value save a bundle of manuscripts, and that these were of value was, at least, doubtful. Evidently the editors thought not.

The while I was making preparations for going away, I tried to realise the import to me of the situation; but I couldn't. Karl's coming, and his proposition, had been so abrupt. All that I could think of clearly was that I was going away. That I was unexpectedly leaving behind me dark misery, striving, and hardship. I felt no joy, though in a mechanical way I was aware of the fact that my friend had reached forth his hand and pulled me into safety as I was about to be plunged down into oblivion and death. But my mind, at that moment, failed to appreciate the full significance of his action—what it might mean to me; how it might mean a new and fair start on the path leading to what I so coveted at that time—Fame. Yes, it was as if food in abundance and plenty was suddenly placed before a starving man. He could only gaze at it—bewildered.

And as we were driven along the streets to the place from where we were to sail, the

many noises of the city seemed to speak to me. They seemed to tell of a regret that they felt for my going away; and I felt a sadness because I was leaving. This struck me as being strange after all I had endured. Yes, I was probably going away from this city for ever, I thought; away from its hum, its roar, its dense crowds, its mighty complex life, its sufferings, its joys, its terrors. I had been in many parts of the world, had lived in wildernesses, and in remote out-of-the-way spots, but I knew New York best of all places, for I had been there longest. I knew itself and its life to the core. Indeed, it was there that my intellectual awakening had taken place; there that the eyes of my soul were opened to the awful suffering and misery that seems to be the lot, and to ever have been the lot, of those that dwell in civilisations.

And I felt sad; for rough and terrible though it was, it was the only place that had ever been as a home to me. Here I had learned something of the frightful secret of life.

And I was leaving it to go to London, that world's centre, that city so vast, so old!

I was a day out on the ocean before I fully realised that I had indeed left New York behind.

How dark, how cool, how restful the ocean looked. How grand, how tolerant. Water, water to the north, south, east, west. Water deep, deep down. An infinite waste. An undulant moving plain that rested the eye and calmed the spirit. Ever plashing, ever waving. A peaceful rhythmic restlessness such as a mother gives to a cradle as she rocks her babe to sleep. It calmed and soothed me, and I fell into the land of dreams.

Aye, here was rest.

And there were great vast shadows—shadows that sank and were lost—shadows that stretched out—out into the afar. Often and often I tried to weave meanings from them. My mind went back to the time when the world was but a cloud of

dim mist; when it had not as yet whirled itself to a shape; when it was even as one of these Titan shadows.

And I brooded.

And the people around me seemed but to be shades, even Karl also.

But how enchanting was this ocean on the days that the sun came forth and smiled. How warm, how caressing, how free. The dancing light dispelled the shadows, and it seemed as if one might gaze up into the clear heavens and see God. Enthralling was the beauty of water and sky.

The gulls flew along with us, circling round and in through the cordage and the masts.

And when night came and the stars sprang out. How beautiful! How soft and pale the light of the moon!

But soon I was myself, and Karl and I talked of many things. We reviewed all the trends of the philosophy of the world, from the gigantic awful conception of the World-Spirit by the Hindoo philosophers, to the vagaries of the serpent-worshippers. We spread out before us the history of the ages, and the life of our present time.

Though so young, Karl had the ripest and subtlest intellect of any man I have ever met. This was the reason that he was so misunderstood even by the clever men with whom he came into contact—that he had so few friends. Man ever throws stones at the things that are set up on high.

At that period of my life, I was just beginning to see the chief fault of all recorded philosophies, which was that they accorded not with man's emotional nature. Thoughtful men always forgot when they were engaged in outlining a theory for the guidance of other men, that these men were creatures of flesh, blood, and passion. The stern and steady abstraction of these philosophers unhumanized them. Thus, when they did evolve theories, they were theories that would fit but themselves alone, for man can produce only that which is like unto himself.

That these thinkers should make the mistake of imagining that their theories would fit men who had developed in the midst of surroundings different from their own, struck me as being absurd. Why did they not see this mistake themselves? Evidently the hard cold fact of the world never paying any real attention to them through all the ages should have made them see it, if they could but for once have looked outside the ken of their own individuality. This line of thought was beginning to make me look askance at all standard philosophy. I saw that all men were equally wise and equally foolish. That the Fuegian knew as much as the profound Caucasian, and the profound Caucasian knew as little as the Fuegian.

And it struck me that the reason the world called some of these philosophers great was because it didn't comprehend the slightest thing about what they were trying either to write or say. If a man be incomprehensible, the world either kills him or calls him great, for the world either adores or damns incomprehensibility. And, of course, the mere fact of the incomprehensible man not knowing what he, himself, was talking about, would not matter the least bit to the sapient world, for it could never, by any possible means, know of it. How easy, I thought, to construct a great system of modern philosophy.

I spoke of this to Karl. We discussed it.

And Karl expounded to me a theory that society would have called strange and inimical to its safety. He held that criminals were but the advance guards to a higher and grander civilisation. That their action and attitude toward society was but an instinctive protest against foundational abuses that stayed the march of progress, that prevented the bringing about of man's intelligent use and enjoyment of the forces and fruits of nature. The great men of the world were all accounted criminals, he said. That they were called great was because their crimes were ac-

counted to be great. That Christ, in his time, was conceived to be a malefactor and a criminal in the most heinous sense. That the powers called evil were the moving, the advancing forces. That good was simply a term which meant neutrality, that it was a paradox, and against the All-Law of movement, of life.

He averred that he was often led to question the value of man's habit of hesitation or pondering, which he (man) called intellect. He sometimes thought that this power of mental concentration might, after all, be properly called a disease, inasmuch as it was, to his way of thinking, the chief reason why man did not use to his advantage all the gifts that his mother, Earth, proffered him.

He instanced, as a support to this trend of thought, the fact that animals—in a wild, undisturbed-by-man state—retained the beauty of their forms and their inherited salient qualities, and at the same time were ever moving upward toward a greater fitness with their environment, while man, on the other hand, though infinitely more capable than the animals of manipulating the forces from which he sprung and which surrounded him, inevitably used this power but for the destroying of others of his kind—a destruction that, in the long run, always meant the destruction of himself.

"Note how grand and perfect is the life of a fruit, or a vegetable, or a tree as compared with the life of a man," he said to me one day, as we sat on deck looking out over the great lazy heave of the ocean. "They have none of man's power of introspection, or, to be correct, man asserts that they have not, and it is surely all for their own good. They drink of the sunlight, mature, and dissolve into other states of being in perfect peace and harmony with their surroundings. Their very death is beautiful, is poetic. In autumn, the dead leaves fall so softly and tenderly, as if falling into a sweet sleep—as if seeking a glad rest."

He paused. I always noticed that whenever Karl was moved, his diction became pure and true. Whenever he was in a careless or jocular vein, he expressed himself roughly and readily, after a slangy fashion. When the time came, he threw this habit from him, as he would a coat that he didn't wish to wear.

"Have you ever noticed how the trees stretch out their great branches to the light?" he continued; "how their leaves look upward? Enough is it for them to enjoy and to be thrilled by the glorious light. The fact that other trees enjoy it in the same measure as themselves does not make them envious. Do you know that often, when I see an apple hanging, or a tree standing calmly and grandly, I am ashamed that I am a man? They are so peaceful, so content, so in accord. All that they ask is to have a sufficiency for their wants. When they get this, they allow others of their kind, nay, of all kinds, the same privilege."

He paused, and then added:

"The flowers, the trees, the animals possess not this terrible light of understanding which guides man to misery."

And he talked on in this pessimistic way, for we are always pessimistic when our ideas clash against man's ideals.

I seemed to live through ages in crossing the ocean. Peaceful ages, in which my mind rested and became whole.

And now we were in London. A great, grey city. I thought of Rome, the mighty world-conquering Rome—that it must have been a city even as this. Its boundlessness made me think of the ocean I had left. An ocean city. We came upon it in the fresh soft light of early morning. We saw it as it awoke for the day's struggle. How dull and black the water of the Thames looked, as Karl and I saw it from a bridge. The spires of Westminster, and the turrets of the houses where Parliament sat, grew up out of the river's mist. Karl pointed them out to me. He had been in London before.

So this was the city to which I had often longed to come—of which I had often thought. My mind had pictured it as a dull, smoke-begrimed place—a sort of heavy, immense Inferno.

How green, how fresh it looked. So different from what I had thought. Yes, I felt that I could love this city with its vast bridges and arches, its great streets, its picturesqueness, its ancient associations, its wages, its magnetism. Truly it was grey, but it was the greyness that enthalls, that belongs to an old cathedral, that belongs to an old manse.

And the sun came fuller out, and shone with a searching northern softness, and the streets were filled with great multitudes.

How different was this city from the city I had left. Fuller of life, subtler, more complex, wider of meaning. Through it spoke the aspirations, the aims, the ideals of modern times. Here you felt the pulse of the world.

And the very roar and beat of this mighty town was of so great a proportion that it fell upon the ear softly. Harshness was lost in mightiness. In one of the smaller great cities you would have heard a more palpable noise.

Yes, this was the world in epitome. This was the awful crystal, the result from that crucible which is called civilisation. The works of the past, the works of the present, the meaning of the past, the meaning of the present, had mingled to a blend—a blend that awed and stupified.

And this was London.

Karl and I visited Westminster Abbey, and to say that I was moved by this old reverend place would be to tell it but feebly. As I entered through one of its great doors many strange thoughts crowded in upon me. They were of times long gone, of ages past; I was carried afar back—swept through the mists and haze of many centuries. Here was the monument to the triumphs and glories of a

great nation. Something that was weird awoke within me—as if I suddenly felt the fever of another life as it rushed and pulsed through the veins of days long dead.

The spell of the grand old cathedral was upon me. I belonged to it—was of it a part. Far into the gloom of its arches I peered, and I seemed to see out over a great distance, along which there were many scenes enacting. And ghosts appeared—the ghosts of those who had lived through this life before us. I trembled. Ah, grand old abbey where sleep the great men of England! *Requiescat in pace!*

How quiet, too, was London. You seemed to be at once in a desert, and in a great mart. I felt it to be the town, above all others, for the student of human life to live in. In it he might wrap himself up in abstraction, and there would be no one to disturb him. Or he might open his eyes to take in the meaning of the surrounding, rushing life.

But Karl did not stay with me long. He left me to go away alone—where I do not know.

Once more I was back in New York, my life, my hope, my vigour renewed. I was fresh and ready to begin again my fight for fame. Karl had saved me.

But here I heard a strange story concerning him—that he had committed a crime—that he was a criminal who had fled from justice. And because I defended him, and spoke up for him, some of the odium that cowards fling at the fallen was flung at myself.

But as time went by, he was forgotten.

And the years passed, and, at last, through work and persistence, I forced things to come my way. I was rewarded by being able to grasp the Dead Sea fruit called fame. Karl I never saw again.

But where is he? He who saved me—my friend. I look and look for him through the crowds. Is he dead? or does he wander over the world—an outcast?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.

"THE MARRIAGE QUESTION."

ONE gets a little tired of "the marriage question." It is the ever-flowing theme of the women's journals, whence it brims over into the more serious channels of information. Busy men still dismiss it as a "woman's question;" but it is, perhaps, a little more than that. Not long ago, when a "great daily newspaper" (to employ the consecrated phrase) tapped public opinion by means of the now historic question: "Is marriage a failure?" a wailing response went up from the masses in the affirmative. Here and there an optimist on £250 a year professed to find the conjugal yoke satisfactory, but the great heart of Clapham and Brixton, of Peckham Rye, of Hackney, of Hammersmith beat in unison with the sceptical note of the querist. More recently the grievances of the married have been finding vent in a correspondence on "The Age of Love," the main effect of which has been to show that if there is an age for love it is that which comes before rather than after marriage; and as there have been at least as many husbands as wives taking part in the discussion, it is clear that in dealing with the marriage problem we have to reckon with something more than the natural discontent of the great army of teachers, typewriters, nurses, and shop-girls, who, as has been rightly remarked, down in the heels of their boots are hoping to get married, and soured at the smallness of their chances. After all, the large majority of women do marry. The real difficulty of the marriage question is, therefore, not so much getting married, as how to live happily ever afterwards.

Now where is the kink? That is the point of importance. We have had the symptoms of unsuccessful matrimony very fully described, but little or nothing is said as to the cause of the evil. We have

heard from wives that husbands are selfish, that every shilling has to be wrung out of them like blood from a stone, that they take no account of the fact that while they are sitting on a round of leather in the city, there is a hard day's work to be done at home in keeping the household going. From husbands we learn that wives drop their fascination immediately after the honeymoon, or, at all events, after the first baby; that they cook and manage indifferently; and that, in the evening, they have no idea of conversation beyond a boring recital of the petty household worries of the day.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

By a little judicious probing, it may be possible to get at the root of these troubles. Let us see. One point to note is that while the world has always been marrying, there has never been a marriage question, until, say within the last five-and-twenty years. Nor anywhere but in America, and among ourselves. The great continental countries have no marriage question. There was no marriage question in Rome or Athens—none, I mean, that gave any trouble, and the whole of the mighty East is, in this respect, a blank. Africa can hardly yet boast of marriage, far less of a marriage question. How comes it, that we, alone, in the foremost files of time, groan under this infliction? Of course, there are a great many considerations involved in the marriage system, and I should despair of being able, within the limits of this article, to touch upon them all. But the simmering, superficial, Anglo-Saxon discontent with the nuptial bond may be regarded, I think, as one of the many evils resulting from the spread of education, and particularly from the general reading of fiction.

Until the rise of the pessimistic school,

novelists had chosen for their own purposes to depict marriage in glowing colours; it was the natural goal of all good girls and deserving young men, and the happiness of the married state was so confidently assumed, that, as a rule, after the tying of the knot it was not thought worth while to go on with the story. All this romance of marriage has deeply affected the imagination of the marrying public; so much so that a wedding is everywhere regarded as an occasion for merry-making and congratulation. This is very curious, because, after all, marriage is a legal contract—some may even say a speculation—and, like other affairs of the kind, liable to turn out well or ill. Nobody, on signing the lease of a house, or buying a horse, would think of giving a “jollification” to his friends, or having rice and old shoes thrown at him, although the one occasion is no more worthy of such accessories than the other. The rooted idea in the public mind is that the young couple are going to be happier than ever they were before.

Enveloped in an atmosphere of self-illusion, people thus enter into wedlock as into a sort of promised land flowing with milk and honey, and very soon they find that it is not all the prospectus had painted it. They are merely making the discovery, already made of old, that there is no particular recipe for happiness, except to live, as nearly as possible, in accordance with the requirements of one's organization, and that always “’Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus.” So if they are foolish, they complain of the condition in which they have landed themselves, making it only the worse by so doing; and, if they are well advised, they settle down to make the best of it.

TOO MUCH SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

Now much of the discontent that may arise in this way is obviously due to our

self-consciousness as a people. Society, by dint of its self-communings, has worked itself up into a valetudinarian condition, in which it is constantly feeling its pulse and looking at its tongue, in order to see whether all is going well with it. The healthy man is never aware that he has a liver, and a robust community ought to know nothing of a marriage question. Marriage, like Dogberry's reading and writing, ought to come by nature. The community that reasons about it is in a fair way of being lost.

As it is now the fashion to settle all questions by a counting of heads, I would point out that the great majority of mankind have agreed to solve the marriage problem by dumping down two young people together, having no previous acquaintance with each other, and leaving them to make the best of the situation. There is no romantic nonsense on either side. The Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Turk, the Chinaman troubles no more to court his wife before marriage than the Englishman does to see the joint of meat intended for his dinner before it is hung upon the spit; while the chastened bride, for her part, realises that, at the best, she is merely the tit-bit in a somewhat lengthy bill of fare, and abates all pretension accordingly.

Yes, we have become far too self-conscious with regard to marriage. We don't take it sufficiently as a matter of course. We have too many unmarried women discussing it in its various theoretical aspects; and a nation which begins to take its cue from the female essayist had better put up the shutters. As a subsidiary reason why marriage is so often reckoned a failure, I would suggest the increasing reluctance of women to submit unconditionally to the yoke which their grandmothers bore with such exemplary patience. They forget that when two persons ride on horseback one must ride behind, the theoretical claims of each to “equality” notwithstanding.

MARRIAGE AN ALLIANCE.

Apart from these considerations, which lie on the surface of the question (though they are often missed by those who are in search of "*midi à quatorze heures*"), I am afraid a good many of the drawbacks of marriage, as a working institution, must be set down to the perversity of human nature. The world has never been able to get it to run quite smoothly. The system of the East produces eunuchs and seraglios; that of the West, the "social evil." If we condemn early marriages as improvident, we are reminded that the passions do not wait to assert themselves until a young man attains £500 a year, and a villa residence in the suburbs.

Probably an exaggerated importance is attached in this country to courtship. All our social institutions are conducted with reference to a certain average of human nature, which is so unfailing that only men of genius on the one side, and fools or criminals on the other, depart from it. The painter, the musician, the novelist, the dramatist, the shopkeeper makes his appeal to this average of human nature, and finds there his reward. The penalty for hitting above or below the mark is failure. A demi-god, who wrote for demi-gods, would find himself condemned to a very limited public. A simple emotion can be trusted to run through a crowd, nay, through an entire nation, proving the essential oneness of the natures with which it comes into contact. Look at a Bank Holiday crowd of excursionists, or a gathering of West-end fashionables, in the mass, and ask yourself whether they could not be as satisfactorily paired as they are by being shaken up in a box, and thrown out like dice on the table. This is where the grooviness of human nature, to which I have already referred, comes in. They order these matters better in France.

On the whole, then, we have probably become too much possessed of the idea

that marriage is a union instead of what it really is, an alliance. There is no such fusion in marriage as the church would have us suppose. Marriage is a partnership, in which there ought to be for both parties a certain amount of give and take.

MAXIMS FOR THE MARRIED.

To say that marriage is more of a science and less of a career than most men and all women suppose, is, perhaps, saying too much, but it roughly expresses a truth, which I am anxious to bring out, namely, that it would work all the more smoothly as an institution if both parties brought a little tact to bear upon it.

To the husband I would say: Never visit upon your wife in the evening the worries you have had during the day. Don't let her have all she asks for, or she will inevitably hanker after something it is not in your power to give. Don't assume that all the brains of the household are in one head. Allow your wife, as an independent being, a little pocket-money, to waste if need-be, if she has none of her own. On the other hand, you need not tell her all your affairs.

There are also certain maxims that I would commend to the notice of the wife. Thus, the great enemy of married life is habit. Don't deal with love as a suburban wife does with the family joint: serve it hot on Sundays and cold every other day up to Thursday, with a hash on Friday, and sausages on Saturday. Let each day have its proper menu. Never, under any circumstances, let your husband know that you think him a fool, and do not expect him to take even so much as half the worry of the baby.

It will be seen, of course, that these maxims are addressed to the masses. I have made them simple so as to bring them within the range of the meanest capacity; but they are yet so comprehensive that, if they were generally acted upon, all the attempts made to boom the failure of marriage would "fizzle."

The upper classes, to do them justice, have placed marriage upon a more liberal basis, but there are still one or two points that they may be advised to ponder. "La plus belle fille du monde," says the French proverb, "ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a." This is one of those half truths that mislead the unwary. The cause never matters so much as the effect, and in love the effect depends largely upon the person upon whom it is exercised. There is never a good tune to be got out of a fiddle that has only one string, let the executant be ever so expert. On the other hand, of course, an unskilful performer will make nothing of a Stradivarius. When there is a discord in matrimony, therefore, it behoves both parties to inquire where the flaw is with a view to remedying it. There is just one word that I would take occasion to whisper in the lady's ear alone, wrapping it up in French as one might do up an *article de Paris* in tissue paper: *La femme la plus chaste peut être aussi la plus voluptueuse.*

SOME THOUGHTS ON WICKEDNESS.

I am well aware that, so far, the most burning question in matrimony has not been touched upon—the question, namely, upon which the two sexes are ever theoretically in accord, but, practically, divergent. The Athenians, who were a wise people, kept wives for the purpose of maintaining the purity of the family, and concubines for their pleasure. Less wise, or at least, less courageous, than the Greeks, modern society takes a leaf out of their book without daring to avow it. Of course, the reader will not expect me to be more daring in the expression of my opinions than society, but one or two philosophical considerations present themselves in connection with this subject, which have not yet been included in the copy-book maxims.

Man, as he stands, is not an original

creation; he has been evolved, and evolved, there is every reason to believe, in accordance with the best interests of the species. It is probable, therefore, that women, who have assisted throughout in this evolution, have not only, as a whole, the man they deserve, but the type of man whom, of all others, they would most desire to have. And it may be noted that, however "wicked" a man may be in some woman's estimation, he always finds another woman to act as his accomplice.

Then the wickedness complained of is so widespread through all races, climes, and ages, that there is some reason to suspect it of being a "law," or, in terms of theology, some hidden

". . . good,
By us not understood."

The most pious people are in the habit of saying that the world is badly governed, full of evil, and the like, and this, not with reference to man alone, who may be supposed to be the victim of that unhistorical indiscretion committed in the Garden of Eden, but all animated Nature so "red in beak and claw." Instead of joining in a reflection upon the wisdom of Providence, is it not permissible to ask whether that which we call wickedness may not be a necessary part of some generally beneficent plans.

After all, a world conducted on the copy-book principle might prove a very sorry place to live in, from its stagnation and monotony. There would be no flats and no sharps; no turning over of the soil; no dissipating of great fortunes in every generation by those useful earthworms of society, the harlot, and the spendthrift. Who can say that crime itself is not a blessing in disguise?

We are too prone to judge the Creator without having all the facts before us. For this reason I, too, would counsel faith, the more so that this course wears an air of appropriate submissiveness, and that in the end nothing matters.

WHO IS THE GREATEST LIVING ENGLISH ACTRESS— AND WHY?

BY JOSEPH KNIGHT, J. F. NISBET, CLEMENT SCOTT, W. DAVENPORT ADAMS,
ALFRED E. T. WATSON, R. JOPE SLADE, REGINALD GEARD, AND
ADDISON BRIGHT.

The question, Who is the greatest living English actress? may be contemplated from two points of view—the humorous and the serious. At the first blush the humorous aspect seems the more tempting. To

Joseph Knight
selects Miss Letty
Lind.



advance the opinion that, as an exponent of the poetic drama, Miss Ellen Terry has maintained a supremacy unrivalled since the days of Miss Ellen Faucit (Lady Martin), now forgotten of all except a few belated veterans; that since the retirement of a second sister, Miss Kate Terry (Mrs. Arthur Lewis), a third sister, Miss Marion Terry, has been the most convincing representative of the heroines of modern sentimental fiction; that poor Ada Cavendish, who has died while these words are being penned, was the best conceivable representative of the penitent Magdalen, as Mrs. Patrick Campbell is of her impenitent sister, could only, according to the views of the most advanced, otherwise the most pessimistic, school of criticism, be held as the cheapest and most preposterous

form of banter or satire. Resisting the temptation to free myself at so cheap a rate from my responsibilities, I will be serious as the occasion demands, and uphold as the claimant of the prize in the competition, if competition there be, Miss Letty Lind. Reasons for the faith within me are demanded. Such, fortunately, are as plentiful as are blackberries at the time when I write. I will confine myself to two, which I hold to be conclusive and irrefutable. Premising, then, that I have no sources of special or exclusive information, and that my assumptions are based upon current rumour, I advance first that the lady I have selected draws the largest salary of any English-speaking actress. So potent do I hold this argument that I might dispense with any other. Is not the entire teaching of the world to the effect that pecuniary emolument is the ultimate test of artistic merit? Is not he the greatest writer who makes the most money by his books? and is not the sum paid a painter for his pictures the proof of his fitness for academic honours? Why should a standard different from that in use in other departments of art be applied to the histrion? The second reason is, in some senses, a corollary, in others a cause of the first. No actress receives equal proofs of public estimation. Indolent by nature, and neglectful of opportunities, I have, I grieve to say, seen less of this inspired artist than is to be desired. I saw her, however, a few weeks ago in her latest and most brilliant triumph. Never since the "gallery boys" of the Gaiety howled their discordant tribute to "Nelly" Farren have I heard cheering so vociferous and prolonged. Here, at least, is conclusive evidence. I will not say with William of Malmesbury, and some subsequent "high thinkers," that "the voice of the people is the voice of God," though, in this case, it is assuredly "the voice of the gods." During a long schooling I have learnt, however, that the public, and not



the theatrical reporters, are the real judges of a play, and that the abiding sentence upon a performance or a farce is pronounced by the grave and solemn pundits of the first row of the pit, or by the more numerous and, perhaps necessarily, more stentorian occupants of the gallery. That the self-imposed and rhadamantine functions of these gentlemen extend beyond play and actor, and involve an occasional condemnation of the critic whose opinion chances to differ from their own, is a side issue, and needs not be discussed. Accepting, then, the teaching lavishly bestowed upon me, I place at the top of her profession, that divinely-endowed exponent of the highest and most popular form of English art, Miss Letty Lind.



— And the real

* * * * *
The old difficulty arises here as to an agreement about premises. It is easy to speak of the best novel, or the best wine. But the "best" actress! This is *une autre paire de manches*. For the actress is a variable quantity.

J. F. Nisbet
cannot decide.



She may please in one line of business, and not in another; her capacity even varies with every new part that she takes up. If, thinking of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, I say Mrs. Patrick Campbell is the best English actress, I am at once reminded of her "Juliet." Again, I should not be inclined to cast Miss Ellen Terry for a callous, scheming adventuress. In such a part she would probably have to yield the palm to Miss Gertrude Kingston, if not to some unknown actress from the Provinces. I don't know whether Miss Ada Rehan may be considered to be on the English stage. Have our politicians ever asked themselves, by the way, whether Home Rule all round would give us an English, an Irish, a Scotch, and a Welsh stage? or only one stage and four parliaments? Assuming Miss Rehan to be English, I should not, charming as she is, expect her to play a pert and saucy soubrette as well as Miss Kate Phillips. A score of such examples could be cited, and we should still be no nearer a solution of the problem.

Every actress has not only her congenial line but her specially appropriate character, and as the classic drama has all but gone out there is very little opportunity nowadays of comparing different renderings of a given part. Besides, even here the basis of comparison is hardly a fair one, since the first embodiment of a character that we see is apt to become the standard by which, in our minds, all subsequent embodiments are judged. I suspect that the "palmy days" we so often hear of owe their existence, in a great measure, to this principle.

My first "Hamlet" was a country actor named King—I daresay nobody else remembers him; and I have constantly found myself thinking of him as the real personage, and of all the other Hamlets in my gallery as more or less imperfect imitations, just as the English schoolboy, learning French, thought that *pain* was a tolerable word for bread, but not quite so good as "bread," because "bread" was bread.

No; I see no satisfactory way of answering this question.



Now, if the point raised had been, Which living English actress made the most money? we should have known exactly where we were. The salary test is probably as good for an actress as the box-office test (which many excellent judges aver to be the only one) is for a play. We are getting into the habit of expressing everything in pounds, shillings, and pence. Why not the actress's talent? Perhaps the Editor of THE IDLER ought to have referred his question to a chartered accountant.

* * * *

My pity has always been extended to poor Paris, when, at the request of the mighty Jupiter, the winged Mercury found out the beautiful shepherd lad on Mount Ida, placed in his hands a golden apple inscribed "*Detur pulchriori*," and was told to award it to one of the three loveliest women in the world. We all know what happened. It was all very well for Miss Aphrodite to smirk and smile and shake out her yellow locks, but thanks to the rejected Juno and Minerva, the wretched Paris had rather a bad time of it in the Trojan war, and Mrs. Ænone was not best pleased with the gallivanting ways of her handsome husband in the Phrygian cap.

Clement Scott
hesitates.

It has been the curse of my life to have been compelled occasionally to tell the truth about actors, yes, and worse than that, about actresses. This truth-telling is the one virtue that a gifted actress never forgives. You may lie about her until your soul is blackened; but once tremble on the confines of veracity, and your life is a burden to you from that hour. Ream upon ream of adulation may have been expended on her and her acting through a succession of years. When you come to her Rosalind and do not like it, you are her enemy for life. You may have taken up an artist from childhood, and encouraged her faltering footsteps, and when she attempts Cleopatra and makes a mess of it—you, the critic, are to blame, not the actress. You have made the mistake; she has not. Discover a remarkably clever woman, aid her in her earliest efforts, go out of your way to help her, praise her to the skies, analyse her art, point out its beauties again and again, devote columns of honey to the gifted creature, but do not dare, if you value your peace of mind, to say one syllable in disparage of her Juliet. That way leads to hissing. A gifted actress, to whom, in a long course of years, I have devoted more praise, honest, enthusiastic praise, than to any artist of her time, said of me the other day: "Clement Scott! Oh, for goodness' sake, do not talk to me of Clement Scott. He is no critic at all. He is so inconsistent, so prejudiced. He has so many favourites. He likes you one day, and dislikes you another. Now I like a consistent critic, who never says a word against you. Besides (this is so deliciously feminine), Clement Scott never gave me a good notice in all his life"! No, I have never given any of them good notices. They have all risen to fame without my aid.

These are the kind of statements that almost paralyse you, and take your breath away, but they are inevitable, and must be bravely and patiently borne. And now you ask me who I consider is the best actress, and why! Seriously, the task of Paris was a joke to this judgment. He could only have two little apples hurled at his head, but a whole orchard will be flung at mine, if I dare to be candid. There is no best actress. They are all superlatively good—in their line. Who could be found better, or, indeed, half as good—in her line—than Mrs. Bancroft? My eyes will never see again such a Polly Eccles, such a Naomi Tighe, such a Lady Franklin, or



such an exquisitely sweet old lady as the heroine of *Sweethearts* and *The Vicarage*. Who could be better, in her line, again, than Ellen Terry? *Olivia* will live in the after generations as a standard English play. It is inconceivable that *Olivia* could ever be better played than by the delightful actress who created *Olivia*. Shakespeare's Beatrice will to me be ever Miss Ellen Terry, and I shall never see a Henrietta Maria in *Charles the First* to equal her, because, to me, it was a perfect performance. In romance and semi-mediævalism we have had no actress to compare with Ellen Terry. Who, again, could be better as an exponent of the healthy, emotional English school than

Mrs. Kendal? Her Susan in Douglas Jerrold's immortal play was one of the finest things of the kind ever seen. I liked her Lady Clancarty far better than the original, and no one has yet played Dora in *Diplomacy* with the fire, vigour, and intense passion of Mrs. Kendal. They were discussing the delivery of blank verse the other day, and I was astonished that no one mentioned the Galatea of Mrs. Kendal, or her noble share in the poetical plays of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Coming down to more modern times and plays of fashionable life, Miss Gertrude Kingston is, in her line, without a rival. But I should be very sorry to see her play Lady

Macbeth, though, no doubt, she is dying to play it. In the Pinero plays of the Ibsen period of his art, it would be difficult to find an actress more essentially suited to the miserable and fate-haunted creatures, recently so popular, than Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Her Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith were, as works of art or temperament, quite flawless. But, I frankly own, I did not like her Dulcie Larondie, and I do not think she understands the capabilities of Shakespeare's Juliet as an acting part. We have no great actresses at the moment. A Rachel or a Sarah Bernhardt turns up once in a lifetime. Perhaps the genius will be born in England next time. She will be very welcome. We have scores of clever and capable actresses who skim over the ground, but they do not soar. They are swallows, not eagles!

If you ask me which actress in her career has given me the greatest and most unfailling delight, one who never disappoints, and has that indescribable gift of emotional charm which is part and parcel of her nature, I should name Miss Marion Terry, one of the very sweetest English-speaking actresses of her time. I think I should bracket with her at the top of the first class, Miss Winifred Emery. Her Clarissa will never be effaced from the memory. And if I might add a *proxime accessit*, I should certainly name Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, an artist never half-appreciated at her proper worth, a student, an excellent elocutionist, the very best Ophelia I have ever seen, and one who is bound to take a very leading position in the future.

* * * *

W. Davenport
Adams declares in
favour of Miss
Ellen Terry.

In this case, the word "best" is vague. Does it mean "best" in comedy, or "best" in sentiment, or "best" in tragedy, or "best" all-round? Does it mean "best" in personal gifts or in acquired skill? There are (need one say?) actresses of great accomplishments, actresses of great charm, and actresses great both in accomplishments and charm. Some have finish and force, some force without finish, some finish without force. Some triumph in one sphere, some in several spheres, scarcely any in all. What is to be the basis of our judgment? Is it to be personal magnetism, individual attraction? In that case, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the London favourite of the hour, might "take the cake." Or is it to be the quality of skill, the com-

mand of professional technique? Mrs. Kendal, we all know, has that quality in a very high degree; it is a quality owned in a high degree by Miss Genevieve Ward and Mrs. Bernard Beere, by Miss Marion Terry and Mrs. Tree, by Miss Emery and Miss Kate Rorke, by Miss Millward and Miss Nethersole. If a consummate knowledge of the stage, and a faultless utilisation of its methods, were the sole or the main requisites, then Mrs. Kendal, I think, would rank easily first in the list of living English actresses.

But are these things, important and valuable though they be, all-essential or even the "best"? They mean ease, force, finish, breadth of manner, the grand style. These are much; but are they everything? I hardly think so. We want a standard yet more elevated. We discover this—do we not?—in the sphere, or number of spheres, in which an actress proves herself the greatest. The best living English actress must surely be she who has succeeded most markedly in the loftiest reaches of her art. What are those reaches? Obviously, the poetic drama and high comedy, both of them found at their most exquisite (so far as the English stage is concerned) in the works of Shakespeare. The best living English actress, then, is the best living English Shakespearean actress—the best Ophelia, Cordelia, Portia, Beatrice, among native players—in other words, Miss Ellen Terry. Miss Ada Rehan, I suppose, must be classed as an American, though really Irish; but, in any case, I should be obliged to place her lower in the artistic scale than her delightful English rival. A fine comedian—yes; a great poetic actress—no! Mrs. Kendal has played, in her day, Ophelia, Desdemona, and Rosalind; but by far the largest portion of her career has been devoted to the modern drama, success in which (however considerable) can never be accounted so distinguished as success in the great dramatic classics. Miss Marion Terry has played Ophelia and Hero; but she, too, has been led by circumstances to give by far the largest share of her time to the service of contemporary playwrights. What the younger generation may yet do in poetic drama and high comedy remains to be seen; but, as matters stand, Miss Ellen Terry still over-tops, by the head and shoulders, all living English female practitioners in the highest forms of acting.



* * * *

Odd that I should almost have forgotten her name, but I really had to think hard—it is a very long time ago—before I remembered that it was Adèle. Adèle! Yes, I am sure of it. She was a vision of loveliness as the lights fell upon her rosy cheeks and flowing hair. And haughty? You should have seen her as she sat, with her legs dangling down, scornfully refusing to pay any attention—behaving just as if she did not hear a word he uttered; and yet he admired her too, and said so—told her so to her face, in phrases which are feebly described as rhapsodically enthusiastic. That was afterwards, when she had given up being—Helen Macgregor I think it must have been—with a claymore and shield, with which she made warlike demonstrations, until she sunk on one knee, apparently exhausted and overcome, and up to then I had not realised her transcendent beauty; but she threw aside these martial implements, uncurled her plaid, then—how shall I express it? let me say—emerged from her petticoats—I think that will do—and stood revealed!

Alfred E. T. Watson selects Miss Ellen Terry.

O come fuore
Spuntò nascendo già dalle feconde
Spume dell' ocean la dia d' amore !

I learned that later, but that is how she was. Then she sat on her spotted horse, sideways of course, in short muslin skirts, with her legs dangling down, as I have said, and round and round the little ring she went; and the clown —

I mustn't? *Really* mustn't? The serious judgment of my maturer years, and not a glorified recollection of childhood, is what you wish to obtain? Very well then, you shall have it in all honesty and soberness.

I am curious to know what the others whom you have invited to speak on the subject will say, for, to my mind, coming seriously to the question, there can be but one answer; and if you had extended the inquiry to include European actresses I should still have made the same reply—Miss Ellen Terry. My reason is that in all she does there is for me—and, as I know, for many others also—an unfailing charm, that I perceive in her the rare gifts of absolute sincerity, utter obliteration of self. I have attended the theatres in the capacity of critic for over twenty years, and have, of course, seen, literally, thousands of plays; but ransacking the stores of memory, I can call to remembrance no two interpretations given by any actress so entirely fascinating in their respective ways as Miss Ellen Terry's "Olivia," in the best version of an adapted novel ever put on the stage, and her "Beatrice" in *Much Ado About Nothing*. The pathos of the first seems to me exquisitely and supremely true and beautiful; the gaiety and delightfully refined humour of the Shakespearean work simply the perfection of comedy. Was there ever better "business" seen than hers—so marvellously natural, so wonderfully effective? Though the outcry of managers that they cannot find leading ladies is constant and bitter, there are some—a few—very charming and accomplished actresses now on the stage; but it seems to me that Miss Ellen Terry stands alone.

R. Jope Slade
selects Miss
Marion Terry.

My difficulty in selecting and carrying to victory the silken scarf of my ladye, Miss Marion Terry, weighs heavily on my conscience. I have to take into consideration the claims of her sister, the most "charming" actress speaking English, when occasion smiles on her; but wanting in judgment and fancying that everything suits Lady Macbeth, for instance, or Juliet, as well as Beatrice or Olivia, her master work. I have watched the Terry sisters from the days the four girls played together in the Western Countree. I have never seen this great artiste at fault; I have never seen Miss Marion conscious of her public; she has always acted, whether as the adventures, Mrs. Erlynne, in Wilde's comedy; Blanche Chilworth, in Carton's homely drama, *Liberty Hall*; and Mrs. Peverel, in Henry James' vilely-treated exquisite comedy, *Guy Domville*, with tremulous, intense, and pathetic passion, sympathy, and the effortless serenity of grace, developed by the constant and studious evolution of a temperament artistic from birth. *The Leader of Men* and *Delia Harding*, indifferent plays both, she saved for Comyns Carr. And, thank God, Miss Marion has never played Ibsen. Miss Winifred Emery has, and rightly will have, many champions for her all too-sweet lachrymosity, and gentle and sincere graciousness. A long way down the list are Miss Lena Ashwell in all parts, and Miss Evelyn Millard when distinction is not wanted. Ten years, and I may be as enthusiastic about these ladies. Then there is Miss Kate Phillips, light comedian, never exaggerating,

and Miss Granville always refined, "Mrs. Pat," despite her recent Board School Juliet, whose Paula in Pinero's masterpiece one thinks of as an almost sacred thing, and writes about with virgin pen, Miss Jessie Millard, also Queen of the Adelphi, and the subtle, seductive Miss Gertrude Kingston. Turning to the comedy stage, match me if you can, on either side the pond, the strenuous Mrs. John Wood, dominating the great stage at the Lane, or asking a policeman. Close at her heels comes Miss Fanny Brough.

* * * *

I plump for Marion Terry, the most delightful actress upon the English Stage. She is not a grandmother, and is as far off being one as when she first faced a London audience, two-and-twenty years ago. If a mere record of achievements were the criterion of pre-eminence, Marion might have to give way to sister Ellen, whose range has been wider, as her opportunities have been greater. Marion Terry's right to be regarded as the Best actress of the day is founded on the fact that, since she came into the front rank, she has never made a failure. Your absolutely perfect Mrs. Tanqueray ceases to satisfy when her individuality runs counter to her part. Not once have I seen Marion Terry in a part in which her individuality was not assimilated. Of good parts she has had her share, and in them she has triumphed. Of bad parts she has had more than her share, and in them her triumph has been the greater. What would have become of *A Leader of Men*, at the Comedy, in February last had it not been for Marion Terry's magnificent work? She took the burden of a faulty play upon her shoulders, and, unsupported, won for it a first-night victory. Not less admirable was her acting in the ill-starred *Guy Domville*, and, indeed, it is to Marion Terry that a big slice in George Alexander's managerial success is due. She was with him at the Avenue in 1890, as the pure, unselfish Helen Latimer, in *Sunlight and Shadow*. Her Lady Harding was the making of his first original production at the St. James's, Mr. Haddon Chambers' *The Idler*. It would be difficult to over-estimate her services in the two great hits of 1892, *Lady Windermere's Fan* and *Liberty Hall*. Her acting, as Mrs. Erlynne, will ever take rank on the highest plane, and by way of proving her range of power, may be quoted for its striking contrast in character to the Blanche Chilworth of Mr. Carton's happiest effort. Marion Terry presents the true Woman in all her tender devotion, her fitfulness, and her strongest passion, with a *finesse* and fidelity that none of her English contemporaries have attained. She has every gift of personal charm, and a beautiful voice, thoroughly under control, and absolutely without trace of wear and tear. The crowning point in her favour is, that nothing that she has ever done has given offence to the most fastidious. She has tact that would overcome mountains of danger.

J. Reginald Geard
elects Miss Marion
Terry.



* * * *

I take it that to all but that two-headed corn-crake, the "erudite critic and earnest student" of the drama, the "best" actress is she who establishes the completest sway over her hearers, either at a given moment, or throughout a play, or over the whole range of the most widely diversified parts. Here again, one gets plenty of choice! Take the given moment, and I instance Miss Ada Rehan; think, for example, of *Nancy and Co.* where she suddenly, by an incomparable piece of work, drew tears in the middle of a wretched silly farce. If for the limits of a whole play, then unquestion-

Addison Bright
votes for Miss
Marion Terry.

ably Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for who has ever got so near as she, in Mrs. Ebbsmith and Mrs. Tanqueray, to creating that "illusion"—which yet never is and never can be an "illusion"—involving a solid substantial belief in the reality of the fiction being played. To me, however, the "best" actress must be she whose range is widest, and whose work over the whole of that range reaches the highest average level. And even here I am torn, like Hercules at the parting of the ways, between two rivals. One, speaking generally, is a representative of villainy; the other, of all that is estimable and virtuous. They are Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and Miss Marion Terry. For sheer brilliance—for audacity in conception and skill in execution—I would give the palm to Mrs. Tree. One has only to recall four of her recent efforts—one has only to see her in them upon four successive nights—to realise what may be meant by "a miracle of acting." These four characters are Ophelia; Mrs. Murgatroyd, in *A Bunch of Violets*; the wood-nymph in that abortive satire, *Once Upon a Time*; and the modish titled Eve in *A Woman of No Importance*. One all simplicity, tenderness, fragility, and grace; another, all brazen effrontery, spitefulness, icy malignancy—a feline composition of purrings and claws. The third, that very being, surely, whom Bulwer Lytton should have known before he rhapsodized about a tragical Pauline as "a spirit of youth and joy and freshness as though Spring itself were made a living thing and wore her shape"; an Elfin innocent, all sunshine and laughter, as graceful and pretty with her tiger-skin tunic and slender, naked limbs as a young fawn, and as lithe as the osiers her father wove into baskets. And for the fourth, the very spirit, evil spirit, of Modernity. A woman subtle, scheming, alluring, contemptible, a lovely fruit rotten to the core; a woman with not a vestige left of womanliness, a willing victim to the vice of pursuing seductive men.

Now, for one woman to compass four such, to so smooth away the angles of a sharp and jagged personality, that over each of these conflicting characters one hardly knew which to do—to wonder or admire: this surely is to be a very remarkable actress—from one point of view, indeed, I think, "the best." Yet, after all, not *my* best—because her work comes chiefly from the head, and that which extorts my warmest admiration must come from the heart. Miss Marion Terry, therefore, I name as the "best" actress of all. Her range is as wide as, if not wider than, Mrs. Tree's. Farce, comedy, melodrama, poetic drama, Shakespearean drama; in all alike she is always admirable. And if her work is not distinguished by the diamond-like brilliancy of Mrs. Tree's, it can boast, at any rate, the soft lustre of the pearl. Dainty Dorothy Druce; Galatea, the sport of the gods; Belinda Treherne, in *Engaged*; the blind heroine of *Two Orphans*; Young Mrs. Winthrop, Viola, Desdemona, Ophelia, Mrs. Erlynne, Guy Domville's gracious mistress; Mabel Vane, in *Masks and Faces*; is there not versatility here? and who ever saw Miss Marion Terry, flirting with farce, or desperately engaged in drama, without feeling an intense glow of satisfaction at her way of doing it—in other words, a certain paradisaical sense of supreme contentment. I do not say that the art of Miss Marion Terry precludes us from following Oliver Twist's example; but I do say that alone among English actresses—of equal range—she evokes such gratitude and admiration that, as a matter of fact, we do not "ask for more." Therefore, my dear Editor, I name Miss Marion Terry: unless that "best" of yours refers to players who are "good"—in which case the answer should be obvious, for we have all heard, from her own lips, who is the best of mothers and wives upon the stage; who has the honour of her profession most at heart; who is in every (unessential) regard the most estimable of ladies who condescend to act—and, having heard, are we ever likely to forget?



THE SNOW QUEEN.

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THE SNOW QUEEN.

THE cold earth slept below ;
Above, the cold sky shone ;
And all around,
With a chilling sound
From caves of ice and fields of snow
The breath of night like death did flow
Beneath the sinking moon.

The wintry hedge was black ;
The green grass was not seen ;
The birds did rest
On the bare thorn's breast,
Whose roots, beside the pathway track,
Had bound their folds o'er many a crack
Which the frost had made between.

Thine eyes glowed in the glare
Of the moon's dying light.
As a fen-fire's beam
On a sluggish stream
Gleams dimly, so the moon shone there ;
And it yellowed the strings of thy tangled hair,
That shook in the wind of night.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



THE SHIP THAT FOUND HERSELF.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

IT was her first voyage, and though she was only a little cargo-steamer of twenty-five hundred tons, she was the very best of her kind, the outcome of forty years of experiments and improvements in framework and machinery; and her designers and owners thought as much of her as though she had been the *Lucania*. Anyone can make a floating hotel that will pay expenses if he only puts enough money into the saloon and charges for private baths, suites of rooms, and such like; but in these days of competition and low freights every square inch of a cargo-boat must be built for cheapness, great hold capacity, and a certain steady speed. This boat was, perhaps, two hundred and forty feet long and thirty-two feet wide, with arrangements that enabled her to carry cattle on her main and sheep on her upper deck if she wanted to; but her great glory was the amount of cargo she could store away in her holds. Her owners—they were a very well-known Scotch firm—came round with her from the north, where she had been launched and christened and fitted, to Liverpool, where she was to take cargo for New York; and the owner's daughter, Miss Frazier, went to and fro on the clean decks, admiring the new paint and the brass work, and the patent winches, and particularly the strong straight bow, over which she had cracked a bottle of champagne when she named the steamer the *Dimbula*. It was a beautiful September afternoon, and the boat in all her newness—she was painted lead-colour with a red funnel—looked very fine indeed. Her house-flag was flying, and her whistle from time to time acknowledged the salutes of friendly boats, who saw that she was new to the sea and wished to make her welcome.

"And now," said Miss Frazier, delight-

edly, to the captain, "she's a real ship, isn't she? It seems only the other day father gave the order for her, and now—and now—— Isn't she a beauty!" The girl was proud of the firm, and talked as though she were the controlling partner.

"Oh, she's no so bad," the skipper replied, cautiously. "But I'm sayin' that it takes more than christenin' to mak' a ship. In the nature o' things, Miss Frazier, if ye follow me, she's just irons and rivets and plates put into the form of a ship. She has to find herself yet."

"I thought father said she was exceptionally well found."

"So she is," said the skipper, with a laugh. "But it's this way wi' ships, Miss Frazier. She's all here, but the parrots of her have not learned to work together yet. They've had no chance."

"The engines are working beautifully. I can hear them."

"Yes, indeed. But there's more than engines to a ship. Every inch of her, ye'll understand, has to be livened up and made to work wi' its neighbour—sweetenin' her, we call it, technically."

"And how will you do it?" the girl asked.

"We can no more than drive and steer her and so forth, but if we have rough weather this trip—it's likely—she'll learn the rest by heart! For a ship, ye'll observe, Miss Frazier, is in no sense a reegid body closed at both ends. She's a highly complex structure o' various an' conflictin' strains, wi' tissues that must give an' tak' accordin' to her personal modulus of elastecity." Mr. Buchanan, the chief engineer, in his blue coat with gilt buttons, was coming towards them. "I'm sayin' to Miss Frazier here that our little *Dimbula* has to be sweetened yet, and nothin' but

a gale will do it. How's all wi' your engines, Buck?"

"Well enough—true by plumb an' rule, o' course; but there's no spontaneity yet." He turned to the girl. "Take my word, Miss Frazier, and may be ye'll comprehend later, even after a pretty girl's christened a ship it does not follow that there's such a thing as a ship under the men that work her."

"I was sayin' the very same, Mr. Buchanan," the skipper interrupted.

"That's more metaphysical than I can follow," said Miss Frazier, laughing.

"Why so? Ye're good Scotch, an'—I knew your mother's father, he was fra' Dumfries—ye've a vested right in metaphysics, Miss Frazier, just as ye have in the *Dimbula*," the engineer said.

"Eh, well, we must go down to the deep watters, an' earn Miss Frazier her deevideends. Will you not come to my cabin for tea?" said the skipper. "We'll be in dock the night, and when you're goin' back to Glasgie ye can think of us loadin' her down an' drivin' her forth—all for your sake."

In the next few days they stowed nearly four thousand tons dead weight into the *Dimbula*, and took her out from Liverpool. As soon as she met the lift of the open water, she naturally began to talk. If you put your ear to the side of the cabin the next time you are in a steamer, you will hear hundreds of little voices in every direction, thrilling and buzzing, and whispering and popping, and gurgling and sobbing and squeaking exactly like a telephone in a thunderstorm. Wooden ships shriek and growl and grunt, but iron vessels throb and quiver through all their hundreds of ribs and thousands of rivets. The *Dimbula* was very strongly built, and every piece of her had a letter or a number, or both, to describe it, and every piece had been hammered or forged, or rolled, or punched by man, and had lived in the roar and rattle of the ship-yard for months. Therefore,

every piece had its own separate voice in exact proportion to the amount of trouble spent upon it. Cast-iron, as a rule, says very little; but mild steel plates and wrought-iron, and ribs and beams that have been bent and welded and riveted a good deal, talk continuously. Their conversation, of course, is not half as wise as human talk, because they are all, though they do not know it, bound down one to the other in black darkness, where they cannot tell what is happening near them, nor what is going to happen next.

A short while after she had cleared the Irish coast, a sullen, grey-headed old wave of the Atlantic climbed leisurely over her straight bows, and sat down on the steam capstan, used for hauling up the anchor. Now the capstan and the engine that drove it had been newly painted red and green; besides which, nobody cares for being ducked.

"Don't you do that again," the capstan sputtered through the teeth of his cogs. "Hi! Where's the fellow gone?"

The wave had slouched overside with a plop and a chuckle; but "Plenty more where he came from," said a brother-wave, and went through and over the capstan, who was bolted firmly to an iron plate on the iron deck-beams below.

"Can't you keep still up there," said the deck-beams. "What's the matter with you? One minute you weigh twice as much as you ought to, and the next you don't!"

"It isn't my fault," said the capstan. "There's a green brute from outside that comes and hits me on the head."

"Tell that to the shipwrights. You've been in position for months and you've never wriggled like this before. If you aren't careful you'll strain us."

"Talking of strain," said a low, rasping, unpleasant voice, "are any of you fellows—you deck-beams we mean—aware that those exceedingly ugly knees of yours happen to be riveted into our structure—ours?"

"Who might you be?" the deck-beams inquired.

"Oh, nobody in particular," was the answer. "We're only the port and star-board upper-deck stringers; and if you persist in heaving and hiking like this, we shall be reluctantly compelled to take steps."

Now the stringers of the ship are long iron girders, so to speak, that run length-ways from stern to bow. They keep the iron frames (what are called ribs in a wooden ship) in place, and also help to hold the ends of the deck-beams which go from side to side of the ship. Stringers always consider themselves most important, because they are so long. In the *Dimbula* there were four stringers on each side—one far down by the bottom of the hold, called the bilge stringer; one a little higher up called the side stringer; one on the floor of the lower deck; and the upper deck stringers that have been heard from already.

"You will take steps—will you?" This was a long echoing rumble. It came from the frames; scores and scores of them, each one about eighteen inches distant from the next, and each riveted to the stringers in four places. "We think you will have a certain amount of trouble in *that*," and thousands and thousands of the little rivets that held everything together, whispered: "You will. You will! Stop quivering and be quiet. Hold on, brethren! Hold on! Hot Punches! What's that?"

Rivets have no teeth, so they cannot chatter with fright; but they did their best as a fluttering jar swept along the ship from stern to bow, and she shook like a rat in a terrier's mouth.

An unusually severe pitch, for the sea was rising, had lifted the big throbbing screw nearly to the surface, and it was spinning round in a kind of soda water—half sea and half air—going much faster than was right, because there was no deep water for it to work in.

As it sank again, the engines, and they were triple expansion, three cylinders in a row, snorted through all their three pistons. "Was that a joke, you fellow outside? It's an uncommonly poor one. How are we to do *our* work if you fly off the handle that way?"

"I didn't fly off the handle," said the screw, twirling huskily at the end of the screw shaft. "If I had, *you'd* have been scrap-iron by this time. The sea dropped away from under me, and I had nothing to catch on to. That's all."

"That's all, d'you call it?" said the thrust-block, whose business it is to take the push of the screw; for if a screw had nothing to hold it back it would crawl right into the engine-room. (It is the holding back of the screwing action that gives the drive to a ship.) "I know I do my work deep down and out of sight, but I warn you I expect justice. All I ask is bare justice. Why can't you push steadily and evenly, instead of whizzing like a whirligig, and making me hot under all my collars." The thrust-block had six collars each faced with brass, and he did not wish to get them heated.

All the bearings that supported the fifty feet of screw-shaft as it ran to the stern whispered: "Justice—give us justice."

"I can only give you what I can get," the screw answered. "Look out! It's coming again!"

He rose with a roar as the *Dimbula* plunged, and "whack—whack—whack—whack" went the engines, furiously, for they had little to check them.

"I'm the noblest outcome of human ingenuity—Mr. Buchanan says so," squealed the high-pressure cylinder. "This is simply ridiculous!" The piston went up savagely and choked, for half the steam behind it was mixed with dirty water. "Help! Oiler! Fitter! Stoker! Help! I'm choking," it gasped. "Never in the history of maritime invention, has such a calamity overtaken one so young

and strong. And if I go, who's to drive the ship?"

"Hush! oh, hush!" whispered the steam, who, of course, had been to sea many times before. He used to spend his leisure ashore, in a cloud, or a gutter, or a flower-pot, or a thunderstorm, or anywhere else where water was needed. "That's only a little priming, as they call it. It'll happen all night, on and off. I don't say it's nice, but it's the best we can do under the circumstances."

"What difference can circumstances make? I'm here to do my work—on clean, dry steam. Blow circumstances!" the cylinder roared.

"The circumstances will attend to the blowing. I've worked on the North Atlantic run a good many times—it's going to be rough before morning."

"It isn't distressingly calm now," said the extra-strong frames, they were called web-frames, in the engine-room. "There's an upward thrust that we don't understand, and there's a twist that is very bad for our brackets and diamond-plates, and there's a sort of North-Westward pull, that follows the twist, which seriously annoys us. We mention this because *we* happened to cost a good deal of money, and we feel sure that the owners would not approve of our being treated in this frivolous way."

"I'm afraid the matter is out of the owner's hands for the present," said the steam, slipping into the condenser. "You're left to your own devices till the weather betters."

"I wouldn't mind the weather," said a flat bass voice below, "it's this confounded cargo that's breaking my heart. I'm the garboard-strake, and I'm twice as thick as most of the others, and I ought to know something."

The garboard-strake is the bottom-most plate in the bottom of a ship, and the *Dimbula's* garboard-strake (she was a flat-bottomed boat) was nearly three-quarters of an inch mild steel.

"The sea pushes me up in a way I should never have expected," the strake grunted, "and the cargo pushes me down, and, between the two, I don't know what I'm supposed to do."

"When in doubt, hold on," rumbled the steam, making head in the boilers.

"Yes, but there's only dark, and cold, and hurry, down here; and how do I know whether the other plates are doing their duty? Those bulwark-plates up above, I've heard aren't more than five-sixteenths of an inch thick—scandalous, I call it."

"I agree with you," said a huge web-frame, by main-cargo hatch. He was deeper and thicker than all the others, and curved half-way across the ship in the shape of half an arch, to support the deck, where deck-beams would have been in the way of cargo coming up and down. "I work entirely unsupported, and I observe that I am the sole strength of this vessel, so far as my vision extends. The responsibility, I assure you, is enormous. I believe the money value of the cargo is over one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Think of that!"

"And every pound of it is dependent on my personal exertions." Here spoke a sea-valve that communicated directly with the water outside, and was seated not very far from the garboard-strake. "I rejoice to think that I am a Prince-Hyde Valve, with best Para rubber facings. Five patents cover me—I mention this without pride—five separate and several patents, each one finer than the other. At present I am screwed fast. Should I open, you would immediately be swamped. This is incontrovertible!"

Patent things always use the longest words they can. It is a trick that they pick up from their inventors.

"That's news," said a big centrifugal bilge pump. "I had an idea that you were employed to clean decks and things with. At least, I've used you for that

more than once. I forget the precise number, in thousands, of gallons which I am guaranteed to pump in an hour; but I assure you, my complaining friends, that there is not the least danger. I alone am capable of clearing any water that may find its way here. By my biggest delivery, we pitched then!"

The sea was getting up in workmanlike style. It was a dead westerly gale, blown from under a ragged opening of green sky, narrowed on all sides by fat, grey clouds; and the wind bit like pin-cers, as it fretted the spray into lace-work on the heads of the waves.

"I tell you what it is," the foremast telephoned down its wire stays. "I'm up here, and I can take a dispassionate view of things. There's an organized conspiracy against us. I'm sure of it, because every single one of these waves is heading directly for our bows. The whole sea is concerned in it—and so's the wind. It's awful!"

"What's awful?" said a wave, drowning the capstan for the hundredth time.

"This organized conspiracy on your part," the capstan gurgled, taking his cue from the mast.

"Organized bubbles and spindrift! There has been a depression in the Gulf of Mexico. Excuse me!" He leaped overside; but his friends took up the tale one after another.

"Which has advanced——" *That* wave threw green over the funnel.

"As far as Cape Hatteras——" *He* drenched the bridge.

"And is now going out to sea—to sea—to sea!" *He* went out in three surges, making a clean sweep of a boat, which turned bottom up, and sank in the darkening troughs alongside.

"That's all there is to it," seethed the broken water roaring through the scuppers. "There's no animus in our proceedings. We're a meteorological corollary."

"Is it going to get any worse," said

the bow-anchor chained down to the deck, where he could only breathe once in five minutes.

"Not knowing, can't say. Wind may blow a bit by midnight. Thanks awfully. Good-bye."

The wave that spoke so politely had travelled some distance aft, and found itself all mixed up on the deck amidships, which was a well-deck sunk between high bulwarks. One of the bulwark-plates, which was hung on hinges to open outward, had swung out, and passed the bulk of the water back to the sea again with a wop.

"Evidently that's what I'm made for," said the plate, shutting up again with a sputter of pride. "Oh no you don't, my friend!"

The top of a wave was trying to get in from outside, but the plate did not open in that direction, and the defeated water spurted back.

"Not bad for five-sixteenths of an inch," said the bulwark-plate. "My work, I see, is laid down for the night," and it began opening and shutting as it was designed to do, with the motion of the ship.

"We are not what you might call idle," groaned all the frames together, as the *Dimbula* climbed a big wave, lay on her side at the top, and shot into the next hollow, twisting as she descended. A huge swell pushed up exactly under her middle, and her bow and stern hung free with nothing to support them, and then one joking wave caught her up at the bow, and another at the stern, while the rest of the water slunk away from under her just to see how she would like it, so she was held up at her two ends only, and the weight of the cargo and the machinery fell on the groaning iron keels and bilge-stringers.

"Ease off! Ease off there!" roared the garboard-strake. "I want an eighth of an inch fair play. D'you hear me, you rivets!"

"Ease off! Ease off!" cried the bilge-

stringers. "Don't hold us so tight to the frames!"

"Ease off!" grunted the deck-beams, as the *Dimbula* rolled fearfully. "You've cramped our knees into the stringers and we can't move. Ease off, you flat-headed little nuisances."

Then two converging seas hit the bows, one on each side, and fell away in torrents of streaming thunder.

"Ease off!" shouted the forward collision-bulkhead. "I want to crumple up, but I'm stiffened in every direction. Ease off, you dirty little forge-filings. Let me breathe!"

All the hundreds of plates that are riveted on to the frames, and make the outside skin of every steamer, echoed the call, for each plate wanted to shift and creep a little, and each plate, according to its position, complained against the rivets.

"We can't help it! *We* can't help it!" they murmured. "We're put here to hold you, and we're going to do it; you never pull us twice in the same direction. If you'd say what you were going to do next, we'd try to meet your views."

"As far as I could feel," said the upper deck planking, and that was four inches thick, "every single iron near me was pushing or pulling in opposite directions. Now, what's the sense of that? My friends, let us all pull together."

"Pull any way you please," roared the funnel, "so long as you don't try your experiments on *me*. I need fourteen wire ropes all pulling in opposite directions to hold me steady. Isn't that so?"

"We believe you, my boy!" whistled the funnel-stays through their clenched teeth, as they twanged in the wind from the top of the funnel to the deck.

"Nonsense! We must all pull together," the decks repeated. "Pull lengthways."

"Very good," said the stringers; "then stop pushing sideways when you get wet. Be content to run gracefully fore and aft, and curve in at the ends as we do."

"No—no curves at the end. A very slight workmanlike curve from side to side, with a good grip at each knee, and little pieces welded on," said the deck beams.

"Fiddle!" cried the iron pillars of the deep, dark hold. "Who ever heard of curves? Stand up straight; be a perfectly round column, and carry tons of good solid weight. Like that! There!" A big sea smashed on to the deck above, and the pillars stiffened themselves to the load.

"Straight up and down is not bad," said the frames, who ran that way in the sides of the ship, "but you must also expand yourselves sideways. Expansion is the law of life, children. Open out! open out!"

"Come back!" said the deck-beams, savagely, as the upward heave of the sea made the frames try to open. "Come back to your bearings, you slack-jawed irons!"

"Rigidity! Rigidity! Rigidity!" thumped the engines. "Absolute, unvarying rigidity—rigidity!"

"You see!" whined the rivets in chorus. "No two of you will ever pull alike and—and you blame it all on us. We only know how to go through a plate and bite down on both sides so that it can't, and mustn't, and shan't move."

"I've got one-sixteenth of an inch play at any rate," said the garboard-strake, triumphantly, and so he had, and all the bottom of the ship felt easier for it.

"Then we're no good," sobbed the bottom rivets. "We were ordered—we were *ordered*—never to give and we've given, and the sea will come in, and we'll all go to the bottom together! First we're blamed for everything unpleasant, and now we haven't the consolation of having done our work."

"Don't say I told you," whispered the steam, consolingly; "but, between you and me and the cloud I last came from, it was bound to happen sooner or later."

You *had* to give a fraction, and you've given without knowing it. Now, hold on, as before."

"What's the use?" a few hundred rivets chattered. "We've given—we've given; and the sooner we confess that we can't keep the ship together and go off our little heads, the easier it will be. No rivet forged can stand this strain."

"No one rivet was ever meant to. Share it among you," the steam answered.

"The others can have my share. I'm going to pull out," said a rivet in one of the forward plates.

"If you go, others will follow," hissed the steam. "There's nothing so contagious in a boat as rivets going. Why, I knew a little chap like you—he was an eighth of an inch fatter, though—on a steamer—to be sure, she was only twelve hundred tons, now I come to think of it—in exactly the same place as you are. *He* pulled out in a bit of a bobble of a sea, not half as bad as this, and he started all his friends on the same butt-strap, and the plates opened like a furnace door, and I had to climb into the nearest fog-bank while the boat went down."

"Now that's peculiarly disgraceful," said the rivet. "Fatter than me, was he, and in a steamer not half our tonnage? Reedy little peg! I blush for the family, sir." He settled himself more firmly than ever in his place, and the steam chuckled.

"You see," he went on quite gravely, "a rivet, and especially a rivet in *your* position, is really the *one* indispensable part of the ship." The steam did not say that he had whispered the very same thing to every single piece of iron aboard. There is no sense in telling too much.

And all that while the little *Dimbula* pitched and chopped, and swung and slued, and lay down as though she were going to die, and got up as though she had been stung, and threw her nose round and round in circles half a dozen times as she dipped, for the gale was at its worst. It was inky black, in spite of the tearing

white froth on the waves, and, to top everything, the rain began to fall in sheets, so that you could not see your hand before your face. This did not make much difference to the ironwork below, but it troubled the foremast a good deal.

"Now it's all finished," he said, dismally. "The conspiracy is too strong for us. There is nothing left but to——"

"Hurraar! Brrrrraah! Brrrrrrp!" roared the steam through the fog-horn, till the decks quivered. "Don't be frightened below. It's only me, just throwing out a few words, in case any one happens to be rolling round to-night."

"You don't mean to say there's any one except *us* on the sea in such weather?" said the funnel, in a husky snuffle.

"Scores of 'em," said the steam, clearing its throat; "Brrrrraaa! Brraaaaa! Prrrrp! It's a trifle windy up here; and, Great Boilers! how it rains!"

"We're drowning," said the scuppers. They had been doing nothing else all night, but this steady thresh of rain above them seemed to be the end of the world.

"That's all right. We'll be easier in an hour or two. First the wind and then the rain: Soon you may make sail again! Grrrraaaaah! Drrrraaaa! Drrrrp! I have a notion that the sea is going down already. If it does you'll learn something about rolling. We've only pitched till now. By the way, aren't you chaps in the hold a little easier than you were?"

There was just as much groaning and straining as ever, but it was not so loud or squeaky in tone; and when the ship quivered she did not jar stiffly, like a poker hit on the floor, but gave a supple little waggle, like a perfectly balanced golf-club.

"We have made a most amazing discovery," said the stringers one after another. "A discovery that entirely changes the situation. We have found,

for the first time in the history of ship-building, that the inward pull of the deck beams and the outward thrust of the frames locks us, as it were, more closely in our places, and enables us to endure a strain which is entirely without parallel in the records of marine architecture."

The steam turned a laugh quickly into a roar up the foghorn. "What massive intellects you great stringers have," he said, softly, when he had finished.

"We also," began the deck-beams, "are discoverers and geniuses. We are of opinion that the support of the hold-pillars materially helps us. We find that we lock up on them when we are subjected to a heavy and singular weight of sea above."

Here the *Dimbula* shot down a hollow, lying almost on her side, and righting at the bottom with a wrench and a spasm.

"In these cases—are you aware of this, steam?—the plating at the bows, and particularly at the stern—we would also mention the floors beneath us—help us to resist any tendency to spring." It was the frames who were speaking in the solemn and awed voice which people use when they have just come across something entirely new for the very first time.

"I'm only a poor puffy little flutterer," said the steam, "but I have to stand a good deal of pressure in my business. It's all tremendously interesting. Tell us some more. You fellows are so strong."

"You'll see," said the bow-plates, proudly. "Ready behind there! Here's the father and mother of waves coming! Sit tight, rivets all!" A great sluicing comber thundered by, but through the scuffle and confusion the steam could hear the low, quick cries of the iron work as the various strains took them—cries like these—"Easy now—easy! Now push for all your strength! Hold out! Give a fraction! Hold up! Pull in! Shove crossways! Mind the strain at the ends!

Grip now! Bite tight! Let the water get away from under—and there she goes."

The wave raced off into the darkness shouting. "Not bad that, if it's your first run!" and the drenched and ducked ship throbbed to the beat of the engines inside her! All three cylinders were white with the salt spray that had come down through the engine-room hatch; there was white salt on the canvas-bound steam-pipes, and even the bright work deep below was feckled and soiled; but the cylinders had learned to make the most of steam that was half water, and were pounding along cheerfully.

"How's the noblest outcome of human ingenuity hitting it?" said the steam, as he whirled through the engine-room.

"Nothing for nothing in the world of woe," the cylinders answered, as if they had been working for centuries, "and precious little for seventy-five poundhead. We've made two knots this last hour and a quarter! Rather humiliating for eight-hundred horse-power, isn't it."

"Well, it's better than drifting astern, at any rate. You seem rather less—how shall I put it?—stiff in the back than you were."

"If you'd been hammered as we've been this night, you wouldn't be stiff—ffreff—ff either. Theoreti—retti—rettically, of course, rigidity is the thing. Purrr—purrr—practically, there has to be a little give and take. We found that out by working on our sides for five minutes at a stretch—chch—chh. How's the weather?"

"She's going down fast," said the steam.

"Good business," said the high-pressure cylinder. "Whack her up along, boys. They've given us five pounds more steam," and he began humming the first bars of "Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah," which, as you may have noticed, is a pet tune among engines not made for high speed. Racing liners with

twin screws sing "The Turkish Patrol" and the overture to the "Bronze Horse," and "Madame Angot," till something goes wrong, and then they give Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," with variations.

"You'll learn a song of your own some fine day," said the steam, as he flew up the foghorn for one last bellow.

Next day the sky cleared and the sea dropped a little, and the *Dimbula* began to roll from side to side till every inch of iron in her was sick and giddy. But luckily they did not all feel ill at the same time: otherwise she would have opened out like a wet paper box. The steam whistled warnings as he went about his business, for it is in this short quick roll and tumble that follows a heavy sea that most of the accidents happen; because then everything thinks that the worst is over and goes off guard. So he orated and chattered till the beams and frames and floors and stringers and things had learned how to lock down and lock up on one another, and endure this new kind of strain.

They had ample time to practise, for they were sixteen days at sea, and it was foul weather till within a hundred miles of New York. The *Dimbula* picked up her pilot, and came in covered with salt and red rust. Her funnel was dirty grey from top to bottom; two boats had been carried away; three copper ventilators looked like hats after a fight with the police; the bridge had a dimple in the middle of it; the house that covered the steam steering-gear was split as with hatchets; there was a bill for small repairs in the engine-room almost as long as the screw-shaft; the forward cargo-hatch fell into bucket staves when they raised the iron cross-bars; and the steam capstan had been badly wrenched on its bed. Altogether, as the skipper said, it was "a pretty general average."

"But she's souped," he said to Mr. Buchanan. "For all her dead weight she rode like a yacht. Ye mind that last

blow off the Banks? I was proud of her."

"It's vera good," said the chief engineer, looking along the dishevelled decks. "Now, a man judgin' superficially would say we were a wreck, but we know otherwise—by experience."

Naturally everything in the *Dimbula* fairly stiffened with pride, and the foremast and the forward collision bulkhead, who are pushing creatures, begged the steam to warn the port of New York of their arrival. "Tell those big boats all about us," they said. "They seem to take us quite as a matter of course."

It was a glorious, clear, dead calm morning, and in single file, with less than half a mile between each, their bands playing and their tug-boats shouting and waving handkerchiefs, were the *Majestic*, the *Paris*, the *Touraine*, the *Servia*, the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, and the *Werkendam*, all stately going out to sea. As the *Dimbula* shifted her helm to give the great boats clear way, the steam (who knows far too much to mind making an exhibition of himself now and then) shouted:—

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Princes, Dukes, and Barons of the High Seas! Know ye by these presents we are the *Dimbula*, fifteen days nine hours from Liverpool; having crossed the Atlantic with four thousand ton of cargo for the first time in our career. We have not foundered. We are here. *Eer! Eer!* We are not disabled. But we have had a time wholly unparalleled in the annals of ship-building! Our decks were swept. We pitched, we rolled. We thought we were going to die. *Hi! Hi!* But we didn't. We wish to give notice that we have come to New York all the way across the Atlantic, through the worst weather in the world; and we are the *Dimbula*! We are—arr—ha—ha—ha-r-r-r!"

The beautiful line of boats swept by as steadily as the procession of the seasons. The *Dimbula* heard the *Majestic* say:

"Hmph!" and the *Paris* grunted "*How!*" and the *Touraine* said "*Oui!*" with a little coquettish flicker of steam; and the *Servia* said "*Haw!*" and the *Kaiser* and the *Werkendam* said "*Hoch!*" Dutch fashion—and that was absolutely all.

"I did my best," said the steam, gravely, "but I don't think they were much impressed with us, somehow. Do you?"

"It's simply disgusting," said the bow-plates. "They might have seen what we've been through. There isn't a ship on the sea that has suffered as we have—is there now?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as that," said the steam, "because I've worked on some of those boats, and put them through weather quite as bad as the fortnight that we've had in six days; and some of them are a little over ten thousand tons, I believe. Now I've seen the *Majestic*, for instance, ducked from her bows to her funnel, and I've helped the *Arizona*, I think she was, to back off an iceberg she met with one dark night; and I had to run out of the *Paris's* engine-room one day because there was thirty foot of water in it. Of course, I don't deny ——" The steam shut off suddenly, as a tug-boat, loaded with a political club and a brass band, that had been to see a New York Senator off to Europe, crossed their bows,

going to Hoboken. There was a long silence that reached, without a break, from the cut-water to the propeller-blades of the *Dimbula*.

Then a big voice said slowly and thickly, as though the owner had just waked up: "It's my conviction that I have made a fool of myself."

The steam knew what had happened at once, for when a ship finds herself all the talking of the separate pieces ceases and melts into one voice, which is the soul of the ship.

"Who are you?" he said, with a laugh.

"I am the *Dimbula*, of course. I've never been anything else except that—and a fool!"

The tug-boat, which was doing its very best to be run down, got away just in time, and its band was playing clashily and brassily a popular but impolite air:

"In the days of old Rameses—are you on?
In the days of old Rameses—are you on?
In the days of old Rameses,
That story had paresis,
Are you on—are you on—are you on?"

"Well, I'm glad you've found yourself," said the steam. "To tell the truth, I was a little tired of talking to all those ribs of stringers. Here's Quarantine. After that we'll go to our wharf and clean up a little, and next month we'll do it all over again."

MR. DU MAURIER AT HOME.

BY ADDISON BRIGHT.

(Photographs by Messrs. Fradelle & Young.)

NOT long ago, Sir Walter Besant was approached by a gentleman newly come from "away out West," whose literary aspirations had eventually led him home again. He had passed through the beginner's customary struggles with even more than the customary disheartening result. By day and by night he had toiled—but the publishers had bought nothing. And at last, desperate, heavy-hearted, heavy-laden, he sought Sir Walter—to sun himself in a ray of hope, or hear his doom.

"So they won't buy your stories?" said the great man, as he turned the worn leaves of an oft-rejected MS. "Well, what is your equipment as a novelist?"

The answer amounted to one word, "Ambition." Ambition—and, as an after-thought, a boyhood and early manhood spent in the wildest West.

"Ah! well, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Appendix to Charles Reade's *Wandering Heir*: write of what you know: and you ought to succeed."

"But," urged the petitioner, "what about my not being a University man?"

"Oh"—with a shrug of dissent—"you have had experiences."

"Yes; but they say I want style."

"Very likely; still you've had experiences."

"And I'm afraid they're right in saying that my schooling was defective."

"Perhaps. But you've suffered solitude, known hunger, dreamed dreams, seen men and life with the veneer knocked off, jostled your way through a lawless world: and this is worth all the schools in the University. Regret nothing. Just keep your memories alive and be thankful that you've had experiences."

The story has point for the author of *Trilby*. He, too, has doubts of his right to a place among literary men. He, too,

regards the "cultured craftsman" with envy and awe. And success has come to him largely because he "has kept his memories alive," and "had experiences." Not that they even seemed to him worth writing down! "And I didn't even know that I could write!" Mr. Du Maurier adds. "Indeed, but for what I might call the finger of Fate pointing that way, I doubt if my pencil would ever have been relinquished for the pen."

Precisely how *Peter Ibbetson* came to be written will never be known. At the heart of the truth lies a tragedy. And the chief actor in a real tragedy is the last man to re-enact its scenes. But, without betraying confidence or giving pain, it may be said that this tragedy had its root in the loss of sight in the left eye, which Mr. Du Maurier suffered nearly forty years ago. This happened in 1857, the year succeeding that spent in Gleyre's studio in the Quartier Latin, the studio described in *Trilby*, when Mr. Du Maurier, then a young man of twenty-three, was working in the studio of Van Lerius, in Antwerp. Without the least warning, the sight of one eye failed. Doctors there were who held out comfortable hopes of ultimate recovery; but the eye grew worse and worse, and, in 1859, was finally pronounced incurable by a great specialist in Düsseldorf.

What Mr. Du Maurier's existence has been, it requires but little imaginative power to conceive. To live day by day in dread of total blindness! Continually to face the possibility of utter uselessness, worthlessness, helplessness! To wake, and strive in vain to pierce the darkness of the night! To lie and wonder if indeed it be the night! To watch and watch for the first streak of dawn, and at its coming to feel a cloud of agony and terror pass away! What triumph with books



MR. GEORGE DU MAUBIER.



MR. DU MAURIER'S RESIDENCE.

or plays can ever make amends for daily sufferings like these? Small wonder that Mr. Du Maurier murmurs: "It has poisoned my whole existence."

There is a story told—possibly by that fertile raconteur, Mr. Benjamin Trouvato—of Mr. Du Maurier's first association with *Harper's Magazine*. The great American publishers offered him a very handsome price for a full-page drawing for each monthly number. The offer was accepted.

But no sooner was it noised abroad than the authorities, at 85, Fleet Street, had a word to say. They imagined that his services were theirs exclusively, and an official protest was despatched. Mr. Du Maurier's answer, it is said, was brief and to the point. "Dear—, Man cannot live by *Punch* alone.—Yours, G. Du M."

It was something to do with this question of living by *Punch* alone that assisted

in the transformation of artist into novelist. This and the strenuous advice of Mr. Henry James. One evening the two friends were tramping along, and the talk ran upon books. The author of *The American* lamented the difficulty of getting good plots. Mr. Du Maurier did not understand where the difficulty lay. If plot was the one thing needful, he would be a novelist off-hand; for he had always a supply of plots! Thereupon he described one. Mr. James expressed admiration. Mr. Du Maurier immediately offered it as a gift. The novelist declined, vowed it was far too precious a jewel to give away, and urged his friend to write the story himself. "You are perfectly competent!" he argued; and so it proved. For *Peter Ibbetson*, begun that very night, was at once accepted by Harper's, enjoyed a fair success, brought its author a thousand pounds, and paved the way for the triumphal march of *Trilby*.

Upon *Trilby* the conversation centres. Not because Mr. Du Maurier has an objection to speak freely upon any subject. He will describe his one glimpse of Charles Dickens, relate the circumstance of his solitary meeting with Thackeray, discuss Leech (in terms of eulogy), pour out recollections of the happy Quartier Latin days, heap anecdote upon anecdote of old friends and new, of Millais, Poynter, Lamont, Anstey, Furniss, Burdand, and even venture to touch, in kindly if discreetly guarded tones, upon that fiery fellow-student, Mr. Whistler. He will roam from the childhood spent in Paris, London, and Boulogne, the childhood much of which is recorded in *Peter Ibbetson*, to the day when, in deference to his father's wish, and much against his own, he set up in Bucklersbury as an analytical chemist. School-days, student-days, likes, dislikes, ambitions, struggles, you may hear them all. And, in hearing, follow in his chatty wake a gentle, kindly-natured fellow, who always took life easily, and found contentment among

friends in that vanished wonderland of old Bohemia.

Is the talk of school life? Then you get a glimpse of a lad after Louis Stevenson's own heart: of one for whom books were well enough in their way, but odds and ends come by in hours of truancy possessed a more potent fascination. Is it of laboursome days of wrestling with science? Then you are treated to a picture of a studious youth engrossed in the art of caricature—not so much heedless of the value of chemical experiments, as supremely indifferent to it. Music and drawing were his idols. Chemistry, in spite of that Bucklersbury laboratory, fitted-up regardless of expense, was an appalling failure. Why, so little did the young chemist understand the very rudiments of expert analysis, that he actually reported unfavourably upon an English mine—on behalf of which he had been retained! The West Country ore, given him to assay, he found no trace of gold in, and actually was indiscreet enough to say so! Not even a visit to the mine could induce him to reconsider his damning report. In defiance of all "expert" tradition, he still persisted in finding nothing! And how could a man hope to succeed in the City with inconvenient principles like these.

Yes, of all these flittings across the Channel, and from one occupation to another, Mr. Du Maurier speaks without reserve; but he would rather the story went no further than the walls of his room. He would "be so glad if the chat could begin with *Trilby*, and there end." He has already passed through the interviewer's burning, fiery furnace, and the process left him a little singed. In particular, Mr. Du Maurier begs that he may not be described. "We have all been described," he exclaims, in a sorrowful voice, and with a rueful look, "and we have been very unhappy ever since."



THE STUDIO.

So *Trilby* becomes the chief subject of the talk.

"I looked for no greater success with this tale than I had with *Peter Ibbetson*, which, by the way, I think far the better book. But the Harpers, from the very first, I imagine, saw with other eyes. They began by offering me double the *Peter Ibbetson* terms. This I thought royal treatment, and at once accepted. Instead of clinching the matter, on the instant, however, they urged me to retain my rights in the book, accept a little less in a lump sum, and receive a royalty. But so little faith did I pin to *Trilby's* skirts, that I said 'No.' Two thousand birds in the hand seemed good enough for me, and I was quite content. Within a few weeks, the 'boom' began. And when Harpers saw what proportions it was likely to assume, they voluntarily destroyed our agreement, and arranged

to allow me, from the beginning of January last, a handsome royalty on every copy sold. As a boy, I worshipped Byron, and there is still a lurking fondness for him in some remote corner of my heart. His spirit, fire, audacity, and wit attract me. But one attack, at least, seems cruelly unfair—in that crushing line of his, 'Now Barabbas was a publisher.'

"Of course, most of the stories circulated about *Trilby* are ludicrously wide of the mark. There was no original of *Trilby*; no original of *Svengali*; nor any of nineteen out of twenty characters in the book. Little Billee is not Fred Walker—whom I deliberately introduced in his own person, to avoid any misconception. The life described is often drawn 'from the life.' But the characters, no. Not even in the case of my old friend Lamont, whose French, I can assure

you, is never that of 'Stratford-atte Bowe,' and whose boundless good humour and sunny temperament alone are reproduced in the 'Laird.' It gratifies some instinct, I suppose, to attach a well-known name



A COSY CORNER.

to a character in a popular book. Everyone seems better satisfied with Thackeray's creation when it's whispered, 'Lord Steyne, you know, my dear, was really Lord So-and-so,' and even Meredith gets regarded with a longer stare when a half-dozen of his friends protest against his portraiture of each in the character of 'The Egoist.'

"Of the mechanism of *Trilby*, I can tell you nothing. The story formed itself. The mysterious, the occult, have always had a fascination for me. As a child, it seems, I was in the habit of indulging in a kind of realistic dreaming; for some of

the most vivid memories I have of my childhood days, had no existence in fact, I afterwards learned. One in particular is as real to me to-day as it was nearly sixty years ago. It is the memory of a great grimy *charbonnier* who, when I was in bed and turned my face to the wall, would open a door, step out, bend over me, lift me from the bed, and carry me down a winding staircase, to a room where a woman and children were. It was no nightmare; for the experience was always a pleasant one. Yet neither the *charbonnier*, nor door, nor stair, had any existence. It was, therefore, hardly surprising that my books should take the direction of the weird and mystical; nor, considering my father's gift of music, and my own passion for it at one time of my life, that *Trilby* should deal with musicians and song. My apprenticeship to science should, perhaps, have led

me to verify my experiments in hypnotism—but it did not! It was a little tale, composed more with a view to please myself than to satisfy any critical craving for truth. And whether hypnotism can or cannot work the marvels I ask of it, is a question I take slight interest in.

"*Trilby*, as a name, must have been lying *perdu* somewhere, as they say, 'at the back of my head,' as important things so often do. I can trace it to a story by Charles Nodier, in which *Trilby* was a man. *Trilby* also appears in a poem by Alfred de Musset. And to this name, and the story of a woman which was once



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

told to me, my Trilby owes her birth. From the moment the name occurred to me I was struck with its value. I at once realised that it was a name of great importance. I think I must have felt as happy as Thackeray did when the title of *Vanity Fair* suggested itself to him. At any rate, I at once said to myself, 'That is a name which will sell a book.'

"The play? Ah, I've nothing—nothing whatever to take credit for there. Mr. Paul Potter is the playwright; my contribution is merely the original story. His was the happiest of happy thoughts—to make the hypnotic influence the central motive, and so to provide a dramatic thread strong enough to hold together my rambling scenes. It was all arranged without anything from me—but my consent. Nor did I feel much interest in the stage version, I must confess, until Mr. Tree approached me for the English rights.

Then I felt that my heroine must be somehow realised. And I wondered how it was to be done. There is a school, is there not, which believes that wherever Art leads Nature is bound to follow? I ought to belong to it, if there is. For no sooner was a Trilby wanted than one appeared. So, at least, we heard one day from an Oxford friend; and more than I had often commented upon the beauty of the lady, when she was a child living near us at Hampstead Heath. I inquired her name. It was Miss Dorothea Baird. She was already on the stage, and showing promise as an actress. I still felt sceptical; so a photograph was sent. It was a full-length picture of a roguish Rosalind. After a glance at that, no description, no eulogy, was needed. I said, 'No acting will be wanted; for here is Trilby!' However, I was reckoning without Mr. Tree. He listened, but was not convinced.

So I suggested that we should interview Miss Baird in company. Mr. Tree evidently did not wish to be committed, but at last agreed to come. Even at the door he hesitated, but eventually he yielded and accompanied me in. Miss Baird, in face and manner, seemed to me still more Trilby-like than ever; but Mr. Tree was on thoughts of acting-power intent. And when he gravely announced that to be an actress a woman should not be well-born and well-bred, and that, if possible, she should have had her home in the wings or the gutter, I considered the matter settled. We drove away in silence, and I, at any rate, in gloom. For Miss Baird, refined and gentle, and well-born and well-bred, was still the Trilby for me, and I flatly refused to see either of the ladies whom Mr. Tree had in mind. Finally, he thought he would see Miss Baird again, and with her read over a scene or two. He got another cab—returned there and then—in forty-eight hours the engagement was made—and since the production in Manchester, three months ago, he has

consistently maintained that *Trilby* is the most astonishing personal success he has ever known.

“No, I don’t think that even this startling, utterly unexpected ‘boom’ will move me from my pleasant grooves. Here”—laying his hand upon a pile of Sketch books—“are studies for many another picture in *Punch*: and there”—pointing to a mass of manuscript—“lies another novel—of School life and artist-student days, and dealing with a subject related to the Supernatural. I am at no loss for stories to write, so long as the public is content to read. If I were, the offers I have had to lecture in the States might tempt me. Indeed, were I ten years younger, the question of filthy lucre would be one I should hardly be justified in ignoring. But the kindness and hospitality awaiting me out there would use up all that’s left to me of life, I know. And I propose to stick to my quiet corner, and to the weaving of these little stories, for which the world is good-natured enough to ask.”

TALKS WITH A NURSE.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

II.

ON the second occasion I met Miss G—— she had just returned from seeing a woman who had nearly frightened herself into having the cholera. An injudi-



“HOW MUCH LONGER DO YOU THINK HE’LL LAST?”

cious indulgence in greengages, however, proved to be the primary cause of the patient’s indisposition. Miss G—— smiled as I listened to her ludicrous account of the woman’s struggles to conceal the truth, but became grave again in answer to my inquiry as to the tragic episodes in a nurse’s life:

There are tragic moments in a nurse’s career; and when they come to her through the experience of a poor man or woman’s sin or sorrow, they are mostly plain reality, undisguised by any veneer of sentiment. But sometimes there is a certain element of romance in the dull, unlovely life of a patient. I remember one man (Number 24) who was in my

ward for many weeks, a quiet, well behaved fellow, quite young, with incurable lung disease. His wife used to come to see him very irregularly. One day, as she passed me, on her way out, she stopped to say, “How much longer do you think he’ll last? I’m fairly sick of it. I don’t see any good in coming every visiting day so long as there’s no change. I wish I’d never married him, and I wouldn’t have done it, only he’s saved a tidy bit of money.” Then she flounced out. When I returned to the poor fellow, he told me that he hoped I wouldn’t think him ungrateful, but he must go home. “She’s a reggler bad ’un, but I’ve kept her straight from the drink, and worse things too, maybe. She’s going to the devil fast now, but I must look after her.



“NUMBER 24 HAD ‘GONE HOME.’”

I got ill through tramping about one bitter cold night in the rain until I found her—dead drunk. She had to go into the police cell. When I got home there was

no fire, and I was chilled to the bone. I've been ill ever since."

Number 24 slept better that night, and looked much brighter in the morning. He was ready to go home by eleven o'clock, but the wife did not come to fetch him. At three o'clock, as he still insisted on "going home," he was put into a cab. I went with him to the house, and helped him into the parlour. There sat his wife, her flushed face sufficiently showing her condition without the additional evidence of a spirit bottle on the table. Two low-looking men were there also, both with glasses of spirits before them; and the air was heavy with the fumes of bad tobacco. The woman started to her feet, hurled incoherent reproaches at the man who had come at peril of his life to save her, and swore violently. But he did not hear her abuse. A fit of coughing came on—blood flowed from his mouth—a choking, struggling sigh, and he fell back on his chair. Number 24 had "gone home." The wife looked at her husband, and satisfied herself that he was dead. "I'll be round at the hospital this evenin', Nurse, about the certificate," she said. "I s'pose I can draw out the money from the Bank now. Thought I was never goin' to get it after all!"

Are nurses made comfortable at the houses to which they go? Well, I think you would be rather surprised at the manner in which I have

been treated by people who should have known better. There are persons who



"PRECEDED THE FAMILY TO THE DINING-ROOM."

think that it is heartless of a nurse to sleep at all; and a lady of high rank once expressed great surprise at my "thoughtlessness" in objecting to sleep in the same room as a diphtheric patient. Others seem to think that a nurse should

not go out, and should never sleep for more than an hour at a time. The hygienic view of the situation seldom occurs to

them at all. They believe that for a nurse to have an appetite is positively heartless and indecent.

One day I asked a nurse friend of mine,



"HER CHIEF PET."

who had been in a variety of households, which was the kind of family where she had found life most difficult. She said that she had once nursed a lady who kept seven cats, and she found them trying. Three were drawing-room cats; they each had a basket and rug of their own, and when the dinner gong sounded, they arose and gravely preceded the family to the dining-room, where they were fed, each on her own particular plate, under the sideboard. These three cats did not affect her comfort. But the second three were less aristocratic, and loved rambling all over the house. The worst time was at night, when she used to shut them up in the kitchen. But this had to be done after the family and servants had retired. The seventh cat was her greatest pest, for it was the poor lady's chief pet, and lived in her room. It was an ill-conditioned, greedy, bad-tempered beast, and its cushioned basket was placed in the cosiest corner beside the fire. Then the meals which were prepared for the creature! One day the animal refused to touch a

plate of minced chicken which was sent up for it, and the sick woman was quite concerned at this behaviour. At her suggestion my friend rang the bell, and inquired of the housemaid if there was anything wrong with the food. "Oh, no, nurse," said she, "but that cat's as cunning as a Christian. He knows there's game in the dining-room, and is waiting for that."

The subject of cat-life seemed a large one, but it was instructive to find that during my friend's ten weeks' residence in that same household (she was "on night duty" for most of the time), the food supplied for her own consumption was invariably cold mutton, without even an alleviating pickle. She had never had a single hot meal during the whole period. "It did me no harm," she added, merrily; "but it grew just a trifle monotonous, I must own."

Another old lady had a fancy for pillows (there were thirteen in her bed), of all sorts and shapes and sizes, and they had to be accurately disposed at different points, which were precisely



"THE FAMILY KETTLE."

defined by the eccentric patient. "You see," said my friend, "she was very ill indeed, and if pillows are a comfort to one person, and cats to another, why shouldn't they have their fancies humoured? People who are sick must be treated differently from sound folks, only I sometimes think it's a pity to let yourself grow so fanciful while you have health that you

and they have been looked upon as people of property ever since.

These same poor have many fads and curious habits in connection with their sick. Sometimes, when a man dies, the relatives expect the doctor to shave the body in order to "make a pretty corpse of it." I knew a man who had only two more days to live. His wife had but one



"'WOT A BLESSED THING 'E'S INSURED'."

can't lay aside such follies when you are sick unto death."

I've nursed a good many Irish families. They endure even misery comically. One poor woman was ill in bed with a lung trouble. Poultrices had to be applied every three hours. Whenever food was left for the sick woman, the rest of the family took it. I got the woman a foot-warmer (the foot of the bed was against the door), but there was no water to fill it. The family kettle had no lid and no spout, so whenever water was wanted we were obliged to get the husband to pour it out. This he did by taking off his fur cap, covering with it the place where the lid should have been, and then pouring the water into the basin. This kettle was the sole utensil for drinking purposes, baths, and family washing. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the poor don't wash. I presented the family with a new iron kettle to celebrate the woman's recovery,

clean sheet in the house, and when I asked her (in the presence of the sick man) why she did not make him more comfortable by placing it on the bed and taking away the dirty one, she said: "No, no; I must have it to put over him when he's dead." The sick man was much moved by this housewifely thriftiness. "Oh, she be a rare 'un, she be," he remarked, with honest pride. A poor woman will always have her room swept before the neighbours come in to see the corpse. It never seems to occur to her that she might with propriety have it done whilst the man still lived.

The poor are, sometimes, very superstitious about Sunday observances. One Monday morning, a little fellow was brought to the hospital by a pragmatical and asthmatical old aunt. The boy played truant from Sunday School, snatched a revolver from another little boy, and in the struggle it exploded, shooting boy

number one in the abdomen. There was a little bluish mark where the bullet had entered, but the lad suffered no pain, and

she considered they had lasted long enough, by saying "Amen," and declining to listen any longer.



"LYING ON THE BED WITHOUT A BLANKET."

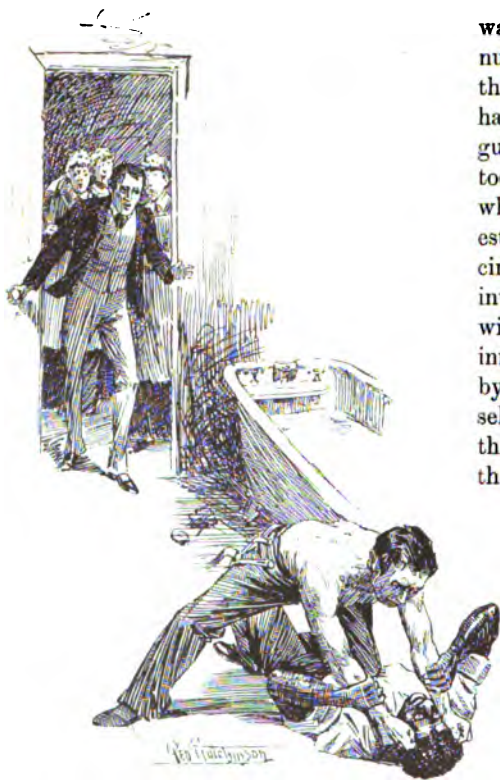
rather crowed over another boy in the next cot who had only broken his leg. The aunt looked at her nephew in a stony sort of way. "Oh, he'll never get any better," she declared. "When shall I call for the corpse?" Her only reason for believing the boy would die was that he had done wrong on Sunday, and "the Lord would punish him." The doctors, of course, knew that there was no hope, but she was not aware of this, and called next day in the most matter-of-fact manner to arrange for the boy's funeral. "Is it ready?" she demanded, in an injured tone, and when told "it" was ready, quietly went away for the undertaker.

I remember another quaint little child in the same infirmary who politely, but peremptorily, put an end to prayers when

Poor people like to have their sick children baptised. They think it pleases the chaplain, and doesn't hurt the children. One woman nervously explained, when asked if her dying child had been christened, "No, no, sir, but I've had it vaccinated." Then the child was baptised, and died two minutes afterwards. There was another boy—a lovely child—who died suddenly in the infirmary. I telegraphed for the mother, and removed the body into another room. My sister nurses brought flowers and spread them around the child. Nurses are not very sensitive, but many of them could scarcely restrain their tears. The mother came and gazed at the body of her child. "Wot a blessed thing 'e's insured," was all that could be got out of her. The very next day, two

lovely little children were brought in suffering from terrible burns caused by the upsetting of a lamp. Both died, and the father and mother (they were very industrious, respectable people) took to drink, and went hopelessly to the bad. They said when they were drunk they couldn't hear the children's screams.

I once looked after a little girl who was dangerously ill with inflammation of the lungs. The parents were so poor that they hadn't a blanket wherewith to cover her. I took a blanket from my own bed, wrapped it round the child, and fed her. In three hours' time, when I went back to see my poor little patient, the front door



“‘LEGGO MY KINKS!’”

was open, the child lying on the bed without a blanket, and the fire out. Her father lay, dead drunk, across the hearth.

I went upstairs, and found the mother, wrapped up in my blanket, also dead drunk. I took it away (not very gently), covered up the child, dashed some water over the parents, and spoke to them. In spite of the exposure, the child recovered. Two years afterwards, I was in the same neighbourhood, and a stout, healthy-looking woman stopped me. “This new baby’s fatter than t’other little girl of mine you nursed, ain’t it?” she asked smilingly. It was the woman who had taken the blanket from her sick child. The story had got wind, and filled the father and mother with such shame that they turned over a new leaf, became teetotallers, and were doing well.

One evening, our porter entered the ward to announce a fresh case. The nurse, according to custom, inquired of the Sister whether the new-comer was to have a bath. “He’s a darkey,” she disgustedly added, “and a very dirty darkey too. Calls himself a ‘traveller’—a traveller who has picked up a good deal of real estate as he came along.” Under the circumstances, there was no hesitation in investing this distinguished personage with the Order of the Bath. No new inmate of a hospital is allowed to bathe by himself, so a convalescent darkey was selected from another ward to wait upon the great unknown with the insignia of the Order—to wit, towels and soap. The

two black men, after the customary courtesies, disappeared into the bath-room. In a few minutes, a tremendous scuffle was heard, then a negro’s voice rose imploringly above the din, “For de Lord’s sake, Massa White Man, leggo my kinks!” The negro’s appeals were interspersed with sounds as of a solid substance knocking heavily on the floor with the emphasis of a pile-driver. To our astonishment, when we burst the door open, we found that the supposed black man had seized the genuine darkey by the

wool, and was vigorously knocking his head on the floor. The traveller (*alias* tramp) had gradually become piebald under his black brother's vigorous application of soap. He was disgusted at being taken for a negro, and scrubbed by a negro. On his side, the genuine descendant of Ham felt equally affronted at having to wash a streaky being whom he contemptuously designated (when rescued) as "Dishyer po' white trash when yer disorganise him into elements."

Of course we all read of "heroism in real life," but sometimes a nurse comes painfully in contact with it. I was once engaged in a country hospital some thirty miles from London. One evening, a young porter of twenty was brought to the hospital with both legs crushed. His father drove an evening express between London and York on the same line. This young fellow, with constitutional indifference to danger, was accustomed to stand on the platform within a foot of the train when it thundered past to London, and the old man would wave his cap with a rousing "Good-night, Jim," as the train swept by. One night (how it happened will never be known), the son got a little too near the edge of the platform, his foot slipped, and the next moment he was partly under the train. When brought to the hospital, it was found necessary to amputate both legs, and the poor fellow sank rapidly. Seeing his lips begin to move, I bent down to hear what he wanted. "Can I do anything for you?" I asked. "Send for the station-master," he whispered. That important official, a little more subdued than usual, came to the dying porter's bedside. "'Twasn't the Guv'nor's fault for running over me," the poor fellow murmured. "Yes, yes, that's all right, Jim," the station-master

said kindly. "Where is he?" A faint smile played around Jim's mouth, a smile of mingled pride and satisfaction. "You don't s'pose," he gasped, "the Old 'Un ain't going to be on time with his train just acause of me!" and fell back dead. At midnight the "Old 'Un" arrived (he had driven his train straight on to London as usual), grimy, besmeared with oil,



" 'GOOD-NIGHT, JIM.' "

very quiet and reticent. He took his dead son by the hand, gazed at him for a minute, dropped it, and clumsily turned away with "Good-night, Jim." But every night after that, as the train passed Jim's station, the old man waved his cap with his usual "Good-night, Jim," and Jim's friends declared that, in the ghostly twilight, Jim's equally shadowy form sprang forth to answer the "Old 'Un's" call.

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL.

BY WALLACE LAWLER.

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LANDSCAPE, BY COROT.

THE Salon of 1824 was remarkable for the interest aroused in three landscapes by the English painter, John Constable, "The Hay Wain," "An English Canal," and "A View near London."

Previous to this year, French landscape painting had been governed by tradition; hard and fast rules were laid down for the composition of a picture, and the inspiration which any young painter derived from the study and the love of nature, was promptly discouraged and eventually overcome by the iron laws of the classical school then in power. Any opposition to the recognised methods met with rough handling from the masters of the time, who, by their personal teaching in the studios, and by their powerful position in the Salon and the artistic

circles of Paris, killed every germ of naturalness and originality. But the new movement in painting, which was then laboriously struggling for existence and recognition, dates practically from the exhibition of Constable's canvases; and a group of young French painters arose, inspired by the beauty of the Englishman's pictures, and encouraged by the example of one who had dared to break away from the traditions of studio landscapes, and had endeavoured to paint nature as he saw it.

Foremost among these were the five artists—Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Millet, and Daubigny, now variously known as "The Barbizon School," "The School of 1830," and "The Romanticists."

In so short an article it is impossible to

give more than an outline of this most interesting movement; at the most one can only hope to sketch the characters and personalities of these five men, who, at a period when France was handed over to political revolution, were contesting in the studios an artistic battle, which ultimately resulted in their being accepted as the leaders of French painting, and in their sitting in judgment in the Salon on the works of their former oppressors, the Classicists. The reader who wishes to study more fully the history of the movement cannot do better than read Mr. David Croal Thomson's excellent work, *The Barbizon School*. (London, Chapman and Hall, 1891.)

Late in the last century, Jean Baptiste Camille Corot was born in the Rue de Bac, at Paris. The son of commercial parents—his father was a clerk, and his mother, a Swiss, kept a milliner's shop—he was destined to a prosaic career. His artistic efforts were viewed by his family with extreme disapproval, and it was not until his twenty-sixth year, after serving a wearisome apprenticeship as a draper's salesman, that the patient and obedient Corot made a final stand to be allowed to follow the one profession which he loved.

"My son," said the elder Corot, in response to his appeal, "the dowries of your sisters have been duly allotted, and I had hoped to put you into a good establishment; for you are now of an age to be the head of a business house; but seeing that you decline to be a merchant, and prefer to be a painter, I warn you that during my life you will not have any of my capital at your disposal. I will give you an allowance of fifteen hundred francs a year, but do not count on anything else; see if you can pull through on that."

"Je vous remercie, mon père," replied Corot; "that is all I need; you have made me quite happy!"

Corot made his first professional study on the banks of the Seine, near the Pont Royal. In after life he was fond of relating how the young girls, employed in his mother's shop, used to run across the quay to watch him paint his picture. A Ma'amselle Rose evinced more artistic interest in the production than her companions. "She is still alive," he said in 1858, "and even yet occasionally pays me a visit. She was here only last week; but, mes amis, what changes have taken place since then! My picture is unaltered; it still shows the hour and the season when I made it; but M'lle Rose and I—what are we now?"

Corot never married; and all who knew him were charmed by the simple, pure life of the painter, devoted to his art and to his parents, and unruffled by the turbulence of the world. He loved his art, and respected it for its control over his passions; though it may be doubted if any such restraint were necessary to his eminently gentle nature. Filial devotion was one of his strong characteristics; at the moment of departure to meet a companion in Rome, with whom he had planned an extended painting tour through Italy, he received a summons from his father, then a very old man, calling him home, and, like an obedient child, he immediately dropped his engagements, and went back to his parents. To his kindly nature many a young artist was indebted for his subsequent success; and by all the members of the Barbizon group he was deeply loved and respected.

Extreme patience and extremely slow development marked Corot's career. His early work was very "tight" and highly finished, and was strongly influenced by the classical style then in vogue. The final beauty of his work was not attained until Corot was a very old man, when the visionary splendour of his landscapes, full of the mystery and charm of the

forest, placed them beyond dispute at the head of the modern Romantic school. His latest pictures seem to have been dreamed on to the canvas ; his simplicity is inimitable ; and all evidence of labour and study has vanished.

To the last Corot was a painter ; and in the delirium of his final illness, he saw visions of beautiful landscapes, and talked of what he would do when he grew well again. "When the Spring comes," said he, "I will paint a fine picture ; I see a sky full of roses." Death seized him as he turned upon his bed, and gazed where his medal of honour hung on the wall, and with his feeble

fingers made as if to take a brush and begin painting.

Théodore Rousseau was also a Parisian ; he was born in the year 1812. His father, who was a tailor, placed no obstacles in the way of his artistic career, and as a very young man we find him seriously engaged in the study of painting. The influence of Constable is, perhaps, more easily traced in Rousseau's work than in the pictures of the other artists of the Barbizon School ; but the whole feeling of his pictures, his manner of rendering trees, and the rich, golden atmosphere which hangs over his landscapes, are the outcome of a strong personality, which enabled him to keep to his own methods



LANDSCAPE, BY COROT.



AN OLD BRIDGE, BY ROUSSEAU.

during twelve years of rejection and bad treatment by the Classicists of the Salon.

A great friend of Corot's, he was utterly unlike his associate in temperament; he was jealous, suspicious, and of an impulsive disposition which led him as quickly into treating his colleagues with injustice as it urged him on to repentance and amiability. Many generous acts are related of him: on one occasion, Millet, who was desperately poor at the time, returned home to find one of his paintings missing, and a considerable sum of money in its place, with a note from Rousseau to the effect that, during his friend's absence, he had taken the liberty of selling one of his pictures to a rich Englishman then passing through Barbizon; some years later, Millet discovered the painting in Rousseau's studio.

In 1836, Rousseau visited the mountains of Auvergne, and after living for a period among the peasantry endeavouring to grasp the paintable qualities of the scenery, he found it in his heart to paint

a big picture, "*La Descente des Vaches.*" Ary Scheffer, who had befriended him and allowed him the use of his studio—Rousseau's lodging was too small to hold the large canvas—was delighted with the project, and hoped hugely for success. The picture was sent to the Salon, and promptly rejected; and it was twelve years before Rousseau's work was shown in the national exhibition.

In the Paris studios he became acquainted with Diaz, and, on his removal to Barbizon, took his friend and admirer as pupil. Diaz had some difficulty in learning to paint trees, but, under Rousseau's tutorship, progressed so far that he was ultimately awarded the medal of honour, which ought, in justice, to have gone to his master. The works of these two artists had many characteristics in common, but in Diaz the colour is nearly always richer and more glowing, whilst Rousseau exhibits a fineness and even minuteness of detail which is occasionally overdone.



CHILDREN FISHING, BY DIAZ.

Rousseau's life was full of disappointment. His naturally jealous disposition caused him to impute unkindness to his best friends, and his later years were saddened by his wife's loss of reason; his attachment to her would not permit of her removal, and finally his own mind gave way, and there was no rest for him in the house or in the woods. He died in the presence of Millet, after repeated strokes of paralysis. Some of his finest work is exhibited in the Louvre, and many of his paintings have been purchased for English and American collections.

Diaz had Spanish blood in his veins, and his temperament was imbued with a passion for colour, which developed, in the course of time, into a mastery which none of the other artists of the school attained. The first moments of his artistic career were passed in a china factory, where his natural aptitude

for decoration led him into the serious study of painting. His admiration for Rousseau was unbounded, and stayed with him until the day of his death. Before he became the friend and disciple of the older artist, he had followed him by stealth into the forest, eagerly hoping to discover the methods by which the young master gained his wonderful effects in painting foliage. Moved by his enthusiasm, Rousseau took him under his care, and placed at his disposal all the value of his own hard-earned experience. Diaz frankly acknowledged the similarity of his landscape painting to Rousseau's; he was, indeed, proud at the thought that his work approached in treatment and in quality the pictures which he most admired.

In his series of Eastern sketches he allowed his warm Spanish nature its full course; and he produced, by some mysterious inspiration, marvellous Orien-



AN ALLEGORY, BY DIAZ.



▲ SHEPHERDESS, BY MILLET.

tal effects, which, to those who know the East, seem almost impossible of attainment by one who had never travelled more than a few hundred miles from Paris.

Of the five Barbizon artists, Jean François Millet is most generally known in this country, particularly by his picture "The Angelus," which was sold for a very high price when put to the hammer a few

years ago. The sentiment of this picture has caused it to be more talked about than any other of his works, but it is not considered, by artists and good judges, to be his greatest work. Millet was born a peasant, and was reared among peasantry; but in his early years he was trained to the appreciation of Homer and Shakespeare, and, throughout a youth of hard



SHEEP SHEARERS, BY MILLET.

work and poverty, it had been his fixed resolution, with the approval of his parents, to become an artist.

His paintings depict the scenes amid which he was born, and his work, treated with remarkable grandeur and simplicity, is full of a deep, poetic feeling, which is undoubtedly the cause of his widespread popularity.

The least interesting of the five artists was Daubigny; his life was less romantic than the others'; and his work, influenced by Corot and Rousseau, and even by Millet, though excellent in colour and effect, is less individual in style. He painted sweet and happy pictures, but his genius never ventured into the regions of Millet's romance, nor did it revel in orgies of colour such as Diaz loved to paint; and though the feeling of Corot is evident in more than one of his pictures, he never rendered the charm of a grey evening with the subtle poetry of the master.

From the photographs herein given, as much may be gathered of the style and character of the Barbizon painters as is possible in a black-and-white reproduction; but the charm of the colour, and the fine effects produced by the surface of the paint, are necessarily absent.

Only very occasionally in the history of Art can such an interesting group be found as the little clique of semi-hermits who gathered together in seclusion at Barbizon; the gentle and tender Corot, everybody's friend, who gave his money first and his advice after—he was *père* Corot to them all; the supersensitive, dignified Rousseau; the ardent, enthusiastic Diaz; the simple, homely peasant Millet; and the quiet, unromantic Daubigny. All of these were children of the great forest; seeing in its sombre depths glorious visions which they made intelligible to the world in the language of paint.



THE MILL. BY DUPRÉ.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS AT HOME.

BY MARIE A. BELLOC.

(Photographs by Messrs. Fradelle & Young.)

THE Napoleon of latter-day drama and opera has set up his household gods in one of the quietest and most retired corners of London, and few of those who come across Sir Augustus Harris in either of the playhouses where he reigns as absolute monarch of all he surveys, would imagine that he spends something like half his life in an old-world dwelling consecrated by memories of Grisi and Mario, and which has even now lingering about it much of the rustic charm evoked by its one-time name of "Primrose Farm."

Many valuable and interesting mementoes of your host's long and successful career are to be found in the hall and dwelling-rooms of "The Elms," from the hundreds of signed photographs lining the staircase, and which in themselves form a no inconsiderable autograph collection, to the large silver cigar-box and splendid gilt centre-piece, each presented to Sir Augustus by the Queen, in recollection of operatic performances at Windsor.

The excellent relations existent between the lessee of Drury Lane and his employés are here evidenced in many small ways, and notably by the fine loving-cup which occupies a place of honour in Lady Harris's drawing-room, and which was presented to Sir Augustus Harris by the members of the *Cinderella* Company.

It is, perhaps, characteristic of the master of the house that no portrait of himself is to be found among the many counterfeit presentments of his friends, although an admirable painting, by Mr. Cecil M. Round, of Lady Harris and her little daughter, adds brightness to the large dining-room where, during the tenancy of its late or present occupant, every musical celebrity of Europe has

been, in turn, cordially entreated and entertained. It was there that Sir Augustus Harris, in a too brief interval of leisure, kindly consented to tell me something of his methods of work, and a few of his opinions on these matters, of which few men have a greater or wider experience.

"I should like to ask you, Sir Augustus, whether, when preparing one of your spectacular dramas, or organizing the opera season at Covent Garden, you attempt to lead the public, or allow them to lead you?"

"Well," replied my host, deliberately, "I suppose I am rather like the man in the donkey cart who tied a carrot at the end of his whip, and when he found that was no good, tried seeing what a turnip would do; seriously, I believe in going with the public rather than essaying to lead my audience. Still, sometimes people do not know what they want themselves, and then their taste requires a little guiding!"

"But do you not find that, like Frankenstein, you have created a monster difficult to satisfy; your audience always expect you to excel yourself?"

"Yes, I have to contend with that difficulty. In no country in the world has there been anything like such a continuous production of great spectacular pantomimes and dramas as at Drury Lane. Something of the kind was once tried in Paris, that was the *Excelsior* Ballet at the Eden; also many of us can remember the splendid *Amor* produced at Milan, but which had unfortunately no successor. Each year I try to beat what has been done before, and also to bring a little variety in either the initial idea or the working out of my productions; for



SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

instance, this year it has been my object to make our Drury Lane Pantomime more perfectly carried out in all its details than has ever been the case before. In a word, I have aimed at perfection rather than size. Hitherto, the Drury Lane pantomime has been on so huge a scale

that it was practically impossible to transform the *Spectacle* to any other country. I have each year worked out most elaborately the scheme of expenses, etc., for France, Germany, America, and so on, but I hope that we have turned over a new leaf in this respect."



LADY HARRIS AND DAUGHTER.

"Then will the new pantomime cost you less to produce than its predecessors?" I inquired.

"Oh, no!" he replied, smiling at the idea; "the production will cost, if anything, more, but I shall aim at quality rather than quantity, and only the very best will reign supreme, both as regards performers, and scenic effects. But perhaps you do not realise," he continued, "what the mounting of a Drury Lane

pantomime means to all concerned. We have over a thousand names on our salary list, and for weeks before Boxing Night the theatre is turned into a vast bee-hive, with every one working away for dear life, from the principal girl to the scene-shifter."

"Then I suppose an immense sum of money has to be paid out before you can hope to see any return?"

"Yes, the producing of a pantomime,"



THE ELMS

he answered, shaking his head, "certainly implies throwing one's bread upon the waters, with the risk of sometimes seeing it come back somewhat soaked. Something like fifty thousand pounds must be expended before a great spectacular drama can be started in thorough working order, and at least half this sum is sunk beyond recall in scenery and costume."

"I remember hearing you once express regret, Sir Augustus, that theatrical managers were debarred from allowing smoking in any part of the house. Do you seriously attribute the great success of the music-halls to their drinking and smoking licenses?"

"Yes, especially to the latter privilege," he answered, emphatically. "I am not one of those who see immorality in a cigar, or untold iniquity in a brandy-and-soda, provided, of course, there is enough soda! In this matter, the music-halls

have a terrible pull over us. Last week I saw *Aida* performed in Genoa before an opera-house full of attentive smokers. In Vienna, people have actually supper served them at the theatre. To tell you the truth, I consider that managers ought to be allowed to regulate these matters for themselves. Every hotel-keeper is allowed to manage his establishment as he chooses, and I think the same privilege ought to be accorded to those who hold sway over our places of amusement; for their own sakes they would be careful not to allow any abuse of the privilege. We might have smoking and non-smoking theatres, or what would probably be a more sensible plan, certain portions of the house where smoking was permitted, and where drinks could be served in the auditorium."

"What do I think of the present craze for burlesque?" he continued, thought-

fully, in answer to a question. "Burlesques prove, as nothing else could have done, the public's taste for amusement, pure



TECHNICAL ALBUM PRESENTED IN 1894 IN
ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE GIFT OF THREE PIANOS.

and simple. The kind of piece now styled a burlesque is, in reality, a skilful blending of those elements which compose the old-fashioned comic opera, the music-hall 'turn,' and the pantomime spectacular effects."

"Do you foresee a return to genuine light opera?"

"Certainly. Show me the man who will write a really good and up-to-date comic opera, and I will show you the audiences ready to flock and hear it. Burlesques, like everything else, will have their day; but they will have served their purpose, for, through them, as I have said just now, the public have asserted and maintained their right to be amused."

"But I suppose each style of drama has its own public?"

"Certainly; and this is especially the case in London, where the public taste is

divided and subdivided. Why, take the vast musical audience alone. There are those who care for good music, and those who care for bad music, each being willing to attribute the latter term indifferently to the other. Those who delight in French and Italian opera, profess a horror of German music, and *vice versa*. Each section of the public must be catered for separately; but I have always held and acted on the belief that if you do a thing really well you will always, in London, find a public ready to applaud you, whether you are producing a pantomime or a play by Ibsen."

"By the way, how does the great Norwegian dramatist impress you?"

"Frankly, I don't like Ibsen. On the other hand, I don't doubt his power, and, further, would admit that he has done good, at any rate in this country, by breaking the ice, and forcing our playwrights to be more natural; but his work certainly owes some of its vogue to the unmeasured praise of certain critics."

"And if I may ask you a delicate question, do you attribute great importance to the verdict of the critics?"

"Yes," he replied, thoughtfully; "the critics greatly influence the success of a play or opera. Still, if the thing is good, and possesses staying power, an unfavourable verdict may be reversed; and all the critics in the world cannot make a bad piece succeed, or a really good piece fail."

"To turn to quite another subject, Sir Augustus, have you any verdict to pronounce on the cheap prices and 'no fee' questions?"

"Yes; in my time I have tried everything, and I have finally returned to where I started; for I found that, in London at any rate, the audience will pay anything in reason for what is worth seeing; and, further, that notwithstanding the 'no fee' agitation, the very people for whom the innovation was made, namely, the public, did not even attempt

to support the managers, but continued tipping indiscriminately. I gave the 'no fee' system a fair trial before I returned to my old ways. As regards the prices of seats, of course, common sense must have its say. I could quote to you the names of several outlying theatres where it would be absurd to keep up the prices; but in the West-end, where, if you care to succeed as a theatrical manager, expense must be no object, you are bound to charge fair prices for seats. Perhaps you will remember that Sir Henry Irving tried the plan of allowing people to book seats in the pit. All the thanks he received was to be hissed by the very people whom he hoped to benefit."

"I need hardly ask you if you disapprove of the *claque* system?"

"Paid applause," replied Sir Augustus, "is an insult to the intelligence of the public. Of course, it is very pleasant to receive the applause of friends, but a paid

young people, and your advice must often be asked by would-be Pattis and Ellen Terrys?"

"Well, a great many young people get stage-struck, and believe that they have only to 'walk on' to achieve success. Now it is obvious that any youth or girl anxious to go on the stage should begin by learning the rudiments of the art. I have always advocated the formation of an English Conservatoire, but the difficulty would be to find people who would devote themselves to the ungrateful task of starting it and making it work well at first."

"Do you advise English musical students to study abroad?"

"Most certainly. Yes, I know it is the fashion to say that as good teaching can be got in England as out. This is true to a certain extent, but it must be remembered that no really great singer has been entirely trained at home. I know something of the matter, for I have had under my hand almost all the operatic stars in the world, both in the beginning and in the zenith of their careers."

"Then, when organizing an opera season or composing a company, do you allow yourself to be influenced by your personal judgment of the individual, or by the popularity and well-known personality of any given singer?"

"I take both things into consideration," he answered, frankly; "of course, the box-office is a sure test of what any popular favourite is worth, from a business point of view. The public always want the best, and the best, especially when a lady, generally puts a very high price on its talents. Then it is for the manager to see if he can afford to give what is asked. When other artists, not so good, come expecting to be paid as well, all you have to do is to confront them with your box-office clerk, who can tell them, to a fraction, their comparative value as fixed by the public. Personally, I have great faith in unknown ability, and I have rarely made



VASE PRESENTED BY HER MAJESTY, 1895.

claque, such as that made use of in Paris, is an abomination."

"I suppose no one knows better than yourself what chances the stage offers to



THE DRAWING ROOM.



**SHIP PRESENTED BY EDMUND LAWSON; INKSTAND PRESENTED BY HER MAJESTY; Mallet PRESENTED TO
LADY HARRIS (CITY THEATRE, SHEFFIELD); TROWEL PRESENTED ON LAYING FOUNDATION
STONE, CITY THEATRE, SHEFFIELD.**

a mistake when making an agreement. I generally allow myself to be guided both by what the public say, and by what I think ; and I often go by my own judgment before the public have had time to say anything."

"I suppose that in anything like pantomime work, costumes and scenery play a great part. May I ask you what you consider the secret of success in these matters ?"

"Attention to details, attention to details, and once more attention to details ! I consider that every item that goes to make up the whole is of the very utmost importance. You must remember that rehearsals with me do not mean sitting down and watching some one else do the work. I make a point of making myself acquainted with all that is about to be done. I may add that I owe not a little to my large working staff of assistants. Good will

and kindness go a great way even in making a pantomime successful, and often some trifling act of good nature and kindness will be returned a hundred-fold, and in a way you least expect. And yet," added Sir Augustus soberly, "still oftener those whom you sought to benefit will do their best to ruin you and injure you in every possible way."

"How horrible !"

"Yes, but it generally turns out horrible for *them* in the end," concluded my host briskly.

And then, as the two secretaries, heavily laden with the Saturday morning's correspondence, arrived from Drury Lane, Sir Augustus, before sitting down to work, showed me a glimpse of his treasures, almost without exception collected with a view to assisting their owner in his many labours, and which include perhaps the most mar-



THE LOUNGE.

vellous theatrical library in the world, and a cabinet, in itself a work of art, containing all the scenarios of past Drury Lane pantomimes.

Not the least interesting portion of the library is that devoted to works dealing with decoration and costume. Whenever a volume of this and kindred subjects is published in London or Paris, it is instantly added to the collection; scarce a day passes without a reference to one or other of those books, for Sir Augustus is an enthusiast where scenic effects are in question, and when composing a group of figures or scheme of colouring, he wishes to have the whole resources of the world under his hand, and often finds inspiration in works dealing with such widely different subjects as ancient

Egyptian lore, and modern Japanese art.

In a charming low-ceilinged apartment, called, at least by courtesy, the playroom of your host's little daughter, is a priceless set of the score and libretto of every opera produced during the last hundred years. In the book-lined study hangs a large cardboard box on which is inscribed the significant words, "Please do not touch or destroy any of these papers in this room;" and here also are to be found the framed testimonials of Patents presented and granted to their owner, including that of the knighthood conferred on him by the Duke of Saxe Meinengen, and the warrant signed by the Queen signifying Her Majesty's approval of his election as Sheriff in 1887.



GODIVA OF HIRST.

BY ARTHUR W. BECKETT.

BETSY THORPE was by no means a pretty girl, her face was too freckled, though her complexion was ruddy with the glow of health. Her nose was decidedly snub; her mouth was large, though she had a fine set of teeth. But her hair was dark as night, and her eyes were bright, and black like sloes. Her figure was decidedly round, if not awkward; her hands were large, and in this respect matched her pedal extremities. In mind she was as simple as a country maiden should be; in fact some people called her daft, which was not true, for Betsy was nothing more than innocent.

Yet Will Garland loved Betsy. He seemed to find attractions in her that no one else saw, as is the way with lovers. Her sloe black eyes were to him as bright and beautiful as guiding stars. Simple, honest, manly Will loved Betsy Thorpe as well as ever man loved woman.

Garland was a preventive man. He, with other King's officers, had to watch the coast on either side of Hirst village, where Betsy Thorpe dwelt on Master Steven's farm. The Hirst gang of smugglers was one of the most desperate bands of lawless men that ever rode the country, and Ben Novis, the leader of the gang, was the man most deserving the hangman's rope in all the country-side.

King George the Third was at war with France—a desperate war, a bloody war—and all the men in his service that could be spared were pushed to the front, thus much weakening the force whose duty it was to guard the King's customs. The war had broken out at a time when the smuggling of imported goods was at its height in England. Such commodities as lace, gloves, tea, Hollands gin, and brandy, and, in a lesser sense, tobacco, were exceedingly expensive luxuries at this time. The masses of the people could not afford

to indulge in them and pay the heavy import duty, so that nearly all the male population of the seaport villages along the west and south coasts, and especially the men of Cornwall and Sussex, smuggled or dealt in smuggled goods. In Sussex, particularly, illicit trading attained such formidable proportions that large armed gangs of smugglers rode about the country in the broad light of day, spreading fear wherever they went, and defying all law and order. Crippled in their resources by the war, and the almost impassable state of the country roads, it was long before the government were able to cope with these bands of desperadoes.

The Hirst gang was perhaps the most formidable of these bodies of freebooters; they stopped at nought; smuggling, pillage, and murder were all laid to their charge, and woe to the man who defied them. They had their headquarters at the "Fishermen's Rest" inn, the landlord of which was thus enabled to retail his spirits to his customers free of import tax.

It was the duty of Will Garland and his brother preventive men in the King's service to keep a strict eye on the movements of the Hirst Gang. But the force that watched this part of the coast was so weak in its numbers that it was entirely unable to cope with the traffic, and could only watch events. Yet, one day, Garland entered the enemy's camp, and boldly effected a capture.

It was late on a summer Sunday evening when Will Garland entered the parlour of the "Fishermen's Rest" and called for refreshment. He sat alone nearly an hour over his grog, lost in thought, his presence evidently forgotten by the landlord. Then two men entered the kitchen, or common room, and ordered rum. Will came to himself at the sound of their voices, for he detected the speech of Ben Novis, the



WILL CAME TO HIMSELF AT THEIR VOICES.

Captain of the Hirst smugglers. He determined to remain quiet and play the eavesdropper, for he thought that, perchance, he might hear something to his advantage.

The rum was brought, and the two smugglers were left alone.

Presently, Novis remarked to his companion :

"We'll require all the gang to help to run Steve's cargo to-morrow night, as it's bound to be a heavy one."

Steve was the skipper in charge of the smugglers' smack. The gang expected him to arrive off the coast on the morrow night with a cargo of spirits from Schiedam.

"I've warned all the men to be in waiting," remarked Novis's companion. Then he added, "D'y'e think he'll escape

the King's ships ? They're in the Channel as thick as bees on a honeycomb, watching for the French fleet."

Will applied his eye to the crack in the parlour door, and saw that the speaker was young Henderson, a recruit in the gang, but a man who gave promise to become one of its most daring members.

"Trust Steve for that," answered Novis ; "he was never known to be a-napping when vultures were about."

The conversation drifted on the details of the expected run ; the time and place were discussed, and then it turned on other matters connected with the gang. Will listened to all, remaining as quiet as a mouse in a hole that knows the cat is watching for it outside.

Garland remained in the parlour until

the smugglers left the inn, and, watching from the window, he saw them separate for their respective homes.

Then a bold and foolhardy idea called upon him to act. He knew well enough that the force of King's men at Hirst was too small to capture the smugglers and their cargo, and he knew that the time was too short to summon sufficient help. He gently opened the parlour window, that he might not attract attention leaving by the door, and dropped from the sill into the night, then struck across the field in the direction taken by Henderson. He jumped a couple of dykes to shorten his way, that he might get before the smuggler, and then crept under the shadow of a hedge. Presently he heard Henderson coming along the path, whistling softly.

"Stand and surrender in the King's name!"

Garland had sprung from the shadow of the hedge, and presented his pistol at the smuggler's head. Henderson was for the moment startled, then, although unarmed, he attempted to show fight.

"If you won't be quiet I'll have to cripple you," said Garland, and he fired his pistol at the smuggler.

Henderson uttered a cry of pain, and his right arm fell helpless at his side.

It was now a comparatively easy task to conduct him to the guard-house. He asked his capturer, indignantly, why he was thus dealt by, as he had not been caught breaking any law.

"I heard you talk with Novis just now at the inn," said Garland. And Henderson had to come.

The capture of their comrade was soon known to the gang. No one could say who had taken him until the landlord of "The Fishermen's Rest" suddenly remembered that Garland, the preventive man, had been at his house that evening. So Ben Novis swore that he must be the man.

As soon as the cargo had been safely run,

the smugglers determined to be revenged on Garland. Late one night, when on his beat, he was thrown down from behind, gagged, and carried away in the darkness.

Betsy Thorpe did not faint when she heard that her lover had been captured by the gang; she staggered, and her face paled, for she remembered that Ben Novis and his men were renowned for the cruelty they inflicted on those who fell into their hands. Without stopping to put on her hat, she slipped out of the farm-house when no one observed her, and walked boldly to Novis's cottage.

It was evening, and Novis was smoking his after-supper pipe in the doorway.

"Bless my heart, girl," cried the Captain when he saw his visitor, taking the pipe from his lips, as he guessed that she had come to plead the cause of her lover. "Bless my heart," he repeated, "you rarely come to see old Ben. Come without a thing on your head, too; well, well, boys and girls never takes care o' themselves till they're nigh on thirty, I allus says."

"Stop your humbug," said Betsy, in an unbroken voice. "Where's my Will?"

"Now yer've asked me a question," declared the Captain. "But wherever he is," he added, "I reckon he's safe and a-doin' well. Don't trouble your purty head about 'im"—this sarcastically.

"What are you a-goin' to do with him?" was Betsy's next question. "You needn't be ashamed to speak out. I want to know, and I've a right to know."

"Now yer've come to the pint," remarked Novis, after clearing his throat. "As yer say, yer've a right to know, and so I'll tell ye so far as I knows myself. We're just goin' to wait till we see what the court'll do by young Henderson, and, as near as we can, we'll treat your Will as they treat him. Till then, we'll shelter and feed him well."

Betsy turned round and went down the garden path. Novis looked after her, and marvelled that she took her trouble so well.

"The girl's got spirit," he said to himself. "Pity she's not a bit prettier, then I'd marry her myself. Howsomever, we must keep our power up, and Will Garland's got to pay the price."

In a few weeks Henderson, the smuggler, was brought before the Court. As the only witness against him was in the hands of the Hirst Gang, and could not be discovered, the magistrate before whom he had first to appear could not try him for conspiracy, so he was sent to the assizes, where he was arraigned for smuggling, as it was known that he had taken a prominent part in running a cargo a month or two previously. Two of the King's customs men appeared against him, and Henderson was sentenced to a lengthy term of imprisonment.

When Novis and his gang heard of the sentence they were exceedingly wrath. They did not suspect for a moment that a charge of smuggling would have been brought against Henderson, for they did not think that any particular case was known against him. However, they determined that they would immediately wreak their revenge on Garland, who had been the means of getting their comrade into trouble.

The news of the sentence on Henderson reached the ears of Betsy Thorpe, who had anxiously awaited it. Again she went to Novis's cottage.

"What are you going to do to my Will?" she demanded.

"Scourge him naked across the common to-night, and be d—d to him!" roared Novis.

Betsy winced and shrunk back, as if she felt the blow of the scourge herself. In a minute she recovered, and, advancing a step, said: "Will I do?"

The smuggler ceased heaping curses upon the luckless head of Will Garland.

"What!" he cried, starting up from his seat in astonishment. "You?"

"Will I do instead of him?" repeated the girl quietly.

"Yer know what it means, woman? Yer'll be whipped naked two miles across the common, with no one to see yer, or pity yer when yer cry out, but the dozen men who scourges yer."

"If you'll let my Will go, and whip me yerself, so as not to put me to too much shame, I'll come," declared the woman, stoutly.

Brute though he was, Novis could not but admire the girl's sacrifice and courage. But the gang must have revenge, for it was known that they repaid a hundred-fold an injury done to any member of their body, and Novis could not forego this even had he wished. He was quite determined that his prisoner should suffer in some form or other. He was also aware that it would punish Garland more to learn that his lass had suffered in his stead, than if he bore the torture himself. He thought all this as he paced the kitchen, and then he turned to Betsy with a brutal grin.

"If yer don't think better of it, yer can meet me at the road end to-night, and I'll do the job myself. I'll give my word that you'll have no other prying eyes but mine."

Betsy would rather have taken her own life than disgrace her modesty in the eyes of this brutal man, but she knew that she had no choice in the matter, if she wished to spare her lover. She gave no thought as to the effect the scourging would have upon her—whether she would be able to bear the effect of the blows. She only knew that she loved her lad more than her own life, more than her honour, and she was content to let the world know it if need be.

Novis could not resist the pleasure it would give him of acquainting Garland at once with the form the vengeance of the gang would take. Will was kept a prisoner, chained to a post in a cellar beneath a small barn used by the gang for the storage of contraband goods.

When Novis entered the cellar, young

Garland lay asleep on the floor; the Captain aroused him with a kick and a curse.

"Get up, yer skulker, d—n you; I've got a piece of news that's too good for yer cursed ears. With my 'nanimous generosity, I've decided to let yer go free to-morrer."

"So he is," replied the other, "but I've decided to let you off this time after ——" And bending over to reach his prisoner's ear, he finished the sentence in a whisper, a leer upon his face.

Garland started back as if stung by a venomous reptile.

"My God, surely you don't mean *that*!"

"Fact; I do," said the smuggler. "It's the girl's own choice, and yer may thank the devil that yer'll get off so well."

Poor Will became as one possessed. He stamped, he raved, he swore, he prayed, and strained like a mad thing at the chain that held him. Novis regarded him some minutes in silence, then with a loud laugh, and mockingly wishing him a pleasant night, left him to his punishment.

* * * *

True to her word, Betsy met Novis in the falling of the night. She was pale, but on her simple face was a look of determination, and her heart was joyful with the thought that she was to suffer for him she loved. It did not occur to her that Novis might have told her love what was to take place, and so give him greater punishment than if he bore the scourging himself.

The smuggler was waiting mounted on a horse, a long carter's whip in his hand. He led another animal by a lead-

ing rein. On this Betsy was to ride before him while he lashed her across the common. Novis had been drinking spirits to raise the devil in him.

"Undress!" he said.

The girl hesitated a moment, then a smile played around her mouth as she remembered for whose sake she was to



HASTILY DREW HIS KNIFE AND CUT THE CORDS.

Garland could not believe what he heard; for he, too, knew that never before had the gang been known to forgive an injury to their brotherhood.

"But I was told this morning that Henderson was to be transported," he said, thinking that perhaps he had not heard aright.

discover her nakedness to this vile man, and in a few minutes she stood before him unshamed, her clothes lying in a bundle at her feet. With a touch of her fingers she unbound her long black hair, and as it fell down her back to the waist the night played with it as gently as the fingers of her lover had often done.

Novis assisted her to mount the horse, then bound her to the animal with a cord, securing her clothes to his own nag. He mounted himself, and took the long leading-rein of Betsy's horse in his hand, and with his whip drove it forth across the common in the fast descending darkness.

For nearly half-a-mile the two rode at a sharp trot, Betsy in front, slightly leaning over the neck of her horse, her long hair dragged over each shoulder to hide as much of her nudity as possible, her back bare and glistening in the gloom, with Novis riding just behind, ever and anon switching his whip to make his victim think that he was about to lash her!

Suddenly Betsy gave a loud cry. The lash had at length descended, taking her by surprise, and curling round her body like a snake, it seemed to eat a way for itself into the white flesh. And when the whip was pulled away the girl's skin was broken, and the blood was oozing up and slowly trickling down her back.

Like a beast of prey that scents a wounded quarry, the sight of gore called up all the bloodthirsty passions in the smuggler's mind. He now lashed his victim like a fury, but after the first involuntary cry of pain the girl scorned to call out, but only bent lower over her horse's neck. Some of the blows intended for her descended on the animal's sides, and it tore wildly on.

Into the awesome night, across the lonely common, the horses galloped like snorting beasts of Hades. At one blow the big weals stood out from the girl's white flesh, and at the next the blood

from them ran down, until her back was a gory horror. And the monster behind shouted out in the exhilaration of his spirits each time he raised the whip.

Into the lonesome night the wild steeds galloped, nothing disturbing the stillness but the thud of their hoofs, the swish, swish of the whip, and the shouts and curses of the drunken torturer.

But now the poor girl moaned in the agony of her pain, "Oh, Will, Will, I'm bearing it for ye;" and then she fell in a swoon across her horse's neck.

Novis still continued the lashing. What was a fainting girl to him? *Swish, swish, swish!* The blows fell until he ceased from very exhaustion.

Still the horses jogged on while Novis rested awhile; then, again, he set himself to do his bloody work. The whip caught in the long hair, but he wrenched it away so fiercely that a handful was torn from the head by the roots.

Tired at length, and seeing no sign of returning animation in the form before him, the smuggler drew up his horses, and dismounted. He lifted the girl's head, and peered into her face. The teeth were tightly clenched upon her tongue, which hung from her mouth, half-bitten through, as if she had been sore taxed to prevent herself from crying out. Her eyes were closed; her face was purple.

Novis sobered somewhat now, and alarmed lest he had carried the punishment too far, hastily drew his knife and cut the cords that bound the girl's hands behind her back, and her feet beneath the horse's belly. He lifted up the inanimate body, and laid it on the grass. He felt for her heart, but it did not beat; put his ear to her mouth, but no breath came from it. He had been lashing a corpse.

Novis felt a kind of horror—not for the murder he had committed, but for the sight of the dead body before him. He felt that this punishment had been merited by Garland; he did not think of the



HE DREW A PISTOL FROM HIS BELT AND FIRED AT IT FULL IN THE FACE.

torture he had caused the dead girl lying at his feet. He would now bury the body, and hasten to release his prisoner. But he must think of some excuse to circulate in the village that might account for the girl's absence, which in time would surely be noticed.

The smugglers' captain was securing the body to the horse, when an awful

cry that froze his blood came to him out of the night. With the ignorant of his day, he had strong superstitious fears, and the thought at once took possession of him that he had heard a wail from the dead girl's wandering spirit. He paused affrighted, and listened. Again the cry, wild and weird, this time close at hand,—and when its echoes had died

away he thought that he detected the chink, chink of an iron chain. Novis peered into the gloom, and his straining eyes made out a wild-looking form, which his imagination magnified in horror a hundredfold. As it rushed towards the horse he drew a pistol from his belt, and fired at it full in the face. Then leaping to his saddle, the smuggler dashed away with all the haste his animal could make.

* * * *

When Ben Novis left his prisoner alone in the cellar beneath the barn, Garland lay quietly on the bare earth for nearly an hour, insensible to everything but the cruelty of his punishment. In imagination he saw his beloved Betsy hounded over the plain like a hunted beast: he saw the blood spurting in jets from her back, he seemed to feel the very blows that fell on the white flesh. Again, he saw her shame when taunted by those who hunted her, for Novis, to give his victim greater agony of mind, had made him understand that she would suffer at the hands of the whole gang, and this thought maddened him, and gave him almost superhuman strength. With a roar that reverberated in the wooden beams above, and with a wrench at his chain that would have done credit to a tiger, he burst away from the stake that held him to the ground, and bounded up the ladder. He hammered the outer door with his hands until they were bruised and bleeding, but it would not give,

and he glared around him for something to hack it open, but the barn was dark and he could see nothing. He stumbled about in the gloom, the end of the broken chain around his waist clanking on the wooden floor. Suddenly his foot caught in something and he fell. He put out his hand to feel and found it to be a loose plank. With a fierce cry he seized it, and, with a mad rush, charged the door. The boards creaked and then started under the repeated blows—a moment more and he was free in the cool night air. He broke into a rapid run, the chain trailing from his waist seemed to impede his progress not at all as he sped over the ground in the direction of the common. His breath came thick and fast, the perspiration streamed down his face, but he heeded it not as he ran on in the track of the horses. Anon, he gave the madman's shriek that later startled Novis.

* * * *

When the early morning dawned and hung, clad in a grey mist, over the common, a shepherd, going to unfold his sheep, found two dead bodies lying half-a-dozen yards apart. One was a man, hatless and coatless, with a broken chain around his waist and a bullet hole in his forehead. The other was a young woman, whose bare back was covered with big weals and open wounds, and whose long black hair covered half her body like a veil, as if to hide her nakedness.



A WOMAN INTERVENES.*

BY ROBERT BARR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EDITH LONGWORTH, with that precious bit of paper in her pocket, once more got into her hansom and drove to Wentworth's office. Again she took the only easy chair in the room. Her face was very serious, and Wentworth, the moment he saw it, said to himself, "She has failed."

"Have you telegraphed to M. Kenyon?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Are you sure you made it clear to him what was wanted? Cablegrams are apt to be rather brief."

"I told him to keep in communication with us. Here is a copy of the cablegram."

Miss Longworth read it approvingly, but said:

"You have not put in the word 'answer.'"

"No, but I put it in the despatch I sent. I remember that now."

"Have you had a reply yet?"

"Oh no; you see it takes a long time to get there, because there are so many changes from the end of the cable to the office at which Kenyon is. And then again, you see, they may have to look for him. He may not be expecting a message; in fact, he is sure not to be expecting any. From his own cablegram to me it is quite evident he has given up all hope."

"Show me that cablegram, please?"

Wentworth hesitated. "It is hardly couched in language you will like to read," he said.

"That doesn't matter. Show it to me. I must see all the documents in the case."

He handed her the paper, which she read in silence, and gave it back to him without a word.

"I knew you wouldn't like it," he said.

"I have not said I do not like it. It is not a bit too strong under the circumstances. In fact, I do not see how he could have put it in other words. It is very concise and to the point."

"Yes, there is no doubt about that, especially the first three words, 'We are cheated!' Those are the words that make me think Kenyon has given up all hope, and so there may be some trouble in finding him."

"Did you learn whether money could be sent by cable, or not?"

"Oh yes, there is no difficulty about that. The money is deposited in a bank here, and will be credited to Kenyon in the bank at Ottawa."

"Very well, then," said Miss Longworth, handing him the piece of paper, "there is the money."

Wentworth gave a long whistle as he looked at it.

"Excuse my rudeness," he said; "I don't see a bit of paper like this every day. You mean, then, to buy the mine?"

"Yes, I mean to buy the mine."

"Very well, but there is ten thousand pounds more here than is necessary."

"Yes. I mean not only to buy the mine, but to work it; and so some working capital will be necessary. How much do you suppose?"

"About that I have no idea," said Wentworth. "I should think five thousand pounds would be ample."

"Then we will leave five thousand pounds in the bank here for contingencies, and we will cable twenty-five thousand pounds to Mr. Kenyon. I shall expect him to get me a good man to manage the mine. I am sure he will be glad to do that."

"Most certainly he will. John Kenyon, now that the mine has not fallen into the hands of those who tried to cheat him, will be glad to do anything for the new owner of it. He won't mind, in the least, losing his money if he knows that you have the mine."

"Ah, but that is the one thing he must not know. As to losing the money, neither you nor Mr. Kenyon are to lose a penny. If the mine is all you think it is, then it will be a very profitable investment, and I intend that we shall each take our third, just as if you had contributed one-third of the money, and Mr. Kenyon the other."

"But, my dear Miss Longworth, that is absurd. We could never accept any such terms."

"Oh yes, you can. I spoke to John Kenyon himself about being a partner in this mine. I am afraid he thought very little of the offer at the time. I don't intend him to know anything at all about my ownership now. He has discovered the mine—you and he together. If it is valueless, then you and he will be two of the sufferers; if it is all you think it is, then you will be the gainers. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and I am sure both you and Mr. Kenyon have laboured hard enough in this venture. If he knows I have bought it, the chances are he will be stupidly and stubbornly conscientious, and will take none of the fruits of his labours."

"And do you think, Miss Longworth, I am not conscientious enough to refuse?"

"Oh, yes, you are conscientious, but you are sensible. Mr. Kenyon isn't."

"I think you are mistaken about that. He is one of the most sensible men in the world—morbidly sensible, perhaps."

"Well, I think if Mr. Kenyon knew I owned the mine, he would not take a penny as his share. So I trust you will never let him know I am the person who gave the money to buy the mine."

"But is he never to know it, Miss Longworth?"

"Perhaps not. If he is to know, I am the person to tell him."

"I quite agree with you there, and I shall respect your confidence."

"Now what time," said the young woman, looking at her watch, "ought we to get an answer from Mr. Kenyon?"

"Ah, that, as I said before, no one can tell."

"I suppose, then, the best plan is to send the money at once, or put it in the way of being sent, to some bank in Ottawa."

"Yes, that is the best thing to do, although, of course, if John Kenyon is not there——"

"If he is not there, what shall we do?"

"I do not exactly know. I could cable to Mr. Von Brent. Von Brent is the owner of the mine, and the man who gave John the option. I do not know how far he is committed to the others. If he is as honest as I take him to be, he will accept the money, providing it is sent in before twelve o'clock, and then we shall have the mine. Of that I know nothing, however, because I have no particulars except John's cable message."

"Then I can do no more just now?"

"Yes, you can. You will have to write a cheque for the twenty-five thousand pounds. You see this cheque is crossed, and will go into your banking account. Another cheque will have to be drawn to get the money out."

"Ah, I see. I have not my cheque-book here, but perhaps you can send this cheque to the bank, and I will return. There will be time enough, I suppose, before the closing hour of the bank?"

"Yes, there will be plenty of time. Of course, the sooner we get the money away the better."

"I will return shortly after lunch. Perhaps you will have heard from Mr. Kenyon by then. If anything comes

sooner, will you send me a telegram? Here is my address."

"I will do that," said Wentworth, as he bade her good-bye.

As soon as lunch was over, Miss Longworth, with her cheque-book, went again to Wentworth's office. When she entered, he shook his head.

"No news yet," he said.

"This is terrible," she answered; "suppose he has left Ottawa and started for home?"

"I do not think he would do that. Still, I imagine he would think there was no reason for staying in Ottawa. Nevertheless, I know Kenyon well enough to believe that he will wait there till the last minute of the option has expired, in the hope that something may happen. He knows, of course, that I shall be doing everything I can in London, and he may have a faint expectation that I shall be able to accomplish something."

"It would be useless to cable again?"

"Quite. If that message does not reach him, none will."

As he was speaking, a boy entered the room with a telegram in his hand. Its contents were short and to the point.

"Cablegram received. Kenyon."

"Well, that's all right," said Wentworth; "now I shall cable that we have the money, and tell him to identify himself at the bank, so that there will be no formalities about the drawing of it, to detain him." Saying this, Wentworth pulled the telegraph forms towards him, and, after considerable labour, managed to concoct a despatch that seemed to satisfy him.

"Don't spare money on it," said the young lady; "be sure and make it plain to him."

"I think that will do, don't you?"

"Yes," she answered, after reading the despatch, "that will do."

"Now," she said, "here is the cheque. Shall I wait here while you do all that is necessary to cable the money, or had I

better go and return again to see if everything is all right?"

"If you don't mind, just sit where you are. You may lock this door, if you like, and you will not be disturbed."

It was an hour before Wentworth returned, but his face was radiant. "We have done everything we can," he said, "the money is at his order there, if the cablegram gets over before twelve o'clock to-morrow, as I think it will."

"Very well, then, good-bye," said the girl, with a smile, holding out her hand.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IF any man more miserable and dejected than John Kenyon lived in the broad Dominion of Canada, he was indeed a person to be pitied. After having sent his cablegram to Wentworth, he went to his very cheerless hotel, and, next morning when he awoke, he knew that Wentworth would have received that message, but that the chances were ten thousand to one that he could not get the money in time, even if he could get it at all. Still he resolved to stay in Ottawa, much as he detested the place, until the hour the option expired. Then, he thought, he would look round among the mines, and see if he could not get something to do in the management of one of them. This would enable him to make some money, and to help to pay off the debts which he and Wentworth would have incurred as a result of their disastrous speculation. He felt so depressed that he did what most other Englishmen would have done in his place—took a long walk. He stood on the bridge over the Ottawa River and gazed for a little while at the Chaudière Falls, with the mist rising from the chasm into which the waters plunged. Then he walked along the other side of the river, among big saw-mills and huge interminable piles of lumber, with their grateful piney smell. By-and-by he

found himself in the country, and then the forest closed in upon the bad road on which he walked. Nevertheless, he kept on and on, without heeding where he was going. Here and there he saw clearings in the woods, and a log shanty, or perhaps, a barn. The result of all this was that, being a healthy man, he soon developed an enormous appetite, which forced itself upon his attention in spite of his depression. He noticed the evening was closing around him, and so was glad to come to a farmhouse that looked better than the ordinary shanties he had left behind. Here he asked for food, and soon sat down to a plentiful meal, the coarseness of which was more than compensated for by the excellence of his appetite. After dinner he began to realise how tired he was, and felt astonished to hear from his host how far he was from Ottawa.

"You can't get there to-night," said the farmer, "it is no use your trying. You stay with us, and I'll take you in to-morrow. I'm going there in the afternoon." And so Kenyon remained all night, and slept the dreamless sleep of health and exhaustion.

It was somewhat late in the afternoon when he reached the city of Ottawa. Going towards his hotel, he was astonished to hear his name shouted after him. Turning round, he saw a man running towards him whom he did not recognise.

"Your name is Kenyon, isn't it?" asked the man, somewhat out of breath.

"Yes, that is my name."

"I guess you don't remember me. I am the telegraph operator. We have had a despatch waiting for you for some time, a cablegram, from London. We have searched all over the town for you, but couldn't find you."

"Ah," said Kenyon, "is it important?"

"Well, that I don't know. You had better come with me to the office and get it. Of course, they don't generally cable unimportant things. I remember it said

something about you keeping yourself in readiness for something."

They walked together to the telegraph office. The boy was still searching for Kenyon with the original despatch, but the operator turned up the file and read the copy to him.

"You see it wants an answer," he said; "that's why I thought it was important to get you. You will have plenty of time for an answer to-night."

John took a lead pencil and wrote the cable despatch, which Wentworth received. He paid his money, and said, "I will go to my hotel; it is the ——— House. I will wait there, and if anything comes for me, send it over as soon as possible."

"All right," said the operator, "that is the best plan; then we will know exactly where to find you. Of course, there is no use in your waiting here, because we can get you in five minutes. Perhaps I had better telephone to the hotel for you if anything comes."

"Very well," said Kenyon, "I will leave it all in your hands."

Whether it was the effect of having been in the country or not, John felt that, somehow, the cablegram he had received was a good omen. He meditated over the tremendous ill-fortune he had suffered in the whole business from beginning to end, and thought of old Mr. Longworth's favourite phrase, "There's no such thing as luck."

Then came a rap at his door, and the bell-boy said, "There is a gentleman here wishes to speak to you."

"Ask him to come up," was the answer; and, two minutes later, Von Brent entered.

"Any news?" he asked.

John, who was in a state of mind which made him suspicious of everything and everybody, answered, "No, nothing new."

"Ah, I am sorry for that. I had some hopes that perhaps you might be able to raise the money before twelve o'clock to-morrow. Of course, you know the option ends at noon to-morrow?"

"Yes, I know that."

"Did you know that Longworth was in Ottawa?"

"No," said Kenyon, "I have been out of town myself."

"Yes, he came last night. He has the money in the bank, as I told you. Now, I will not accept it until the very latest moment. Of course, legally, I cannot accept it before that time, and, just as legally, I cannot refuse his money when he tenders it. I am very sorry all this has happened, more sorry than I can tell you. I hope you will not think that I am to blame in the matter."

"No, you are not in the slightest to blame. There is nobody to blame except myself. I feel that I have been culpably negligent, and altogether too trustful."

"I wish to goodness I knew where you could get the money; but, of course, if I knew that, I would have had it myself long ago."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Kenyon; "but the only thing you can do for me is to see that your clock is not ahead of time to-morrow. I may, perhaps, be up at the office before twelve o'clock—that is where I shall find you, I suppose?"

"Yes, I shall be there all the forenoon. I shall not leave until twelve."

"Very good; I am much obliged to you, Mr. Von Brent, for your sympathy. I assure you, I haven't many friends, and it—well, I'm obliged to you, that's all. An Englishman, you know, is not very profuse in the matter of thanks, but I mean it."

"I'm sure you do," said Von Brent, "and I'm only sorry that my assistance cannot be something substantial. Well, good-bye, hoping to see you to-morrow."

After he had departed, Kenyon's impatience increased as the hours went on. He left the hotel, and went direct to the telegraph office; but nothing had come for him.

"I'm afraid," said the operator, "that there won't be anything more to-night.

If it should come late, shall I send it to your hotel?"

"Certainly, no matter at what hour it comes, I wish you would let me have it as soon as possible. It is very important."

Leaving the office, he went up the street, and, passing the principal hotel in the place, saw young Longworth standing under the portico of the hotel as dapper and correct in costume as ever, his single eyeglass the admiration of all Ottawa, for there was not another like it in the city.

"How do you do, Kenyon?" said that young man.

"My dear sir," replied Kenyon, "the last time you spoke to me you said you desired to have nothing more to say to me. I cordially reciprocated that sentiment, and I want to have nothing to say to you."

"My dear fellow," cried young Mr. Longworth, jauntily, "there is no harm done. Of course, in New York I was a little out of sorts. Everybody is, in New York—beastly hole. I don't think it is worse than Ottawa, but the air is purer here. By the way, perhaps you and I can make a little arrangement. I am going to buy that mine to-morrow, as, doubtless, you know. Now I should like to see it in the hands of a good and competent man. If a couple of hundred pounds a year would be any temptation to you, I think we can afford to let you develop the mine."

"Thank you!" said Kenyon.

"I knew you would be grateful; just think over the matter, will you? and don't come to any rash decision. We can probably give a little more than that, but until we see how the mine is turning out, it is not likely we shall spend a great deal of money on it."

"Of course," said John, "the proper answer to your remark would be to knock you down, but besides being a law-abiding citizen, I have no desire to get

into gaol to-night for doing it, because there is one chance in a thousand, Mr. Longworth, that I may have some business to do with that mine myself before twelve o'clock to-morrow."

"Ah, it is my turn to be grateful now!" said Longworth. "In a rough-and-tumble fight I am afraid you would master me easier than you would do in a contest of diplomacy."

"Do you call it diplomacy? You refer, I suppose, to your action in relation to the mine. I call it robbery."

"Oh, do you? Well, that is the kind of conversation which leads to breaches of the peace, and as I, also, am a law-abiding subject, I will not continue the discussion any further. I bid you a very good evening, Mr. Kenyon." Saying which, the young man turned into the hotel. John walked to his own much more modest inn, and retired for the night. He did not sleep well. All night long, phantom telegraph messengers were rapping at the door, and he started up every now and then to receive cablegrams which faded away as he awoke. Shortly after breakfast he went to the telegraph office, but found that nothing had arrived for him.

"I am afraid," said the operator, "that nothing will arrive before noon."

"Before noon!" echoed John. "Why?"

"The wires are down in some places in the east, and messages are delayed a good deal. Perhaps you noticed the lack of Eastern news in the morning papers. Very little news came from the east last night." Seeing John's look of anxious interest, the operator continued: "Does the despatch you expect pertain to money matters?"

"Yes, it does."

"Do they know you at the bank?"

"No, I don't think they do."

"Then, if I were you, I would go up to the bank and be identified, so that if it is a matter of minutes no unnecessary time may be lost. You had better tell them

you expect a money order by telegram, and, although such orders are paid without any identification at the bank, yet they take every precaution to see that it does not get into the hands of the wrong man."

"Thank you," said Kenyon, "I am much obliged to you for your suggestion. I will act upon it." And as soon as the bank opened, John Kenyon presented himself to the cashier.

"I am expecting a large amount of money from England to-day. It is very important that, when it arrives, there shall be no delay in having it placed at my disposal. I want to know if there are any formalities to be gone through?"

"Where is the money coming from?" said the clerk.

"It is coming from England."

"Is there anyone in Ottawa who can identify you?"

"Yes, I know the telegraph operator here."

"Ah," said the cashier, somewhat doubtfully, "anybody else?"

"Mr. Von Brent knows me very well."

"That will do. Suppose you get Mr. Von Brent to come here and identify you as the man who bears the name of Kenyon. Then the moment your cablegram comes the money will be at your disposal."

Kenyon hurried to Von Brent's rooms and found him alone. "Will you come down to the bank and identify me as Kenyon?"

"Certainly. Has the money arrived?"

"No, it has not, but I expect it, and want to provide for every contingency. I do not wish to have any delay in my identification when it does come."

"If it comes by cable," said Von Brent, "there will be no need of identification. The bank is not responsible, you know. They take the money entirely at the sender's risk. They might pay it to the telegraph operator who receives the message! I believe they would not be

held liable. However, it is better to see that nothing is left undone."

Going over to the bank, Von Brent said to the cashier: "This is John Kenyon."

"Very good," replied the cashier. "Have you been at the telegraph office lately, Mr. Kenyon?"

"No I have not, at least not for half-an-hour or so."

"Well, I would go there as soon as possible, if I were you."

"That means," said Von Brent, as soon as they had reached the door, "that they have had their notice about the money. I believe it is already in the bank for you. I will go back to my rooms and not leave them till you come."

John hurried to the telegraph office. "Anything for me yet?" he said.

"Nothing as yet, Mr. Kenyon; I think, however," he added with a smile, "that it will be all right. I hope so."

The moments ticked along with their usual rapidity, yet it seemed to Kenyon the clock was going fearfully fast. Eleven o'clock came and found him still pacing up and down the office of the telegraph. The operator offered him the hospitality of the private room, but this he declined. Every time the machine clicked, John's ears were on the alert, trying to catch a meaning from the instrument.

Ten minutes after eleven!

Twenty minutes after eleven, and still no despatch! The cold perspiration stood on John's brow, and he groaned aloud.

"I suppose it's very important," said the operator.

"*Very* important."

"Well now, I shouldn't say so, but I know the money is in the bank for you. Perhaps if you went up there and demanded it, they would give it to you."

It was twenty-five minutes past the hour when John hurried up towards the bank. "I have every belief," he said to the

cashier, "that the money is here for me now. Is it possible for me to get it?"

"Have you your cablegram?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, you see, we cannot pay the money until we see the cablegram to the person for whom it is intended. If time is of importance you should not leave the telegraph office, and the moment you get your message, come here; then there will be no delay whatever. Do you wish to draw all the money at once?"

"I don't know how much there is, but I must have twenty thousand pounds."

"Very well, to save time you had better make out a cheque for twenty thousand pounds—that will be——" and here he gave the number of dollars at that rate of the day on the pound. "Just make out a cheque for that amount, and I will certify it. A certified cheque is as good as gold. The moment you get your message I will hand you the certified cheque."

John wrote out the order and handed it to the cashier, glancing at the clock as he did so. It was now twenty-five minutes to twelve. He rushed to the telegraph office with all the speed of which he was capable, but met only a blank look again from the chief operator.

"It has not come yet," he said, shaking his head.

Gradually despair began to descend on the waiting man. It was worse to miss everything now, than never to have had the hope of success. It was like hanging a man who had once been reprieved. He resumed his nervous pace up and down that chamber of torture. A quarter to twelve. He heard chimes ring somewhere. If the message did not come before they rang again, it would be for ever too late.

Fourteen minutes—thirteen minutes—twelve minutes—eleven minutes—ten minutes to twelve, and yet no——

"Here you are!" shouted the operator in great glee, "she's a-coming—it's all

right—"John Kenyon, Ottawa." Then he wrote, as rapidly as the machine ticked out the message. "There it is, now rush!"

John needed no telling to rush. People had begun to notice him as the man who was doing nothing but running between the bank and the telegraph office!

It was seven minutes to twelve when he got to the bank.

"Is that despatch right?" he said, shoving it through the arched aperture. The clerk looked at it with provoking composure, and then compared it with some papers.

"For God's sake, hurry," pleaded John.

"You have plenty of time," said the cashier coolly, looking up at the clock and going on with his examination. "Yes," he added, "that is right. Here is your certified cheque."

John clasped it, and bolted out of the bank as a burglar might have done. It was five minutes to twelve when he got to the steps that led to the rooms of Mr. Von Brent. Now all his excitement seemed to have deserted him. He was as cool and calm as if he had five days, instead of so many minutes, in which to make the payment. He mounted the steps quietly, walked along the passage, and rapped at the door of Von Brent's room.

"Come in," was the shout that greeted him.

He opened the door, glancing at the clock behind Von Brent's head as he did so.

It stood at three minutes to twelve.

Young Mr. Longworth was sitting there, with just a touch of pallor on his countenance, and there seemed to be an ominous glitter in his eyeglass. He said nothing, and John Kenyon completely ignored his presence.

"There is still some life left in my option, I believe?" he said to Von Brent, after nodding good day to him.

"Very little, but perhaps it will serve.

You have two minutes and a half," said Von Brent.

"Are the papers ready?" inquired John.

"All ready, everything except putting in the names."

"Very well, here is the money." Von Brent looked at the certified cheque. "That is perfectly right," he said, "the mine is yours." Then he rose and stretched his hand across the table to Kenyon, who grasped it cordially.

Young Mr. Longworth also rose, and said languidly, "As this seems to be a meeting of long-lost brothers, I shall not intrude. Good day, Mr. Von Brent."

And with that the young man adjusted his eyeglass and took his departure.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN Edith Longworth entered the office of George Wentworth, that young gentleman somewhat surprised her. He sprang from his chair the moment she entered the room, rushed out of the door, and shouted at the top of his voice to the boy, who answered him, whereupon Wentworth returned to the room, apparently in his right mind.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Longworth," he said, laughing, "the fact was, I had just sent my boy with a telegram for you, and now, you see, I have saved sixpence."

"Then you have heard from Canada?" said the young lady.

"Yes, a short message, but to the point." He handed her the cablegram, and she read:

"Mine purchased; shall take charge, temporarily."

"Then the money got there in time," she said, handing him back the telegraphic message.

"Oh, yes," said George, with the easy confidence of a man who doesn't at all know what he is talking about, "we had

plenty of time ; I knew it would get there all right."

"I am glad of that ; I was afraid, perhaps, we might have sent it too late. One can never tell what delays or formalities there may be."

"Evidently there was no trouble. And now, Miss Longworth, what are your commands ? Am I to be your agent here, in Great Britain ?"

"Have you written to Mr. Kenyon ?"

"Yes, I wrote to him just after I sent the cable message."

"Of course you didn't——"

"No, I didn't say a word that would lead him to suspect who was the mistress of the mine. In my zeal, I even went so far as to give you a name. You are hereafter to be known in the correspondence as Mr. Smith, the owner of the mine."

Miss Longworth laughed.

"And—oh, by the way," cried Wentworth, "here is a barrel belonging to you."

"A barrel ?" she said, and looking in the direction to which he pointed, she saw, in the corner of the room, a barrel with the head taken away. "If it belongs to me," continued the young woman, "who has taken the liberty of opening it ?"

"Oh, I did that as your agent. That barrel contains the mineral from the mine, which we hope will prove so valuable. It started from Canada over three months ago, and only arrived here the other day. It seems that the idiot who sent it, addressed it by way of New York, and it was held by some Jack-in-office belonging to the United States customs. We have had more diplomatic correspondence and trouble about that barrel than you can imagine, and now it comes a day behind the fair, when it is really of no use to anyone."

Miss Longworth rose and went to the barrel. She picked out some of the beautiful white specimens that were in it.

"Is this the mineral ?" she asked.

Wentworth laughed. "Think of a person buying a mine at an exorbitant price, and not knowing what it produces. Yes, that is the mineral."

"This is not mica, of course ?"

"No, it is not mica. That is the stuff used for the making of china."

"It looks as if it would take a good polish. Will it, do you know ?"

"I do not know. I could easily find out for you."

"I wish you would, and get a piece of it polished, which I will use as a paper-weight."

"What are your orders for the rest of the barrel ?"

"What were you thinking of doing with it ?" said the young woman.

"Well, I was thinking the best plan would be to send some of it to each of the pottery works in this country, and get their orders for more of the stuff, if they want to use it."

"I think that is a very good idea. I understand from the cablegram that Mr. Kenyon says he will take charge of the mine temporarily."

"Yes, I imagine he left Ottawa at once, as soon as he had concluded his bargain. Of course, we shall not know for certain until he writes."

"Very well, then, it seems to me the best thing you could do over here would be to get what orders can be obtained in England for the mineral. Then, I suppose, you could write to Mr. Kenyon, and ask him to get a proper person to work the mine."

"Yes, I will do that."

"When he comes over here, you and he can have a consultation as to the best thing to do after that. I expect nothing very definite can be done until he comes. You may make whatever excuse you can for the absence of the mythical Mr. Smith, and say that you act for him. Then you may tell Mr. Kenyon, in whatever manner you choose, that Mr. Smith intends both you and Mr. Kenyon to share conjointly

with him. I think you will have no trouble in making John—that is—in making Mr. Kenyon believe there is such a person as Mr. Smith, if you put it strongly enough to him. Make him understand that Mr. Smith would never have heard of the mine unless Mr. Kenyon and you had discovered it, and that he is very glad, indeed, to have such a good opportunity of investing his money, so that, naturally, he wishes those who have been instrumental in helping him to this investment to share in its profits. I think you could make all this clear enough, so that your friend will suspect nothing. Don't you think so?"

"Well, with any other man than John Kenyon I should have my doubts, because, as a fabricator, I don't think I have a very high reputation; but with John I have no fears whatever. He will believe everything I say. It is almost a pity to cheat so trustful a man, but it's so very much for his own good that I shall have no hesitation in doing it."

"Then you will write to him about getting a fit and proper person to manage the mine?"

"Yes. I don't think there will be any necessity for doing so, but I will make sure. I imagine John will not leave there until he sees everything to his satisfaction. He will be very anxious, indeed, for the mine to prove the great success he has always believed it to be, even though, at present, he does not know that he is to have any pecuniary interest in its prosperity."

"Very well then, I will bid you good-bye. I may not be here again, but whenever you hear from Mr. Kenyon, I shall be very glad, if you will let me know."

"Certainly, I will let you know of everything that happens. I will send you all the documents in the case, as you once remarked. You always like to see the original papers, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I do." Miss Longworth lingered a moment at the door, then, looking straight at Wentworth, she said to him, "You remember you spoke rather bitterly to my father the other day?"

"Yes," said Wentworth, colouring, "I remember it."

"You are a young man; he is old. Besides that, I think you were entirely in the wrong. He had nothing whatever to do with what his nephew had done."

"Oh, I know that," said Wentworth. "I would have apologised to him long ago—only—well, you know, he told me I shouldn't be allowed in the office again, and I don't suppose I should."

"A letter from you would be allowed in the office," replied the young lady, looking at the floor.

"Of course, it would," said George. "I will write to him at once, and apologise."

"It is very good of you," said Edith, holding out her hand to him, and the next moment she was gone.

George Wentworth turned to his desk and wrote a letter of apology. Then he mused to himself upon the strange and incomprehensible nature of women. "She makes me apologise to him, and quite right too, but if it hadn't been for the row with her father, she never would have heard about the transaction, and, therefore, couldn't have bought the mine, which she was anxious to do for Kenyon's sake—lucky beggar John is, after all!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

AN INCONVENIENT KEEPSAKE.

BY WELLESLEY PAIN.

IT was the first love-letter he had ever received, and he wanted to make the glorious joy of reading it last out as long as possible. There were three closely-written sheets. He read one, and poured out a cup of tea. Then his eye caught a word on the second sheet, and he snatched it up and read it through quickly. When he reached the end of the second sheet, he considered that it was absolutely impossible for any man to be happier than he was at the present moment. Then he read the third sheet. He laid it down, and finished his breakfast slowly. His mind was a little upset. How should he answer that third sheet? It ran thus:

" and ever and ever. Then I've been thinking, Dicky, about our last conversation. I'm so glad you are fond of animals—dogs, horses, and things, because, you know, I'm simply mad on dogs—but there, I might have known, in fact I did know, instinctively, that all our tastes were exactly alike. I think it shows such a beautiful nature to love the poor darlings that can't talk. Do you remember saying that you thought there was more soul looking out of the eyes of a dog than there was in many a human being? Since I've been back here, I've been studying my darling Rollo's eyes, and I'm quite sure of it. I haven't had him long, you know, but he is just as devoted to me as though he had known me all his life. I've often been told that dogs are splendid judges of character. Rollo *will* growl at the curate.

. Now, don't go quite mad, Dicky darling, but I've been thinking that, as I can't be with you, the next best thing you would like would be to have something belonging to me—something I love very dearly. And so, Dicky, I'm going to send you Rollo as a sort of little keepsake, and you will keep him very carefully, won't you, Dicky, until—well—until there's no necessity for either of us to have keepsakes, and we"

The remainder of the letter is immaterial. Dicky replied to it after breakfast, and on the following day Rollo arrived.

He was a huge dog, a mastiff. His chain was almost as large as a ship's cable, and very rusty. The railway man, who brought him, wanted to leave him at the door, but Dicky's landlady objected, so the man led him up to the sitting-room. Dicky received him sadly, and chained him to a leg of the table. The railway man paused while going out; he appeared anxious to say something, and Dicky did not hinder him.

"Wicked, I call it, to ask the company's servants to lead a dog like that about—might take a mouthful out of your leg at any minute, and then where'd I be with a wife and . . ."

Dicky tipped him handsomely, and later on the man was kind enough to say that the dog was a well-bred dog, a good dog, and a noble dog, but a little too large for that size room.

When he had gone, the landlady came up and gave Dicky her views upon dogs in general, and Rollo in particular.

Where was he to be put? Who was going to look after him? How was she to dust in the mornings if that ferocious-looking beast was lying on the hearthrug?

"But you don't dust the hearthrug, Mrs. Slemeck," said Dicky, timidly. "I'm sure he's quite quiet, aren't you, Rollo?"

The dog made no reply. He had had a long railway journey, and was feeling rather tired and very thirsty, so he dropped himself in a heap on the carpet, and hung his tongue out. Mrs. Slemeck, expecting further complications, stepped lightly to the door.

"Oh, he's all right, Mrs. Slemeck," said Dicky, hoping he was speaking the truth. "He's thirsty—that's all. I'll get him some water."

He stepped into the bedroom, and reappeared with the water-jug, which he placed on the table.

"Now you've got nothing to put it in," said Mrs. Slemeck, who was wishing that Dicky would request her to fetch a basin so that she might have the pleasure of asking if she was paid to wait on a dog.

"H'm," said Dicky. "A tea-cup wouldn't do, I suppose. And he couldn't get his nose into a glass—I know what'll do."

He fetched the lower part of his soap-dish from the bedroom, and filled it with water. The dog looked up, and his expression said as plainly as words: "What is the use of that to a dog of my size?" Then he put his head down and lapped the water up in about three gulps.

"I suppose yer know," said Mrs. Slemeck, after the dog had finished, "that if there's a hatom of soap left in that there dish the dog will be very ill shortly."

"I washed it out before I gave it him," said Dicky, sternly, "but I think he'd like a bigger thing to drink out of—I'll give him my hand-basin."

The basin was brought and filled.

"Are yer goin' to wash in that to-morrer?" asked Mrs. Slemeck; "because if you are I must take it down and scald it well or—there, I knew suffin 'ud 'appen."

The basin had been placed almost out of the dog's reach. When he had drunk a little, his natural instinct told him that he would get more if the basin were nearer. So while Mrs. Slemeck was talking, he put his paw on the basin to pull it closer to him, and in so doing upset the lot.

The room was not large, so the water spread over a good portion of the floor. Mrs. Slemeck went downstairs for some rubbers. When she returned, she knelt down and rubbed the floor vigorously.

"I suppose," she said, looking up, "yer'd like a bit o' fire to dry the room. I'm sure it will give yer a death o' cold if——"

"It won't do anything of the sort," interrupted Dicky, "and I'm going out to get him some biscuits."

They left the dog chained to the leg of the table. Mrs. Slemeck met Dicky at the door when he returned, carrying a large paper-bag.

"He's been movin'," she said, solemnly. "I hear 'im down in my kitchen, so I goes up to the door and listens. He was awalkin' round and round I reckon, and makin' a sort of champin' noise with 'is mouth—same as 'orses do. I'm that thankful 'e's chained, or there's no tellin' what 'e might 'a done. But there—I dessay as 'e'll soon pull that there little table over when he knows 'ow light it's made."

Dicky ran upstairs. Mrs. Slemeck followed at a more comfortable pace.

The dog was half asleep when they opened the door, but he roused himself at the sight of the biscuits. Mrs. Slemeck stood in the doorway, ready for immediate flight, if necessary. Dicky broke off a corner from one of the biscuits and tossed it to the dog, who apparently swallowed it whole.

"Don't tease 'im, sir, with those little bits," said Mrs. Slemeck, "give 'im a 'ole one before he snatches it out o' yer 'and, sir."

Dicky thought there was wisdom in the advice, and did as he was told. Rollo took the biscuit in his mouth and gave it one scrunch. The result was a very good mouthful for the dog, and a little shower of small pieces and crumbs on the carpet.

"Swep' this mornin'!" murmured Mrs. Slemeck; "a pretty mess there'll be if——"

"This'll do to catch the crumbs," said Dicky, spreading out a newspaper. But the dog thought differently. He objected to using a newspaper as a plate, and he ate the rest of those biscuits in an easy, careless fashion on the hearthrug. He seemed to have a superior disregard for all the small pieces, and when he had finished, there was quite a little desert of crumbs in the room.

"I think, sir," said Mrs. Slemeck, "that you'd better take 'im for a run now, so as I can sweep and clear up tidy for the evenin'."

"I shall be going out in half-an-hour," replied Dicky, glancing at the door.

When Mrs. Slemeck had left, he sat down to write to the giver of the keepsake. It was a little difficult for him to work up an enthusiasm over the animal, because after he had said that the dog was a great deal larger than he had expected, much grander, and more noble, there did not seem to be much else to say on the subject. But when it came to saying thank you, a brilliant idea came into Dicky's brain, and he finished his letter as follows:

"... But really, Jennie, I cannot rob you of your pet in this way. I will not be tempted into allowing you to make such a sacrifice. Of course, I know why you do it, dearest; you never do think of your own

feelings, but always of other people's—at least, I mean mine. But this shouldn't be. You mustn't lose your dear doggie even for a few months, so I shall send him back directly I hear from you that you understand perfectly that I am not ungrateful about it. You know it would be an immense delight for me to have the dog here, but his right place is at your side, so I shall send him back as soon as I hear from you, with two kisses on the top of his head, by the Midland Railway, which I believe is the most direct route. . . ."

When he had finished the letter, he unchained the dog, and called "Rollo."

The dog did not seem inclined to move. He looked up at the sound of his name, but as for getting up he had no intention of doing anything of the sort. Then Dicky took hold of the chain and opened the door. The dog's manner changed immediately. He sprang up, and bolted out, pulling Dicky after him.

Although a dog has four legs, he can go downstairs much quicker than a man. By the time Rollo had reached the ground floor, Dicky was breathless.

"Mrs. Slemeck," he panted, speaking over the bannisters to the kitchen below, "I'm going out now, and shall be back in half-an-hour. I should like——"

But the rest of the sentence was said out of Mrs. Slemeck's hearing. Rollo had wished to go out, and he had gone. Dicky was compelled to follow.

For the first fifty yards or so Rollo took his master along at a capital pace gallop; afterwards he slowed down to an easy trot, with an occasional burst when he thought of it. All the children in the neighbourhood seemed to be waiting about to see the dog.

The same thing happened day after

day, for Jennie had written to say that she would not hear of taking back her pet. The children round about came to look upon Dicky and Rollo as part of their daily recreation; they would wait about for hours on the chance of seeing Dicky pulled down the length of the street, cursing everything in audible whispers. But there came a day when Dicky thought he might safely take Rollo out without a chain. The dog followed well, and Dicky considered that his troubles were over.

But he had forgotten Mrs. Slemeck.

That lady came up one morning before Dicky had finished his breakfast. She tapped at the door, and entered.

"Good mornin', sir—I've come—dear me, them stairs do take away my—oh, my poor 'art—thought I'd better—speak about the dawg. Always willin' to oblige, I'm sure, but really, sir, this is too much, too—much."

Mrs. Slemeck spoke solemnly.

"What's the matter now?" asked Dicky.

"Can't 'ave 'im no longer, sir—too much for me—I'm only an ole woman an' I 'as my limits—what with the sweepin' up the room after 'e's 'ad 'is biscuits, an' aseein' after 'im so as 'e gets plenty of water, which if 'e didn't 'e'd go mad, and alookin' after 'im when you're hout—really, sir, hit's too much, sir."

Dicky was grateful for the suggestion. He wondered that it had never occurred to him. In the afternoon he took Rollo out and put him under the care of a livery stable keeper. Dicky returned to his rooms with a light heart, and never saw the dog again.

It happened like this. Dicky came home one afternoon and found Jennie and her mother waiting in his sitting-room. They thought a surprise visit was always such fun. Dicky thought so too until Jennie asked to see Rollo.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" said Dicky. "Er—the fact is, I couldn't keep him here,

you know. You see the garden at the back is so small, and so he had to live in the house, and I thought he would be happier with somebody else—I mean in a larger place, so I've been keeping him at some stables near here. He's very well, I assure you—I'm sure"

He stopped.

Jennie's mother smiled ever so slightly, and asked if she could lie down somewhere—in another room. Travelling always tired her out. When they were alone, Jennie crossed the room to where Dicky was standing.

"Well, Jennie," said Dicky, making a tremendous effort not to appear guilty, "haven't you a——"

"No," interrupted Jennie, "I haven't."

She was standing close to him now. Her hands were resting on his shoulders, and she was trying to look up into his face. He avoided her gaze.

"I always thought you were a truthful boy, Dicky, but I've been cruelly disappointed. We met your landlady's little boy on the stairs, and *he* appears to know more about the dog than you do. You didn't know, I suppose, that the poor old pet was very ill with distemper, that he got run over the other day and——"

"Yes, yes," said Dicky, speaking quickly, "I *did* know it, only I didn't wish to make you anxious. He's been at the vet's for the last fortnight, and I have not been allowed to see him."

"But you said, Dicky, in your last letter, headed two o'clock in the morning, that the dear doggie was looking on as you were writing, and that you were quite sure that he knew who the letter was going to, and he sent his love."

"Did I?" said Dicky, nervously. "I think you must be mistaken, I really don't remember—but there I'll send for Rollo if——"

"I don't wish to see him," said Jennie, sternly. "I think if you really cared for the dog at all you would keep him on the premises. I'm sure it would be quite

easy. If you didn't like him, why didn't you send him back when you first received him?"

"I did offer," said Dicky, "but you——"

"Because you didn't want him?"

Dicky was silent. He was beginning to feel that the truth now might save him no end of bother in the future. He looked down at his boots and meditated. There was a pause. It lasted some seconds, and was broken by a curious little shivering noise. Dicky looked up. Could that be the beginning or ending of a smile on Jennie's face? He thought he would try a smile himself to see if it won a response. So he grinned slightly. Jennie's mouth twitched; then her eyes began to twinkle, and then—she burst out laughing.

"You poor dear old silly, why didn't you tell me the dog was an awful nuisance, and that you couldn't possibly——"

"But it was a keepsake from you," said Dicky, feeling a little more comfortable, but not quite understanding what would be the best thing to say, "and—and you're mad on dogs—and I thought I ought to

be—and I did try for two months and then——"

"Dicky, I'm a little humbug, and so are you. That dog was the worst trial I ever had in my life. I sent it to you by way of a little joke. You see, I couldn't get rid of him in any other way because he was a present from Uncle Ben, and——"

"But why did we—why did you say that you loved dogs if you——"

"I do. But when it comes to having to take them out every day—whether you want to go out yourself—or whether you don't—well——"

"I understand," said Dicky. "I know all about the exercising, because I've done it—and that was humbug about the dog being ill—you little fraud. I suppose the love of dumb animals is a beautiful trait in one's character, but it can be carried too far. When we said that we were very fond of dogs—well—I'm afraid we were telling fibs that evening, weren't we?"

"About everything?" asked Jennie.

"Well—no—not about everything," said Dicky.

And the rest is quite immaterial.

SOME ABSURDITIES OF ETIQUETTE.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY.

ONCE on a time a little blue flower sprang up and bloomed on the highway. Frederick the Great saw it, admired it, and posted a sentry by it, desiring him to see that no harm should come to it. Forty years after, there was still a "sentry-go," though the flower had been forgotten, and its imperial admirer was in his grave. So it is with many of our laws of etiquette. It is quite time that some one should revise them, and bring them into harmony with the altered conditions of to-day. Take, for instance, the time-honoured custom of going arm-in-arm down to dinner. The original reason for this was the supposed delicacy and helplessness of women, attributes that she was actually expected to feign if she were not really so fortunate as to possess them, so indispensable were they considered to a truly feminine woman, with any pretension to refinement. This little blue flower has faded. It was hardly a natural growth, but may be said to have belonged to the same class of vegetation as the green carnation. The ideal woman of to-day is quite able to walk downstairs without support. Fortunately for her, the ancient fiction that supposed her appetite to be of the most trifling description, has long since given place to the commonplace fact that ability to assimilate a sufficiency of food is not only necessary to the maintenance of good looks, but is quite reconcilable with the most perfect refinement. That little blue flower hardly survived the days when "sentiment" was in fashion; when swooning was an accomplishment learned in one's teens, and assiduously practised all through life; and when a woman of any proper training recognised it as part of her duty to have floods of tears ready to shed at any given

moment. Reticules, ringlets, and white stockings all belonged to the same period.

Another rule of etiquette, now become irrational, is that which compels a man to raise his hat in greeting a lady or a friend who is in the company of a lady. When this was instituted, the climate of England had not developed the extraordinary ferocity which characterises it to-day, nor had the Russian Influenza been invented. These two circumstances are overpoweringly strong in combination. Either one should be sufficient in itself to oppose against the ancient fashion of "uncovering." Men wore much more hair when the custom began than they now do. There never was a period in history when such close-cropping was known as prevails to-day. It is absolutely inconsistent with the canon of good manners that compels a man to raise his hat. A good instance of its absurdity was found in the case of the Prince of Wales, who, on his recovery from typhoid ever so many years ago, drove to the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's in an open carriage, on a bleak and bitter February afternoon, and was practically hatless throughout the whole route, so incessantly did he acknowledge the enthusiastic greetings of the crowds that lined the way. Can we not devise some more up-to-date and sensible mode of salutation—one better in accordance with the extremely short hair of the present fashion, and with the enormous development of the possibilities latent in a chill? Either let "uncovering" be superseded by a less inconvenient kind of greeting, or else let men wear plenty of hair. The latter would, perhaps, be the better form of compromise. It is an absurd conventionality that obliges them either to be singular, or to sacrifice the

hirsute ornament which is intended to be protective as well as decorative.

Perhaps the most becoming period was that in which *Pendennis* was appearing in monthly parts. The handsome hero of this delightful story is represented as wearing his hair at least three or four inches long at the back, with a wave and a curl in it that must have shown the colour and texture to some advantage. The shortness of the hair nowadays makes it difficult to discover much colour of any kind in it, and, besides, robs a man of the incalculable relief, in moments of strong emotion, of running his fingers through it, and ruffling it up in picturesque confusion. Women have for generations been denied that peculiar form of expressing agitation, once so well-known as "letting down the back-hair." Like that just referred to, it has become a mere tradition.

A point in which etiquette has altered for the worse during the last thirty years, is one connected with the paying of calls. It used to be the custom to send up a visiting card by the servant when calling on a friend or acquaintance. This was attended by obvious advantages on both sides, but it has long been considered bad form to follow this sensible custom. The caller has to trust her name to the occasionally erratic ideas of pronunciation of the domestic, and the *callee* with a bad memory very often finds herself in a predicament. This rule is all very well for the wealthy, who can employ highly-trained servants, but for the great middle-class the antiquated method is much the better one. Many people pronounce their own names very indistinctly, and it is much easier for the parlourmaid or the footman of everyday life to read them off a card than to take them in orally, and give them out again with perfect accuracy and audibility.

And why should the obsolete idea of a woman's helpless weakness oblige a man to keep on the kerb side of her while walking, whether or no that be the side

where the sun obliges her to carry her parasol? She is pretty certain to scrape his hat, and cause him to feel that irritability which no other kind of assault can so speedily, or so inevitably, produce. Why not amend the rule, allowing the relative positions of lady and gentleman while walking together to be regulated by such considerations as the above?

Apropos of hats, why should a man, in paying a call, unless he is entirely *ami de la maison*, be obliged to hold his hat and stick all the time he is in the drawing-room, if his hostess do not come to the rescue and indicate a safe place for it to be laid carefully away? In America, the lady takes her caller's hat and puts it away with her own hands. To do so in England would be contrary to all our traditions, but could we not, in committee on an improved set of bye-laws, decide to allow him to leave it in the hall? Can it be that the custom of carrying it into the drawing-room arose from the fear of possible exchanges? Such occurrences are not unknown with regard to umbrellas, but then any umbrella will fit any man. It is different with hats. And, by the way, would any woman dare to leave her hat or bonnet in the hall?

Mistakes appear to be frequent, painfully frequent, as it is, with regard to overcoats, fur-lined mantles, and lace wraps, and it would perhaps be injudicious, if not unkind, to place further opportunities to err in the way of those who are unable to discriminate between their own property and that of others. A side table in the drawing-room might be set apart for the reception of men's hats, where the proprietors could keep a careful eye upon them. The custom of carrying the hat into the drawing-room probably arose in the days when it was an ornamental finish to a highly ornate costume, and yet not nearly so sensitive to harsh treatment as the silken "stove-pipe," its degenerate descendant.

Among the numerous absurdities of

modern etiquette, nothing is more ridiculous than the unwritten law which obliges a man, on entering a drawing-room, to have one glove on and to carry the other. The one he has to remove is the very one he would, in most instances, prefer to retain. The right hand has to be bared for the shake, which may or may not be agreeable to the sense of touch. And is there any good and sufficient reason why women should wear their gloves into the dining-room? Their purpose is served when greetings and hand-shakings are over in the drawing-room. Why not permit them to leave their gloves there? But custom obliges them to wear them up to the moment of seating themselves. It is very inconvenient to have to remove them at table. Several bracelets have to be transferred from the outside of the gloves to the arms beneath, and with the great length of the covering as at present worn, and the perverse character of the fashionable suède, a woman accounts herself fortunate if she succeeds in ungloving at table in time to have a mouthful or two of soup, and without violently knocking one of her neighbours in the process of pulling off a rather tight fit. This little blue flower first bloomed when gloves had one button, and ended at the wrist; and has apparently become an *immortelle*. Not even the red-tapeism that perpetuated Frederick the Great's sentry-go was more conservative or more senseless than fashion in etiquette.

Still, reform is possible, and there are a few matters in which it has already been instituted. For instance, an unmarried young woman is allowed to partake of a number of dishes at dinner-parties which she was strictly forbidden

some fifteen years ago. Cheese is one of these. What matters now the strong odours of the milky compound to girls who smoke cigarettes? And brides, too, no longer consider it necessary to pace up the church aisle on their wedding day with a measured step like a policeman's on his beat, and head hanging on the chest. Nor is a bride compelled by custom to be invisible to mortal eye, save those of her mother and her maid, on her wedding morning. And if such crudities have disappeared, there is hope that others may follow in their train, and eventually a general reform take place.

Who will head back the dinner-hour, for instance? It is much too late, and threatens to be later. Who will institute more sensible hours and less of a crush for the so-called "small and early"? And who will undertake the difficult task of shortening the sacred dinner-time? Something, but not much, has been done in this direction. Occasionally, it is true, the hours fly fast. When one has an amusing companion, and when the menu is artistic, there is no reason to grumble; but how often does this happen? It is not in the nature of things that two such agreeable circumstances should frequently coincide. Why should we not adopt, at least provisionally, the plan of "progressive dinners," occasionally followed in America. After each course, all the gentlemen present move up one, like the guests at the tea-party in *Alice in Wonderland*. They thus have opportunities to converse with seven or eight different ladies during the dinner, and, equally with them, enjoy the charm of variety. The innovation might be startling, but no one can deny that it has something to recommend it.

A TABLE ENTERTAINMENT.

BY H. T. JOHNSON.

JACK ANGUS is not only the prince of black and white artists, but the king of raconteurs, and no smoker at the Savage, the Painters in Oil, or other session of Bohemians in harmonious council is complete until Jack has occupied the platform and the attention of the gathering with a string of stories both dry and generous as a bottle of crusted port.

Not unnaturally, John is in great request for that amusement known as the Table Entertainment, claimed as a creation of our period, but really as old as the days when Yorick was wont to set the table in a roar. This fact will account for his receipt of the following letter from a leading variety agent: "Dear Jack,—Have you any engagement for Thursday night? If not, you might go to Barker's, 19, Stanhope Mansions. Dinner party to celebrate silver wedding. Eight o'clock. Wire me yes or no."

Jack wired "yes" to Wallenstern, the agent, and on the following Thursday night sallied forth in a blinding snowstorm to earn an honest three guineas, by enjoying himself at Mr. Barker's table.

Stanhope Mansions belong to the order of "mansions in the skies," with which London endeavours to emulate New York. They are let in flats, the rentals ascend in inverse ratio to the position of the flats, but even the topmost suites are high.

Judge of Angus's dismay on arriving, shivering with cold, at the portal of the enormous pile, honeycombed with long tiled corridors and staircases, to suddenly forget the number of the flat to which he was bound.

However, he touched an electric bell, the lift descended, and a smart page-boy emerged, harlequin-like, from its doors.

"Barker," said John, stepping into the lift. They ascended like pantomime sprites. Once again the lift doors flew open.

"Door opposite, sir," said the page.

John pressed another bell button. A man servant in a somewhat sombre livery answered the ring, took his overcoat and hat, and, without a word, ushered him into a sumptuously but heavily furnished dining-room, where three men and three women were gathered round the dessert.

"What a rigid, frigid lot," John soliloquised; "something to do to thaw them; and they've *dined*. If I'd known I was to come on with the dessert, I'd have dined too."

John bowed to the hostess, a matronly, middle-class Medusa, who turned from her ice to freeze John with a stare. Then to his host, an iron-grey man, with cavernous eyes and a mouth that closed with a snap, who dropped a green fig to glare at John, as though he contemplated eating him.

"My name's Angus," said John, as he entered.

"Indeed," said he of the cavernous eyes in a cavernous tone; "I haven't heard of you, but I dare say you'll do."

This was a pleasant friendly way of commencing an after-dinner chat.

"You are late, sir," he added with a frown. "I asked them to tell you to be here at seven-thirty."

"Indeed, my letter said eight, really," replied John, somewhat appeased to think that the loss of his dinner was due to a misapprehension.

"I can't understand that," replied Barker. "However, I won't contradict you. Now that you are here, we'd better be getting to business."

John felt uncomfortable. They were drinking black coffee and claret; there were no cigars or cigarettes on the table; the whole affair was heavy, cold, and depressing. He felt inclined to recommend his host to go where it was warmer, but there were ladies present, and he knew his

own temper too well to lose it in a hurry.

So he started with a story suitable to the period of the evening prior to the departure of the ladies. "I'm a rare man," he said, "for business—just as absorbed in it as a Scotch railway guard I heard about the other day. Have you heard the story?"

"I have not heard the story," said Mr. Barker, with a blacker shade than ever in his face.

"Well, tell me anybody if it's a chest-nut," said Angus, beginning to feel as cheerful as a hen in a shower. "There was once——"

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Barker, "I may say I have no desire to hear the story;" and the ladies frowned approval.

"I'm afraid this is a melancholy occasion," said John, beginning to wax wroth; and everybody sighed.

"It is, it is!"

"But surely," he went on, "after so many happy years——"

"Years of misery, discomfort, and responsibility."

"Then has not the partnership been a happy one?"

"You know it hasn't," replied Mr. and Mrs. Barker simultaneously.

John was bewildered.

And while he was being bewildered, another individual, entering Stanhope Mansions by another entrance, had pressed another bell, summoned another page, and ascended by another lift to another floor, and all in pursuance of his remarking to the other page-boy, "Mr. Barker is expecting me, I'm very late."

"Second door to the left, sir," said the page; and following this direction the new arrival paused at a doorway, from behind which emanated a harmony of cheerful sounds, the popping of corks, the clatter of knives and forks, the jingle of glasses, and an occasional chorus of laughter.

"Tell Mr. Barker, if you please, that

Mr. Jenkins has arrived," said the stranger timidly, to the cheerful-looking manservant who answered his ring.

"Jenkins, Jenkins," said a jovial white-whiskered, red-faced gentleman, with two chins, who at one end of the table faced a rubicund matron with three. "Ah, I didn't know he was one of 'em, but I told Wallenstern to send me the very best. Now I say, all of you fellows and girls, we shall have such larks. Come in, Mr. Jenkins, make yourself quite at home. Chair for Mr. Jenkins, Charles."

"I'm sorry I'm so late, Mr. Barker," faltered the new arrival, "but I lost my train."

"Don't name it; you're only five minutes behind time, and, hang it all, from gentlemen of your profession we don't expect quite military punctuality."

"It's very kind of you to say so, sir," said Mr. Jenkins, and "Oh, clear, please," in reply to the servant's inquiries.

Then while Mr. Jenkins ladled up his soup, the beaming Mr. Barker nudged those right and left of him—whispering, "You'll hear something directly as soon as he settles down. I don't remember his name among the string Wallenstern gave me, but he guaranteed they were the best of all good company, and would make us laugh till we cried."

Just then Mr. Jenkins looked up from his soup and said, or rather groaned:

"This is indeed a sad occasion, Mr. Barker."

There was a faint attempt at a titter, but the sadness of the tone, and the gloom upon the features of the man who uttered the words, shadowed the table like a thundercloud.

"'Spose this chap's a new humourist," said Charlie Barker, "and sparkles on the *lucus non lucendo* principle." And Nellie Montrose, his neighbour, replied, "Must say I haven't felt symptoms of hysteria yet."

"Well, I was hoping it was going to be the reverse," Barker replied.

"Yes, I know," Jenkins continued, "everything has been done for the best; it is not your fault that the relations of the past quarter of a century have been so unhappy."

"Really!" said Mr. Barker; and Mrs. Barker added, "Good heavens!"

"Nor that you have at last found them unendurable, and have been compelled to take steps to put an end to them."

"Samuel!" exclaimed Mrs. Barker, rising from her chair, "whatever does this mean?" And Mr. Barker rising from his, replied:

"Maria, I'm damned if I know!"

"He's drunk!" exclaimed Alderman Basing, growing purple in the face, and Charles Barker, turning fiercely upon Jenkins, demanded, "How dare you, sir? Do you call yourself a humourist?"

"Thank heaven, no, sir," replied Mr. Jenkins, "or else my place would not, under the present unhappy circumstances, be here."

"Then, what the deuce are you?" demanded Barker, amidst a general commotion.

"I'm managing clerk to Messrs. Totlem & Checkham, chartered accountants."

"But I don't want any chartered accountant here to-night. Who sent you here, sir?"

"My respected employers, at your request, sir."

"There's some mistake," said Barker.

"Not at all," Jenkins replied. "You, the members of the Barker family, are met in consultation as to dissolving the firm of Barker, Sons, & Growler, and I am here, I understand, to explain to you the statement of affairs which we have prepared from the books."

"I see what's happened, guv'nor," said Charlie Barker. "This gentleman has come here in mistake. The Barkers he wants live at 319 on the next floor up."

Mr. Jenkins was profuse in apologies, which were accepted. He was pressed to stay to dinner, but he pleaded his appointment, and Charlie Barker personally conducted him to the flat of the other Barkers.

Outside the door they encountered a solitary figure morosely lighting a briar-root pipe. It was soliloquising with a slightly Scotch accent.

They listened.

"Well, I'm damned," it said, "I've left my comfortable fireside to turn out in a blizzard. I've left and lost my wholesome dinner—that I feel the want of—I've told my funniest stories, and I've wheezed the eyes nearly out of my head, and all to be told that I've mistaken my vocation, that I'm old enough to know better, and that my frivolity will be reported to my employers. Is Barker stark mad, or am I?"

"I beg pardon," said Charlie, "but, I say, have you been to the wrong Barkers, to the dissolution of partnership meeting instead of the silver wedding?"

And John replied, "I've been, laddie, to one of the most soul-depressing, heart-breaking functions I ever was at in my life, and if ever——"

But Charlie Barker interrupted him with, "I know all about it. You've been to the wrong shop." And forthwith he hauled John downstairs to set the right dinner-table in a roar by his first anecdote, the theme of which was his most recent experience.

LADY SHOPKEEPERS.

BY IGNOTA.

IN old days and not so very long either it was considered *infra dig*, and, indeed, impossible for any gentlewoman to become actively engaged in any kind of trade; but "the old order changeth," and now there is scarce a street in the more fashionable business quarter of London which cannot boast of a dressmaking or millinery establishment presided over by a one-time society woman who has elected to join the ever-increasing army of lady shopkeepers.

For a long time dressmaking, millinery, and house decoration seemed the most easy and suitable form of business open to gently-nurtured ladies, then little by little, other means of earning if not a fortune, at least a comfortable competence, suggested themselves to those born with a business instinct; a Girton girl opened a restaurant which paid its way from the first meal; the daughter of a well-known artist, of whom more anon, established a photographic business which has become one of the best known in Europe; and many of the loveliest bouquets carried at Her Majesty's drawing-room each season are turned out by the capable fingers of a lady who herself not so many years ago took part in the stately pageant.

Among the pioneer lady shopkeepers Lady Granville Gordon deserves an honoured place; for seven years she conducted successfully a large millinery establishment, not shrinking from the inevitable drudgery, and taking with her when she finally retired from business the liking and good-will of both her customers and trade rivals.

As may easily be imagined, she had at first anything but an agreeable experience,

both as regarded the business and the social side of her work. As every lady shopkeeper soon learns to her cost, her experience had to be bought, and sometimes very dearly, for the tricks of the wholesale trade are not learnt in a day; and, though in this particular case the lady milliner was fortunate in having a handle to her name, she has always frankly confessed that she believes her success was due to the excellence of the goods she turned out, rather than to the patronage of her friends.

All successful lady shopkeepers agree as to two indispensable qualifications—namely, energy and personal attention to details. Lady Granville Gordon was constantly in her shop, and always attended personally to her customer's complaints. On one occasion a lady wrote to her requesting that Madame Lierre would wait on her in person in reference to a bonnet. Lady Granville did so, and found that on this occasion strict attention to business had simply led her into making her unknown correspondent win a large bet with a mutual friend.

Another lady who was also one of the first after Madame Elise (Mrs. Isaacson) to turn her talents to practical account has long been known under her business name of Miss Brown. Her establishment at Knightsbridge was early patronised by Princess Christian, and she made Princess Aribert of Anhalt's trousseau. "Miss Brown" has always made a speciality of blouses and evening dresses, and she does a very large business with India and the Colonies. She considers the secret of success lies in the power to design striking and original costumes; but, and in this most of her fellow-workers agree,

she is assured that the days of making very large fortunes in this kind of business are over, and also that no woman should embark in trade without a considerable capital and practical ability of no mean order, for many a lady who makes an admirable forewoman, fitter, or cutter, would soon find herself in the bankruptcy court if she set up on her own account.

Another long-established Society milliner is "Madame Yorke," of Conduit Street. From the first she adopted the French plan of making hats and bonnets to suit individual customers, and she is one of the few gentlewomen in business who believe in advertising; for the generality of lady dressmakers do not seem to care to avail themselves of the ordinary methods of publicity. She pays frequent visits to Paris, and adapts rather than copies French fashions. Every hat turned out of her establishment is designed either by herself or her daughter.

A later recruit to the ranks of lady shopkeepers, but one who has already made good her place, is Mrs. A. Stuart Wortley, the wife of the well-known portrait painter. She began business some two years ago under the name of Madame Vanité, and can speak with authority on a branch of trade in which she has been so successful, and her advice to those who would follow in her footsteps is, "Don't start without plenty of capital, and begin as you mean to go on." She considers the days of small connections and large prices are over; the world, especially of women, becomes more fickle every day, and the young married lady whose mother remained faithful to the same dressmaker for twenty years, will now patronise six dress-making establishments in a season. Madame Vanité superintends every fitting herself, and relies greatly on her individual taste and judgment. Here it may be pointed out that therein lies the great advantage possessed by gentlewomen who enter any

kind of business where knowledge of the world and general culture must tell, for they are bound to do better than those whose whole life has been spent in a work-room, the more so that now-a-days the suitable gowning of a woman of fashion



MRS. STUART WORTLEY.

is no small matter; a different costume being needed for almost every kind of function, sport, and amusement.

Like most dressmakers in a large way of business, she has added a millinery department to her other work. It may be added that Mrs. Stuart Wortley has a considerable theatrical connection, and has also patented the bicycling skirt invented by Lady Margaret Jenkins.

Of more interest to the many who, whilst wishing to take up this kind of work yet lack a large capital, are the experiences of the lady who trades under the name of "Madame Lucille" in Old Burlington Street. With a pluck and perseverance which has at last met with its reward, she worked for a year privately in her own house, fitting, cutting out, and designing everything herself. She got on so well that she determined to start on a somewhat larger scale. This occurred two years ago, and since the time she

opened her pretty rooms, every day has brought her fresh customers, and this in spite of the fact that she has never advertised. She considers her success entirely due to her *practical* knowledge and experience of dressmaking. Unlike most people, Madame Lucille never copies a French model unless desired to do so; on the other hand, she finds it pays her to make constant visits to Paris in order to see for herself any of those changes, which cause so much difference in the look of a costume, which have taken place, and also to make a choice of new materials, and so on. It must be remembered that a London dressmaker goes abroad quite as much to see how gowns are being worn as how they are being cut. This knowledge is as necessary to the art of dressmaking as is a stay in Italy to a singer who wishes to have her voice and method perfected. Madame Lucille considers that a good dressmaker or milliner should be even



MRS. COURTENAY.

more careful in avoiding what is either common or *outré* than in seeking to find fresh ideas; thus when she has once seen a model or original idea used in a large shop or rival business, she carefully avoids it when designing a garment. None of

the lady shopkeepers I have mentioned believe in the value of cheap work; indeed they are all agreed that it is impossible for them to turn out good results on the cheap. That this is so is in a great measure owing to the large wages obtained by really good "hands."

In this connection, it should also be pointed out that rents rule very high in the business quarters of the West End. Among those ladies who have contented themselves with taking premises in a less smart quarter, but who are still extremely accessible to the class of customer for whom they cater, Mrs. Courtenay, of Eaton Terrace, better known to her large *clientèle* as *Vivienne, the Lady Tailor*, has conducted successfully a dressmaking business for the past five years. Although she also believes that it does not pay to be too cheap, she is always willing to take her customer's own materials, with, however, the frank proviso that she then charges somewhat more, and that if they wish to consult their own interests, they will trust to her estimates. She has also made a speciality of fitting from a pattern bodice, and has always been notably successful with evening gowns. She cuts out all the work herself, and only employs the best labour. The result of Madame *Vivienne's* experience cannot be said to be exactly encouraging. She says that few women are aware what hard and constant work is needed in the building up of anything like a successful business. Many people have a natural prejudice against a lady milliner or dressmaker; they fancy she will be unpunctual, unbusinesslike, and that they will find it difficult to find fault with bad work if done by one with whom they were formerly in social relations. She also points out that the lady shopkeeper has many minor difficulties to contend with, not the least being her absolute ignorance of business methods. Above all, she strongly advises no woman to go in for this kind of work if not possessed of natural taste and aptitude, and last,

not least, of some real knowledge of practical dressmaking.

Another and very successful class of lady shopkeepers are those gentlewomen who have taken up household decoration as a business. Among the first to do so was a sister of Mrs. Garrett Anderson and of Mrs. Fawcett. This lady possesses rare artistic gifts, and has known how to turn them to practical account. Perhaps still more known in this connection is Miss Charlotte Robinson, the lady who rejoices in the title of "The Queen's Decorator;" she has done a good deal of work for her Majesty, and has both a London and a provincial establishment, the latter being at Manchester. Lady Monckton, the well-known actress, at one time was in partnership with the daughter of Mr. Frith, the famous painter of "The Derby Day," and their bric-a-brac shop at the sign of "The Spinning-Wheel" contained a unique collection of rare and valuable objects of "bigotry and virtue," the result of much indefatigable bargain hunting on the part of the two ladies who managed the establishment.

In spite of the fact that she is not in any sense a shopkeeper, even a very cursory account of those ladies who have built up successful businesses would be incomplete were no mention to be made of Miss Alice Hughes, who may claim to have on her books almost every *grande dame* in Europe, for she very wisely early made a rule of only taking women and children. She began her professional work some three years ago, but already had been successful as an amateur photographer, both when reproducing her father's charming portraits and when "taking" her own friends. When Miss Hughes first opened her studio, she did all the work herself; but she now boasts of quite an army of workers, and even now she always takes the actual photographs, poses her sitter, and supervises every detail of the proceedings. Yet, in spite of the great success which has attended her own efforts, Miss Hughes would fain remind ambitious amateurs that a professional plant is very expensive, and that artistic knowledge without a capacity for taking infinite pains is worse than useless.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.

THE BOOK BOOM.

THE other day Sir Walter Besant took my breath away by a grandiose prognostication of the sort of reading public likely to be enjoyed by the English novelist some fifty years hence, when so many more hundreds of millions will have been added to the English-speaking and reading population of the world. I forget the details of the calculation, but it was in the best vein of the moving spirit of the Society of Authors. One can see how the estimate is arrived at. Indeed, the process is a very familiar one in the City. Sir Walter Besant has caught something of the manner of the mining engineer and the company promoter in discussing the trend of gold reefs and their probable yield of precious metal. He notes that the English-speaking peoples are expanding at a certain rate, and that every year the elementary schools are turning out potential novel readers by the million. Just multiply the Mudies and the W. H. Smiths of the world in accordance with the estimated progressive increase in the population during the coming half-century, and—well, the results are as easy to obtain as the number of penny-weights of gold that ought to be crushed out of so many tons of quartz.

Sir Walter Besant's prospectus is cheerful reading, but the uncomfortable question obtrudes itself (if I may still pursue the gold mine simile), "Is it true?" Is not this amiable promoter just a trifle too sanguine? Is not the education market getting inflated? Is there not some danger of a "slump" in the three R's, or, at least, in one or two of them? On such points I am not entirely reassured. Books are multiplying every day, but I do not see that the world is growing either happier or wiser. That a great book is a great evil (no matter what its subject) everybody

already recognises, and it is quite possible that one of these days the public may awake to the fact that the evil is liable to come in the shape of many books, as well as big books.

Frankly, I am not at all sure that the world will go on reading books in the ratio that Sir Walter Besant anticipates. Let us not forget that polished and cultured civilisations, antecedent to ours, were built up without any expenditure of printers' ink at all, and that the world went very well then, probably better than it does now. Men lived and loved, and the generations came and went, as they still do, like the leaves of the forest. It is true that some of those civilisations, the Assyrian and the Egyptian, for instance, have left very little trace, but, shall ours, with all its boasted advantages, leave more? What the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians wrote they wrote on brick, stone, or parchment. We write on nothing more enduring than paper; so that all our present literary output must inevitably perish within a few hundred years at the most, unless society should care to save it by reprinting it, which it probably will not. But that is not the question!

WHO READS NOWADAYS?

My concern is with the half century that Sir Walter Besant speaks of. Now, it is a mistake to suppose that one-hundredth part of the books poured forth from the press require to be read by any human being. As the wisest man can tell all he knows in a quarter of an hour, the amount of genuine information to be derived from books lies within very small compass. By far the greater part of the reading done is indulged in by way of pastime. It is a fashion of the day. When it is more than that, it is a vice, like dram-drinking or cigarette smoking, which people would be better without.

There is, therefore, no real stability in the reading-habit, which is not based upon any necessity of human nature, and as it has spread very widely within our own day, it is quite conceivable that, through a caprice of popular taste, it should by-and-by shrink to its former proportions.

So long as reading was the privilege of the upper classes, books were sure of a certain vogue; but, now that the masses are reading, it would not be surprising if to be seen with a book in one's hand were, among the elite, to become bad form, the more so as reading is by no means synonymous with education or knowledge of the world. And once the literary cult fell into disrepute in high places, its days among the lower orders would probably be numbered. As it is, I fancy the best men are reading less and less. They cast their eye over the newspaper, or glance at a periodical, but they do not read in the old-fashioned way. They have no longer time. The rush and hurry of the professions are unfavourable to literary study. If a man does not get some solid reading done by the time he is one-and-twenty, he has precious little opportunity afterwards. Do you think that the leaders of the great professions—the distinguished Q.C.'s, the fashionable physicians, the eminent in art, science, politics, or finance, read? What time has Cecil Rhodes or Barney Barnato to waste upon books? Do literary men themselves read anything nowadays but their own proofs?

The future, I imagine, belongs less to the book than to the newspaper, which is not a literary product at all. Even the newspaper is by no means sure of an indefinite run of prosperity. It may be supplanted by the telegraph or the telephone. Already, in big centres of population, news circulates widely and quickly with little or no assistance from the press. The air seems to throb with it. It is quite possible in London to keep abreast of all that is happening in any quarter of importance without ever reading a line of print. The man about town hears politics, the

gossip of the law-courts, and the "shop" of the professions at first hand; the state of business in the City he picks up from the tape, and foreign news from the telegraphic "flimsy" at his club. And such facilities are everywhere on the increase.

It is very pardonable in Sir Walter Besant to think there is nothing like literary leather; but I am bound to say I do not see eye to eye with him as regards the future of the book trade or the novelist. It is quite possible, indeed, that the last state of this personage may be worse than the first.

THE FUTURE OF MONEY.

Nor is literature the only commodity that may lose its value in the world's market. What about birth, rank, chivalry, honour? It is to be feared that these excellent qualities are less esteemed than they used to be, and that the time is not so remote when they will become *démodé*. I doubt whether in this respect the public have fully grasped the social significance of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt marriage. Fifty, perhaps even twenty, years ago, such a union, if not impossible, would have excited much unfavourable comment. Now the alliance of an English duke with the daughter of one of America's financial bosses, is accepted as the most natural event in the world.

A bag of American gold buys an English coronet. Coronets used not to go so cheap. But we are changing all that. I note the fact without expressing any opinion as to its propriety. That the most exclusive caste in this world—that of the English dukes, of whom there are only some twenty odd—should frankly own itself on an equality with the millionaire caste of America, is as remarkable a sign of the growing power of money as the age has seen.

We may take it that the triumph of money is not going to end there. If a dukedom has its equivalent in dollars, then, assuredly, every other attribute that the world has been accustomed to set store

upon, is translatable into the same currency. And why not? Money is an excellent standard of value for material objects, and its application and moral, intellectual, and social qualities all save a deal of trouble. It is a little difficult at present to compare a baronetcy, for instance, with the possession of poetic gifts, but if all such distinctions can be reduced for common discrimination, so much the better. Already, we ask with regard to an artist or a professional man, not what degree of ability he possesses, but how much money he makes. It would be convenient to appraise courage, honour, philanthropy, &c., in the same manner.

IMPRESSIONS FROM A DISTANCE.

The literature of the Psychical Research Society abounds with what we are asked to accept as examples of telepathy, more or less imperfectly reported. Upon the questions involved I express no opinion, because in all of them there is such a lack of facts essential to the forming of a right judgment. We never know exactly how much may be allowed for coincidence, or how far the conclusion that is suddenly presented to us, say as the vision of a friend dying at a distance, has been unconsciously worked out by our minds from some small forgotten grain of fact. Generally speaking, the recorded cases seem to me a little too accurately adjusted, as if the experience of the persons seeing the warning apparitions had unconsciously been made to fit in with the truth, either as anticipated or as subsequently ascertained. Now, if the mind can receive impressions from afar, there ought to be some room for error, for imperfect perception, just as in the case of impressions communicated from mind to mind in the ordinary way, and that is why I regard the following letter, received from a military officer at Plymouth, as one of peculiar interest:—

“*A propos* of your study of dreams, I should like to give you a curious illus-

tration which happened within my own knowledge. A few years ago I spent my short Easter leave in company with my brother in Somersetshire. On the afternoon of Easter Saturday we went for a stroll, taking a small white fox-terrier with us. Our road lay by the side of a stream, and we presently came to a plank across it. We crossed over, but the dog for some time refused to set foot on the plank. At last he came very reluctantly, and while he was crossing, I turned over the plank, tipping him into the water. On my way back from leave, having a little time to spare, I visited an aunt of mine living at Clapham. In the course of conversation, she said, ‘Do you know, I had such a terrible dream about you last Saturday. I went to sleep in my chair in the afternoon, and I dreamt that I saw you and B. (my brother) standing on a bridge over a river, with a small white dog, and somehow or other the dog fell in and sank, and I could see it at the bottom of the water. Then B. jumped in and sank too, and I tried to call out, and woke.’

“The dream and the incident of the plank were, as far as I could ascertain, simultaneous. It seems to me that this is a curious case of what one might call an utterly pointless and exaggerated vision, which was, nevertheless, a grotesque distortion of an event actually happening a hundred miles away at the time of the dream. The plank was magnified into a bridge, the stream into a river, and the dog’s trifling ducking into a serious accident.”

Among “coincidences,” my correspondent’s experience, it will be owned, is entitled to a front place. Many of those that appeal to the professional occultists are probably connected with anniversaries or reported illnesses of friends, or are, in some way, brought about by unconscious suggestion. Others, again, clearly result from the fact that the mechanism of human minds is always very much the same, and that an idea, occurring spontaneously to one mind, is likely to occur to many others, though we may only hear of it from one distant correspondent.

The other day I thought of an aged friend of mine whom I had not seen for

many years, and a day or two after I had a letter from a common acquaintance stating that the old gentleman had been speaking a great deal about me. Was this a case of telepathy? I fear not, though professors of the occult might rank it as such. It is much more likely that a train of associated ideas was stirred up in our two minds by some forgotten date, or fact. I am not, myself, aware of the connecting link, but, no doubt, it could be found in some remote chamber of the brain. In the last published volume of the transactions of the Psychical Research Society, I find an analogous case. A Brazilian gentleman relates that, feeling tired from watching by a sick bed, he lay down to rest, and suddenly experienced a feeling of unbounded joy which he could not account for. Whereupon a lady, hard by, said she saw a spirit-child clothed in white, who was placing on his head a crown of roses. And then he recollected that it was the anniversary of the death of an orphan girl whom he had befriended, and who had died of consumption. Neither the narrator of the case nor any other person in the house, it is stated, had any recollection of the anniversary beforehand. But may not the whole train of thought leading up to the vision on the one hand, and the blissful feeling on the other, have been started in the minds of the persons concerned by some sub-conscious recollection of the date and the events connected with it?

CEREBRAL RADIATION.

Many so-called telepathic experiences, I daresay, are open to some such explanation. In cases where the percipient has a vision of a distant friend, and learns, days or weeks afterwards, that that friend died about the same time, there is probably some small unsuspected basis of fact for the mind to build upon. The vision of my Plymouth correspondent's aunt is not, on the face of it, to be accounted for on ordinary grounds, but then, probably, all the facts of it are not known, or not

stated, though its very imperfections lend it an air of probability which is wanting in the too complete model-cases of the occultists. The notion of there being a certain cerebral radiation extending from Somersetshire to Clapham (for this is the theory of the telepathists), is to me inadmissible on several grounds. If there was a cerebral radiation of the plank adventure, it must presumably have spread all round, and not have shot out in the direction of Clapham merely. But taking the latter hypothesis, the mental ray, so to speak, must have encountered many other brains in its course before impinging upon that of my correspondent's aunt. A ray of light or a wave of sound does not single out a solitary percipient among thousands who come within its radius, and a mental impulse, which acts differently, is not scientifically thinkable.

THE SPOOK QUESTION.

In the voluminous report of the Psychical Research Society on its "Census of Hallucinations," there is one little page that seems to me to knock the bottom out of all speculations with regard to external influence in the dreaming of dreams, or the seeing of visions, and to prove the purely subjective nature of such phenomena. It is a table in which the reported hallucinations are classified. If there are cerebral or spiritual radiations, which produce phantasms of the living and the dead, what are we to say to the visions of animals (which are said to have no souls), and still more of tables, chairs, lights, and other inanimate objects, of which a goodly number are reported to have made their appearance? After all, every ghost has its clothes, which are not spiritual, and some carry candles, papers, and clanking chains.

That is my great difficulty with regard to this spook question; and if apparitions of all kinds must be regarded as subjective, "telepathic" impressions may fairly be placed in the same category.

THE PARIAH.*

BY ALEXANDER BAIRD.

CHAPTER I.

"**M**ORE blows, Limbhai!" cried the Pariah Madak to his wife, as he staggered towards the door of his hut, his body bruised and swollen, and bleeding from a gaping wound on the head. "More blows to-day!" But there was a passion in his voice, a wild gleam in his eye, a determination about his lip which meant that a crisis was at hand, that the worm was turning at last upon the tormentors that so mercilessly trampled upon it.

Without doing aught to stop his bleeding, Madak called to his fellow Pariahs, who squatted at the doors of their huts lazily smoking the chilum or hookah, or lay about the ground half asleep, to draw nigh and listen.

They came, slowly, one by one, staring in wonderment, unable to comprehend what Madak's passion meant; but he astonished them more by what he said.

"Friends," he cried fiercely, "for many days you have seen me returning from the village bruised and bleeding, as I am now, from the blows of clubs and lathis. And why? Because I would not suffer myself to be treated as a Pariah, as you all do, nor cringe before the mighty Brahmin to be kicked like a dog."

Madak's audience gaped in stupid wonder, shrugged their lean shoulders, and shook their heads at what they considered was an insane presumption on the part of their brother.

But Madak was very different from what Pariahs usually are. He had not the low narrow brow, small bloodshot eyes, and apish cast of countenance, of his fellows. His high smooth forehead, sharp, intelligent eye, and regular features, stamped him as being a Pariah of an unusually superior character. It was said,

in fact, that he was the offspring of a marriage between a Brahmin woman and a military officer of the *Chuttree* caste, but his mother dying while he was yet a child, Madak became an outcast. Neglected by his father, while the relatives of his dead mother would not demean themselves by adopting the son of a *Chuttree*, Madak, driven from place to place, found no harbour till, exhausted and disheartened, he secured rest from his wanderings, and a home in a miserable little Pariah settlement on the outskirts of a village near the city of Madras.

Inheriting much of the intelligence and pride of his mother's superior caste, Madak, as the years rolled on, and as he grew to manhood, began to reason with himself on the unjust treatment he and his fellow Pariahs received at the hands of the villagers near whom they dwelt. They were not allowed to trade, even amongst themselves; for what menial work they were permitted, nay forced, to undertake, they were wretchedly paid; and when they ventured into the bazaars to purchase a meal of rice or *channa*, they were cruelly abused, and treated worse than the pariah dogs which infested the narrow streets, and which abuse they had to receive without murmur, or worse punishment might follow.

Thus, while Britain glories in the example she set the world, when, on the 1st of January, 1808, slavery was abolished in all her colonies, in India, which is sometimes spoken of as "the brightest gem in the British crown," there exists a class of people whose condition is worse than that of the African negro before the emancipation.

Little wonder, then, that a man of Madak's character, Pariah though he

might have been, should have become more discontented with his lot the more indignities he suffered.

Now he was determined to make a bold stroke for liberty. And thus it was he startled his fellow outcasts by appearing before them, all bruised and bleeding, and haranguing them as he did.

"My son," said a wrinkled, white-haired Pariah, addressing Madak, "you are young, and the fire of youth has not been cooled in you. As we have been born, so must we be contented with our lot. We are outcasts; it is our fate, and therefore we are unfit to come near the presence of those who belong to a caste. We are told that to do so is to offend, and we must, therefore, expect to be treated as Pariahs when we dare to mingle with them."

"It is our mistake to submit to it," Madak replied, heatedly. "I have often talked with myself, and I have said, what are we? Pariahs we are called. But are we not men and women like other people, from the lowly Sudra up to the great Brahmin? Are we not like them in form? Have we not eyes to see, and mouths to fill? Have we not been given limbs like theirs, to enable us to perform the same duties? Let me tell you what I have heard. When I was a child, and before I was driven from my home, I can remember going into a strange place, where I heard words addressed to a meeting of people belonging to all castes, which filled me with wonder, but which I could not then understand. Since I began to ponder over our condition as Pariahs, these words have come back to my mind. There were white-faced sahibs there, sons of the great Raj by which the country is governed, and they said that all men, even Brahmins and Pariahs, were fellow-subjects, that we are all equal, according to the great Raj, and were born for what they said was one

common purpose. Now, in talking with myself, I have said that this is justice. What the white sahibs said must be true; and if the great Raj says that we are all equal, why should we stay here to starve, to be trampled upon, and beaten till our blood is made to flow?"

As he proceeded, Madak grew more and more vehement, that some of his audience—poor creatures who accepted their lot as inevitable, and had never heard reasoning such as his—crouched in terror before him.

"Only a few days ago I spoke to myself, and said I should go to the village, and treat the people there as my equals, as the white sahibs said we were. I would not let them beat me, I would not clasp my hands, and salaam before them, but would walk amongst them as one of themselves. They laughed at me, called me impudent dog and foul pig, spat at me as I passed, and beat me; but I measured my strength with theirs, and showed them that I was stronger than they, for I threw many of them upon the ground. To-day some *lathials** were set to wait for me outside the village. But when they came upon me to beat me, I fought with them, and, with a lathi which I took from one of them, I made them all run from me; but I first received many blows, as you can see. Had I crouched before them like a coward they would have killed me. And now, what am I to do? If I stay here, they will not suffer me to live. I shall, therefore, go to the Governor Sahib of whom those white sahibs spoke, and he will tell me what we are to do."

Madak, having finished his harangue, left his astonished hearers and entered his hut, where sat his terrified wife, trembling for her husband, who, she thought, had lost his senses.

"You have heard me, Limbhai?" he said, addressing his wife. "I am going

* *Lathials*: Men hired to commit assault or murder

away for a time. I can bear this life no longer, and I shall not come back without doing something to improve our condition. I will take no money beyond a few pice to prevent my starving till I can earn more. All the money we have saved I leave to you."

Having thus, Pariah-like, so simply made his arrangements, Madak left his hut and walked away, having no concern regarding the safety of his wife and young family, who, he knew, would live just as well during his absence as with him to look after them.

But Madak was not fated to meet the Governor Sahib of whom he meant to crave audience in regard to the amelioration of the condition of his people.

He met an emigration agent who, perceiving in Madak a tall, lithe, strong and healthy man, determined to recruit him as a labourer for British Guiana.

The agent dwelt upon the richness of the country, told Madak how many men like he had gone there, and returned to their native villages in a short time men of wealth. There were no caste distinctions there; the strongest man, and he who worked hardest, was he who met with the greatest success.

The glorious tale of the emigration agent set poor Madak's brain in a whirl.

Here was emancipation offered! He would return at once, tell his wife and friends, and prevail upon them all to accompany him to this happy country where Pariahs occupied an equal footing with all.

But the emigrant-recruiter would not listen to Madak's proposal. There was no time. Emigrants were wanted at the depôt at once, as the ship was about to sail.

Madak persisting, the agent appeared to yield, but persuaded the poor Pariah to eat some food before beginning the return journey.

Being hungry, Madak ate a hearty

meal, while the emigrant-recruiter looked on smiling.

Madak's brain grew dull, his limbs became heavy, he began to nod. He would enjoy a sleep, he thought, before setting out, and then he would be all the fresher for the journey.

Asleep he was lifted into a bullock-cart, and asleep he was carried into the emigrants' depôt. He awoke at dawn, and, in a dazed, dreamy state, marched amongst a troop of coolies down to the ship which was to sail for British Guiana.

CHAPTER II.

THE village near which the Pariahs lived was all in commotion.

Madak had returned, and, having succeeded in saving a fair sum of money while in exile, had dared to set up in trade amongst them. Such impudence had never been known, and the whole community was so amazed that for a time Madak was left unmolested.

But the irruption came at last. It is true the villagers remembered how, years ago, when attacked in the bazaar, he had thrown his assailants in the mire; the story had not been forgotten, either, how he had defeated and put to flight the *lathials*, who had been hired to beat him, and they respected him accordingly.

Some of the tradesmen whose interests were most affected by Madak met, and having decided what course they should take, first ordered him to shut up shop.

Madak refused.

They then threatened him with violence; but Madak only laughed at them. Fortune had begun to smile upon him, and he remained as obdurate as before.

A proposal was made to slay him, and cast his carcase out of the village as food to the vultures; but there were some who shrank from staining their hands, even with a Pariah's blood. Nevertheless, they planned a scheme of persecution which delighted them more than the

putting of the offending Pariah to death, a plan which, for artfulness and fiendishness, may appear almost incredible, but which is only on a par with cases of a similar character which could be quoted as illustrating Oriental cunning and malignity.

One day a tradesman named Chotalal appeared before the village magistrate—a native—and charging one Madak with the theft of a box containing gold and silver ornaments, craved for a warrant to search the hated Pariah's premises, and apprehend the thief.

It was several days since the ornaments had been missed, Chotalal said, and he would never have suspected the Pariah had not a friend of his named Mundlik told him that he had seen Madak, the Pariah, lurking in a very suspicious manner near his premises.

Another witness, named Sherman, was found, who swore to having seen Madak carrying a box resembling the one described by Chotalal in the direction of the Pariahs' habitations.

That was enough, in the magistrate's opinion, to warrant him granting the authority craved; and that evening a crowd of people wended their way from the village towards the group of mud huts occupied by the Pariahs; for the news had rapidly spread that the detested Madak was to be arrested for theft.

Madak heard the shouts of the advancing mob, and emerging from his hut, stood watching them as they approached.

"This means some fresh persecution," he muttered to himself.

His wife also hearing the shouts, followed her lord and master to the door of the hut, and seeing the crowd, urged her husband to flee.

"Go, Madak!" said the woman in a tremor. "Go! or they will kill you."

"No!" he replied. "They fear me too much to attempt to kill me. I shall wait, and hear what they want."

"Hear the noise they make," entreated

the poor wife on her knees. "They are many, and they come in passion. Hide, Madak, hide!"

But he paid no heed to his excited wife, who clung round his limbs trying to force him to move.

He stood frowning at the advancing crowd, running his fingers through his thick, curly hair, as if puzzled to conceive the object of the noisy mob's mission. But he had not long to wait.

A Hindu policeman advanced, and, holding a paper in front of Madak, claimed him as his prisoner, whereupon the mob shouted with delight, some of them crowding around the Pariah and his crouching wife, howling and pointing at him, but, knowing his strength, keeping at a safe distance from his powerful hand.

"For what am I arrested?" Madak inquired, contemptuously eyeing the warrant as it was planted in his face, but not attempting to touch it.

"For theft," was the answer.

"And what am I charged with stealing?"

"Some gold and silver ornaments enumerated here—Sherman, step forward!" the police envoy called, and a little Hindu appeared turbaned like a Sudra. "Is that the man you saw running off with the box?"

The little Hindu with a frightened gesture assented, and dropped back behind some of the crowd, out of sight of the tall Pariah.

"This is a trick to get me into trouble," cried Madak. "But it is a lie; I am no thief. I know nothing about anyone's ornaments. Come and search. You shall find nothing here."

"That," said the policeman laughing, "is what we have come here for; and we shall very soon discover whether you know anything of the stolen property or not."

Along with Chotalal, who professed to be the owner of the missing jewellery, and

his two friends, Mundlik and Sherman, the policeman proceeded to inspect the Pariah's hut, and they became much interested in a spot outside, close to the mud wall.

There a man was ordered to dig ; and soon, little more than a foot down, a wooden box was unearthed, which Chotalal, with much demonstration of delight, immediately claimed as his box of ornaments.

Madak's eyes flashed, and his fists clenched in anger. He frowned on Chotalal and his other persecutors as if he would have liked to strangle them, while the crowd renewed their howling. Seeing the fates were against him, however, he quietly submitted, and with a glance of pity at his weeping wife, who squatted upon the ground tearing her hair and rocking herself to and fro, he suffered himself to be led away.

The charge had been carefully planned, the plot had been only too well laid, and as Madak had no evidence to offer in his defence—little good would it have done him could he have found any—conviction followed, as a matter of course.

To the poor persecuted Pariah's surprise, and to the intense delight of the crowd which filled the small village courtroom, the sentence passed by the judge was "two years' rigorous imprisonment."

Madak went to prison, where for some days he sullenly refused to undertake the tasks set him, while he harboured wild thoughts of revenge, and revolved in his mind plans of escape—designs, however, which he soon found it impossible to carry out. As he remained stubborn, the usual measures were taken to force him to work.

But while Madak, being in prison, was safe from his oppressors, they were not content. Though the proposal to put him to death had been rejected, his

enemies, excited with the success of their plot against him, continued their persecutions on the Pariah family ; and the news one day reached Madak, through a new prisoner, that his wife, driven desperate by cruelty and outrage, had, to put an end to a life of misery, killed her two children and herself with opium, a common mode of suicide in India.

His term of imprisonment ended, Madak went forth into the world a grey-haired, broken-hearted man. The look of the maniac was in his eye, and as he moved shivering along that cold January morning, with nothing but a thin muslin loin-cloth to shield that once stalwart, now emaciated, frame, he muttered words of vengeance, words which were meaningless.

The news was whispered through the village that the notorious Pariah, Madak, had been released.

Many received the information with merely a grunt or a forced laugh ; but there were others whose interest in the man was revived, and soon a crowd of people left the village, curious to see the Pariah who had created such a commotion two years ago.

Madak saw them coming, and with a wild laugh, ran limping towards the jungle near by. But he did not run far. A missile whizzed through the air, and, stunned, the poor Pariah dropped to the ground.

That evening, as the sun went down, a fierce battle was fought between some vultures and an army of crows over a mysterious pile of stones at the edge of the jungle. The smaller birds, great as was their force, were not strong enough to beat off the ferocious vultures, and many lay dead on the field of battle. But still, with loud caw and shriek, they fought on ; for the crows were hungry.

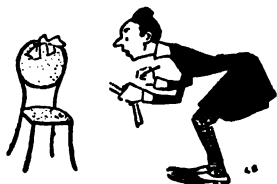
ARE INTERVIEWERS A BLESSING OR A CURSE?

BY THE INTERVIEWED.

BY MRS. LYNN LINTON, BARRY PAIN, W. T. STEAD, JOHN STRANGE WINTER,
AND W. L. ALDEN.

Scarcely so grave as a curse, but undoubtedly not to be ranked with the blessings of life, interviews and interviewers may stand as about the biggest nuisances and the most futile failures of all at present patronised by this crazy age. If we realise what they aim at doing and what they succeed in accomplishing, we shall see how thin their metal must be when they have hammered it out, and how inadequate are both their materials and their methods. In nothing whatsoever is a human being constructed on a single line. Complex all through, what is seen is not the whole; and sometimes it is not even the reality. Built up bit by bit, year by year—the consequence of events which cannot be related—of thoughts which lie too deep for words—of sorrows that are sacred—of experiences by which the whole meaning of life has been

Mrs. Lynn Linton
says Interviews
are a farce.



changed—the character becomes slowly modified from its original form, and in that modification is rendered both more intricate and more varied. And an interviewer comes in with a few superficial questions and a sharp look round on the

outsides of things, and presto! there you are, in a few sentences introduced to the world as a perfectly understood and perfectly represented human being! To be sure, the interviewer can tabulate the colour of your eyes, and come pretty near to that of your hair. If you have a soft voice, that goes down in a little verbal dab; if you have a harsh one, because you have a cold, that goes down, too, and your temporary hoarseness figures as a characteristic defect. Your furniture is supposed to represent your mind; your books—inherited—are as the spectroscope through which is strained the quality of your intellect, with corresponding lines showing its composition; your manners take rank as spiritual and ethical indications, without regard to momentary temper; and congenital shyness, or the smooth gloss of personal ease got by much intercourse with society, counts as so much valid self-revelation which cannot be gainsaid. The whole thing is the purest humbug from beginning to end; but editors find the fashion popular and paying, and few people are averse from the momentary notoriety thereby given.

Another thing that tells against the value of these interviews, is that each mind sees only what it brings, and that two interviewers do not necessarily give the same picture. The one finds the master impressive, dignified, even venerable. The other thinks him a surly old hunk who has nothing great about him save his name and his works. To a pert young shaver who skips into the room with a dancing-master's air, and takes the tone of a patron whose notice is both condescension and honour in one, my lady is as frozen as an iceberg and as rigid as a bar of iron. To a gentle, genial, and transparent young literary aspirant, who does not quite relish his task and is a little doubtful all through, she is as gentle as himself, as genial and as transparent, wishing to help a beginner in his career, and anxious to set at ease one who she knows is doing his mild inquisitions with reluctance and searchings of the heart. But the two men present her as each sees her, and Hecate has not more completely that mystic triplet of faces under one hood which makes the puzzle of mythologists, than has she when delineated by the man who was intolerable and by him who was sympathetic.

Certain editors, eager for this kind of questionable copy, make the wildest and least flattering suggestions, which they think the destined victim unutterably ill-natured when refused and resisted. Take a woman of more than mature age—a woman with her real life all behind her—a woman whose character has been moulded by sorrow, by experience, by disappointment, by success. An editor who has no sense of proportion and as little of delicacy, proposes an "interview" with a girl of twenty, before whom this woman, who might be her grandmother, is to unveil her soul and lay bare its hidden sores—a girl who has neither brains nor experience enough to enable her to judge of what she hears or to measure truly what she sees. And that is considered an honourable position for all concerned—for the man who proposes such a scalpel—for the girl who proposes to make such a dissection—for the woman of age and trial who is to be dissected! I do not see where a good word can be said for these cursory interviews and shallow interviewers. When you come to a Plato on Socrates, or a Boswell on Johnson, you come into a different region. Less than this, or than a well-considered and self-revealing Life, the thing is a farce and a decided nuisance as well.

* * * *

Barry Pain considers the interview helps to conceal one's real self.

I do not make this a personal question at all. I may once or twice have been interviewed, by mistake for somebody else, but I put any opinions and prejudices aside that I may have formed then. Looked at impartially, the question presents two important points—the point of right and the point of taste. They are both equally

simple. With regard to the point of right, it will readily be acknowledged—

That the public has a right to wish to know something of its celebrities in their homes.

That the editors of periodicals have a right to tell the public what they wish to know.

That the celebrities have a right to refuse to tell the editors or the public anything whatever, and to refuse to have "a cosy corner in the Library" photographed and reproduced.

At the same time, the celebrities should remember that, if they exercise their right, the periodicals will not contain interviews; that if they do not contain interviews the public will not buy them; that if the public does not buy them the periodicals will cease to appear; and, finally, that if there are no periodicals, the editors will all die of starvation and exposure; there will be no celebrities at all—for the press makes the celebrities, and without celebrities society will cease to exist. There would be other results—the coroners would be overworked, and the housemaids would have nothing to light the fires with in the morning—but I need not go into these. The refusal of a fifth-rate burlesque actress to tell an interviewer that she loves her art, and that he will be surprised to hear that her favourite recreation is gardening, would therefore swell the ranks of the unemployed, and tend to disintegrate the social system. The celebrity has a right to refuse to be interviewed—otherwise, where is the liberty of the subject? But a merciful celebrity will not exercise the right.

We come to the point of taste. You, as a celebrity (I take it for granted that you are a celebrity—most people are), will consider that, since the public wishes to pry into your private concerns, the public taste is bad. You will also consider that, since it is the public which has made you a celebrity by its appreciation of your high-kicking, poetry, trained dogs, cycle record, or statesmanship, the public taste is, therefore, good. These two conclusions cancel one another, and may be allowed to go out. You pass to the consideration of your own taste. Good taste decides that you cannot possibly have the furniture of your house, the expression of your face, the geniality of your smile, and all the affairs of your private life exposed to the public gaze. Good taste demands a certain reticence. Therefore—this is very important—if you have good taste, you will be interviewed as often as possible, and you may even find it necessary, in the interests of your own privacy, to pay papers to interview you. Nothing conceals one's real self better than an interview, except more interviews. Vary the information which you give to the interviewers; never tell two of them the same thing, and never tell any one of them anything approaching

the truth. Always see a proof; it is possible that the interviewer may have observed some little thing correctly, and it is necessary to strike it out. In this way, by the careful disposal of dummies supposed to be you, you will detract public attention from your real self and attain the privacy and reserve which your good taste demands.

* * * *

W. T. Stead's experiences of interviewers.

The answer to your question is, that it depends upon the interviewer, in the first place, and, in the second place, upon the mood of mind and state of body of the interviewed. I remember one of the first



bank presidents in Chicago telling me how, on one occasion, he was knocked up by an interviewer when he was in the joy of his first beauty sleep, after a long and fatiguing journey, in order that he might be interviewed upon some political or financial item that had just arrived by telegraph. My friend was very irate, refused to say a word, and waited the next day upon the editor to protest against such an outrage. The editor justified his interviewer, whereupon my friend replied: "All right; but bear in mind that if ever such a thing is repeated, I shall hire a stalwart man to ring your door-bell every night for a week an hour after you have gone to bed, and he will keep on ringing until you will come down, and answer the door." The threat was sufficient, and the bank president was never again troubled at midnight by an inquisitive interviewer.

As a rule, interviewers are neither blessings nor curses, but conveniences or inconveniences. Inconveniences when you are busy, or when you do not want to be asked questions; conveniences when you want to get your ideas into circulation, or to announce facts for which you wish a wide publicity. I remember the first public man in England who consented to be interviewed was Mr. Forster. I interviewed him immediately after his return from Bulgaria, a dozen years ago, and that astute statesman made a remark which I have never forgotten. He said: "I have no objection to be interviewed, for I think the interview affords a public man an invaluable agency for launching his ideas without responsibility, and enabling him to feel the public pulse before formally committing himself on the subject; but," said Mr. Forster, "there are



two provisos. First, no interview should ever be published until the proof or the MS. has been submitted to the person interviewed for his correction; and, secondly, the fact that the interview has been read before its publication by the interviewed should never be revealed to the world, otherwise an interview which was known to have been revised by the person interviewed would be almost as compromising to him as if he had written a signed article or made a public speech."

I have always acted upon Mr. Forster's advice, and cordially recommend it to all journalists, as embodying the last word on this subject. I have had a pretty extensive experience, both as interviewer and interviewed, as the result of which I should say that those whom you interview are most impressed with the marvellous accuracy of your memory when you make them talk a great deal better than they did. An interviewer is rather a nuisance when he has to use his note-book. He should rely upon his memory, or he should take a verbatim note, and very few men are able to dictate an interview to a stenographer. Mr. Chauncey Depew told me this summer that there was only one man in the New York press who could take down his observations satisfactorily in an interview, and yet I know few persons who speak more deliberately in dictating than Chauncey Depew.

On the whole, although I have suffered many things from interviewers, I have only reason to complain of two rascals. One interviewed me at Chicago, and made me say exactly the things which I did not say, but which he had specially asked me to say, and which I had refused to say. That interviewer, although then located at Chicago, was, I am sorry to say, an Englishman. The other interviewer of whom I have to complain was a gentleman at Montreal, who published an account of an interview which he had from me on my arrival in that city, in which I expressed various opinions, and made sundry observations, which I heard of for the first time when I read it in the paper. The interview was purely imaginary, although he had palmed it off upon his editor as a genuine document. His excuse was the train was late, he was tired, the "copy" was wanted, and he thought he could construct an interview that would read fairly well; and so he did; but when I publicly stated the fact that I had never seen him, there was a mild sensation in the meeting, as may be imagined. The editor who had been hoaxed was present, and jumped up and protested. With these exceptions I have suffered little from interviewers. I may have



inflicted much suffering on those I interviewed, but it is not for me to speak of that.

* * * *

John Strange Winter says it all depends upon the interviewer.

Surely the terms Blessing and Curse are quite improper when applied to the interviewer. One can hardly imagine an interviewer being a blessing, and one would not certainly permit him to become a curse.

But admitting, for the sake of argument and the purposes of this gossip, that he may be one or the other, then it must be acknowledged that the case is very fairly stated by the phrase, "Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other."



For instance, when an interviewer comes to you in the guise of a personal friend, writes all he knows about you—and a good deal he does not know—and without so much as a with your leave or by your leave, prints it in some journal, that interviewer may be a curse.

When an interviewer comes by appointment at three of the clock in the afternoon, stays to tea, then to dinner, then for a little something before taking his departure at one the next morning, leaving you in a state of utter exhaustion and in the pleasant possession of a feeling that you have made an exceedingly poor impression on him, that interview may seem like a curse; but if he turns out the most charming and natural sketch that has ever been done of you, you will suddenly realise that there is a silver lining to every cloud, and will always think of him as a blessing, though in disguise.

When an interviewer asks you to sit, and airily mentions a journal in which you would like such a sketch to appear, that interviewer may seem to be a very decided blessing; but when you afterwards find that you are being hawked up and down Fleet Street in company with a fashionable preacher and a variety actress, you will very definitely pronounce in favour of calling that interviewer a curse.



When an interviewer does not understand his mother tongue, and calls your complexion sallow when you consider it merely pale, that interviewer may be a curse.

When an interviewer comes to dine with you in a friendly way, visits your children in bed, admires your home, enjoys your dinner, and

draws out all that is best in you, that interviewer will generally turn out a decided blessing.

When an interviewer tells you at parting that he has enjoyed himself amazingly, and that whatever he may chance to say in print about you is most emphatically *not* his own and candid opinion, it is a foregone conclusion that he will turn out very much the opposite of a blessing.



When an interviewer begins his interview with the words, "Now, Mrs. Stannard, what is your opinion on woman's rights?" and follows it up by an answer thirty lines in length of ready-made opinions which you have never held and never will hold, that interviewer is certainly not a blessing.

When an interviewer describes your modest London house as if it were a royal palace, it may be a blessing as far as the unsophisticated provincial public is concerned; but, on the other hand, such description will probably draw down on you an unwarranted inquiry from the Income Tax Office, and will prove a very real curse.

When an interviewer maintains a frigid reserve during your entire interview, you may feel that the result will be far from blessed; but later you may find that he is only shy, and that his heart was all the time overflowing with blessings on you for what you had privately characterised as your inane cackle. He will probably prove a lasting blessing.

When an interviewer gushes over you, then Heaven help you! For she will glorify even the fact that your chimney chanced to smoke on the occasion of her visit, as if you had arranged this display purposely in her honour.

Yet, blessing or curse, which ever it prove, the interviewer is a necessity of our times: a blessing in making you better known to the public which takes an interest in you because of something that you have achieved; a curse in a sense, in making you feel how little there really is for the great generous public to be interested in. They say that clairvoyants cannot see for themselves; the interviewed could not write their own interviews, for they know too well the nakedness of the land. Truly, the most difficult thing in the world is to be a celebrity to one's self.



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W. L. Alden believes
the Interviewer
demoralises the
community.

To speak of the Interviewer as a mere curse, is infinitely to underrate his demoralising effect upon the community which mistakenly permits him to live. He is the most potent force in the manufacture of liars and hypocrites that ever existed. The man who submits to an interview knows that he is talking for publication. He, therefore, expresses all sorts of nice hypocritical sentiments which he thinks will please the public, and he abstains from expressing his real convictions because the public would not approve of them. In other words, he persistently lies, and it is the Interviewer who instigates him to lie. As for the Interviewer himself, his trade is to lie. He must make an interesting article out of his interview with this or that man, and if the man is dull and uninteresting, as he almost invariably is, the Interviewer feels compelled to put sentences in his victim's mouth which will make the report of the interview readable. That is to say, the report of the interview is always more or less untrue, and the Interviewer depends on the piquancy of his lies for his success with his readers. The interview



view is said to have been invented in America. Doubtless this is the reason why no American politician ever speaks the truth. Before the invention of interviewing, there were three well-authenticated instances of American politicians who, under extreme provocation, had told the exact truth, but not a single instance of the kind is on record since the appearance of the Interviewer.

The demoralising work of the interview is not confined solely to the Interviewer and the Interviewed. The reader of the interview feels confident that the Interviewed lied when he made any definite statement; and further, that the Interviewer lied when he said that the Interviewed made the statement in question. The reader feels that he is, so to speak, soaked in falsehood, and in this condition he loses, to a great extent, his original reverence for the truth. St. Paul, in his passing reference to an interview between a Cretan poet and a Cretan reporter, spoke in no uncertain terms as to the essential immorality of interviewing. Since that date, interviewing has grown to such proportions that it is doubtful if a Cretan reporter would have imagination enough either to interview or be interviewed successfully.





THE NEW WOMAN AND HER CIGARETTE.



RAW, BUT PROMISING !



THE LAST TOUCH.

Drawn by R. Sanber.

THE IDLER.

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THE LAST TOUCH.

DO you never tire of the glint and glare,
Of the faces that rise and fade and pass?
Or sometimes suddenly, unaware,
Do you dream of the restful green of grass,
And see the light's first ripple break
At the edge of the world for Summer's sake?

Perhaps your life is a doubtful game
With death for umpire and love for prize;
Perhaps the passion you cannot tame
For ever lurks in your lips and eyes,
And men who have seen your living heart
Applaud the fire of your matchless art!

It is ill to be curious overmuch,—
And you, you smile in your own sweet way. * * *
There, over the eyebrows, just one touch,—
So,—you are ready. Now, the play:
Whether yours be folly's or wisdom's cup,
The house is waiting, the curtain's up.

CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.

TWINS!

BY RICHARD MARSH.

I.

"MRS. and Miss Danvers."

Mr. Hubert Buxton, standing at the office window of the hotel, glancing at the visitors' book on the desk at his right, saw the names among the latest arrivals. They caught his eye. "Pontresina" was stated to be the place from which they had lately come.



"THE GLASS DOOR OPENED TO ADMIT A LADY."

"It is *the* Danvers, for a fiver—Cecil's Danvers."

Strolling from the office window, he took a letter—a frayed letter—from his pocket-book. It was post-marked "Pontresina." The signature was "Cecil Buxton"—it was from his brother.

"Dear Hubert," it ran, "you really must get something to do! Your request for what you call an 'advance' is absurd. So far from 'advancing' you anything I shall have to cut short the allowance I have been making you. I have met here a Mrs. and Miss Danvers. I have asked Miss Danvers to do me the honour to marry me. She has consented. When that event comes to pass—which will be very shortly—your allowance will recede to a vanishing point. That you will get something to do is, therefore, the advice of your affectionate brother, Cecil Buxton."

"It would be an odd coincidence," reflected Hubert, "if that Miss Danvers is this Miss Danvers."

An idea occurred to his fertile—too fertile—brain. As the first glimmerings of the idea burst on him, Hubert smiled.

In giving birth to Cecil and Hubert Buxton, Nature had been indulging in one of her freaks. They were twins—born within a few seconds of each other. Cecil came first. Hubert came, with all possible expedition, immediately after. Babies are proverbially alike. These babies were so much alike that, when they were undressed, no one ever pretended to be able to tell one from the other. The resemblance outlived babyhood. As the years went on, Cecil was always being taken for Hubert, Hubert for Cecil. The unfortunate part of the business was that the resemblance was merely superficial. Inside, they were altogether different. Cecil was solid and steady, while Hubert—well, at that particular moment he was quartered at that fashionable Bournemouth hotel, without money in his pocket with which to pay his hotel bill, and with nobody within reach from whom he could borrow a five-pound note.

"If," he told himself, "*this* Danvers is

that Danvers, I might make something out of that fatal likeness after all."

It would not be, by any means, the *first* time he had made something out of the "fatal likeness," but on that, in this place, we need not dwell. He strolled along the corridor, the open letter in his hand, biting his nails and thinking over things as he went. As he approached the glass door which led into the grounds, it opened to admit a lady. At sight of him she stopped.

"Cecil!" she exclaimed.

Hubert looked at her. She was a magnificent woman, planned altogether on a magnificent scale, with a profusion of red-gold hair, and a pair of the biggest and brightest eyes Hubert, with all his wide experience, ever remembered to have seen.

"It is the Danvers!" he inwardly decided. "What a one!"

But he was equal to the occasion. He generally was—more than equal. He held out his hand to her with a little sudden burst.

"You!" he cried.

The lady, however, did not immediately respond to his advances. On the contrary, she put her hands behind her back.

"This is an unexpected pleasure. I didn't expect to see you here. I thought you were in Paris."

As a matter of fact, according to the most recent advices, Cecil was in Paris. But, of course, Hubert had nothing to do with that.

"I only arrived last night. You—you don't seem glad to see me?"

"It is rather I who should ask the question. Are you glad to see me?"

There was a dryness in her tone which grated on Hubert's ears.

"This is a case in which diplomacy is required. I wonder what there's been between them." Aloud he remarked, "Can you not forget and forgive?"

"Cecil, do you mean it?" She glanced behind her as if in sudden agitation. "I

cannot stop now. Meet me in the garden after dinner."

She was gone before he even had a ghost of feeling his way.

II.

"CECIL! Where are you? Here?"

Hubert, who had been leaning against the wall, came out into the moonlight. The lady stood on the top of the steps. The moon shone full upon her. It lit up the glory of her red-gold hair. She was clad in full evening dress. Her little opera cloak, which had slipped off her shoulders, revealed, rather than concealed, her magnificent proportions. Hubert, eyeing her critically from below, told himself that she was certainly a "one!"

"I am afraid I am late. I hope you haven't been waiting long."

"Nothing to speak of. Just time enough to enjoy a cigar—and to dream of you."

"Cecil! For shame! Is it damp? I have only my thin shoes on."

She held one out in evidence. Hubert liked the look of it.

"It is as dry as tinder; just the night for lovers."

"I really think it is." She came down the steps. "How glorious!" Laying her hand upon his arm, she looked into his eyes with her big ones. "As you say, it is just the night for lovers."

They began to stroll. She spoke—

"It seems strange, after all that has passed between us, that you and I should be walking here together."

"It does seem strange." It certainly did.

"After all the hard things you have thought and said of me." There was a pause. She looked down, speaking softly: "Call me by my pet name."

He slightly started. But he was not the sort of man to remain long at a loss. As he turned to her and answered, in his voice there was a ring of passionate intensity.

"Tell me by what name to call you!"

"Call me Angel"

"Angel! My angel of love! My angel of all good things!"

"Cecil!"

Their lips met in a kiss. As they did so, he told himself that if she was Cecil's idea of an angel, she wasn't his. But she was certainly a "oner." He wondered if she had been christened "Angel" Danvers. What a weapon with which to chastise a wife!

"Cecil, let us understand each other. You are not trifling with me again?"

"Need you ask?" This time he was fairly startled. "I am afraid that after all which has passed between us, I need —"

"You do mean to make me your wife?"

"Make you my wife? Good heavens! What do you suppose I mean?"

"Then you do not believe I cheated?"

"Cheated!"

"You don't believe that man? You don't believe the lies they said of me?"

"Never for one single instant."

His outspoken denial seemed to take her aback.

"Then, if you didn't believe it, why—but never mind! Cecil, it would be useless to pretend to you that I have been the best of women, but I swear that I will be a good wife to you until I die."

"My own," he murmured. To himself he said, "There seems to have been a good deal more romance about this little affair of Cecil's than I supposed."

Her manner changed.

"Let us talk of something else! Let us talk of you. Tell me of yourself, my love!"

"Well," said Hubert, the ever-ready, "for the moment I am in rather an awkward predicament."

"What is it?"

"The fact is"—he looked her straight in the face, and never turned a hair—"my remittances seem to have all gone wrong. I am landed here with empty pockets."

She laughed. "Let me be your banker, will you?"

"With pleasure."

"I'm quite rich, for me. I've got a heap of money in my purse, if I can only find it." She found it, after long seeking. "How much would you like—twenty pounds?"

"Thank you."

"Should I make it thirty?"



"'CECIL! WHERE ARE YOU?'"

"If you could make it thirty."

Some bank-notes changed hands. He thrust them into his waistcoat-pocket, telling himself that that was something on account at any rate.

"Now, your remittances must make haste and come. Thirty pounds is nothing to you; it is a deal to me. Now I am destitute."

She held out her purse for him to see. It still contained a couple of bank-notes and some gold.

"I suppose you couldn't manage to spare the rest?" he said.

"You greedy thing! I can scarcely believe you are the Cecil Buxton I used to know—he would never have condescended to borrow thirty pounds from me. Do you know, it isn't only that you are nicer, but, somehow, even your manner and your voice seem different."

"Do you think so?" They were standing under the shadow of a tree. He leaned back against the tree. "By the way, I have been remiss. I ought to have inquired after your mother."

"My mother?" She started.

"I see your names are bracketed in the visitors' book together."

"Our names bracketed in the visitors' book together! You are dreaming!"

"I saw them there—Mrs. and Miss Danvers."

"Mrs. and Miss Danvers! Cecil! what do you mean?"

It was his turn to stare. Her manner had all at once become quite singular.

"What do *you* mean? Isn't your mother with you?"

"Cecil, are you making fun of me?"

Hubert felt that, in some way, he was putting his foot in it—though he did not quite see how.

"Nothing is further from my thoughts than to make fun of you. But when I saw Mrs. Danvers' name in the visitors' book——"

"Whose name?"

"When I saw Mrs. and Miss Danvers there as large as life——"

The lady moved a step away from him. All at once she became, as it were, a different woman entirely.

"I see that you are the same man after all. The same Mr. Cecil Buxton. The same cold, calculating, sneering cynic. Only you happen to have broken out in another place. I presume you have been having a little amusement at my expense on a novel plan of your own. But this time, my friend, you have gone

too far. You have asked me, in so many words, to be your wife—I dare you to deny it! You have borrowed money—I dare you to deny that, too! I am not so unprotected as you may possibly imagine. I took the precaution to wire this morning for a friend. You will marry me, or we shall see!"

The lady swept him a splendid curtsey, and—walked off. He was so taken aback by the sudden change in her deportment that he made not the slightest attempt to arrest her progress. He stared after her, in the moonlight, open-eyed and open-mouthed.

"Well, she is a *oner*! I've done something, though I don't know what. And I've done it somehow, though I don't know how. Cecil ought to be grateful to me for ridding him of her. They'd never have been happy together, I'll stake my life on it. Hallo! Who's this? More adventures!"

There was a rustling behind him. He turned. Someone came out of the shadow of the tree. It was a young girl. She was clad in a plain black silk dinner dress. A shawl was thrown over her shoulders. He could see that she had brown hair and pleasant features. She addressed to him a question which surprised him.

"Who is that woman?" she asked.

She pointed after the rapidly retreating "Angel" with a gesture which was almost tragic. He raised his hat.

"I beg your pardon? I don't think I have the pleasure——"

She paid no attention to his words.

"Who is that woman?" she repeated.

"Which woman?"

"That woman?"

"Really I—I think there's some mistake——"

To his amazement she burst into a passion of tears.

"Cecil, don't speak to me like that—don't! don't! don't!"

Hubert stared. The young lady

dropped her hands from before her face. She looked at him with streaming eyes.

"Who is that woman? Tell me! I've been longing for your coming, thinking of all that I should say to you, wishing that the minutes were but seconds—and you've been here all the time! You must have come hours before you told me that your train was due. What is the meaning of it all?"



"HE WAS TAKEN ABACK."

"That is precisely what I should like to know."

"I came out here that I might be alone before our meeting. I heard the sound of voices, and I thought that one of them was yours—I could not believe it. I listened. I heard you talking to that woman. I saw her kiss you. Oh, Cecil! Cecil! my heart is broken!"

She tottered forward, all but falling into Hubert's arms. He tried to soothe

her. *Sotto voce* he told himself that Cecil had more romance in his nature than he had given him credit for. His complications in the feminine line appeared to be worthy of the farces at the Palais Royale. In the midst of her emotion, the young lady in his arms continued to address him.

"Why—did you—tell me—you were coming—by one train—when—all the time—you must have meant—to come by another. I—have your letter here—"

From the bosom of her dress she drew an envelope. Hubert made a dash at it.

"My letter? Permit me for an instant!"

With scant ceremony he took it from her hand. He glanced at the address—recognising Cecil's well-known writing.

"Miss—Miss Danvers! Are you—are *you*—Miss Danvers?"

The girl shrunk from him. Her tears were dried. Her face grew white. "Cecil!" she exclaimed.

"Forgive me if my question seems a curious one, but—are you Miss Danvers?"

The girl shrunk away still more. Her face grew whiter. She spoke so faintly her words were scarcely audible.

"Cecil! Give me back my letter, if you please!"

He handed her back her envelope. "Miss Danvers, I entreat you——"

But the look of scorn which was on her face brought even Hubert to a standstill. As he hesitated, she "fixed him with her eyes." He had seldom felt so uncomfortable as he did just then. He seemed to feel himself growing smaller simply because of the scorn which was in her eyes.

"Good evening, *Mister Buxton*."

She slightly inclined her head—and

was gone. Hubert stared after her dumb-founded. When he did recover the faculty of speech he hardly knew what use to make of it.

"Well—I've done it! If *she's* Miss Danvers—who is Angel? Cecil will thank me for the treat which I'm preparing for him. I knew this fatal likeness would dog me to the grave. Why was I born a twin?"

He strolled slowly toward the building. As he entered the hall, a lady was coming along the corridor. At sight of him she quickened her pace. She advanced to him with outstretched hands. She was a lady of perhaps forty years of age.

"Cecil!" she cried.

But Hubert was not to be caught with salt. He had had enough, for the present, of Cecil and—of Cecil's feminine friends. Ignoring her outstretched hands, he slightly raised his hat.

"Pardon me, you have the advantage of me, Madam."

The lady seemed bewildered. She stared at him as if she could not believe her eyes and ears. The door through which Hubert had just entered from the grounds was re-opened at his back. A figure glided past him. It was the young girl from whom he had just parted—in not too cordial a manner. She went straight to the lady, slipping her arm through hers.

"Mamma, Mr. Buxton has declined to acknowledge my acquaintance as he declined to acknowledge yours. I think I can give you a sufficient reason for his doing so, if you will come with me, dear mother."

"Hetty!" murmured the elder woman, still plainly at a loss.

"Come!" said the girl. They went, leaving Hubert to stare.

"Well—I've gone one better! That's Mrs. Danvers, I presume. So I've contrived to insult the mother and the daughter too. Cecil will shower blessings

on my head. Who *can* that Angel be?"

As he was about to follow the ladies along the corridor, someone touched him on the arm. Turning, he saw that a stranger in a black frock coat stood at his side.

"What were you saying to those ladies?" this person asked.

"What the deuce is that to do with you? And who the devil are you?"

"It has this to do with me, that I am the manager of this hotel, and that it is sufficiently obvious that your presence is objectionable to those ladies. Moreover, under existing circumstances, it is objectionable to me. It is a rule of this hotel that accounts are paid weekly. You have been here more than three weeks, and your first week's bill is yet unpaid. You have made sundry promises, but you have not kept them. I don't wish to have any unpleasantness with you, sir, but I regret that I am unable to accommodate you with a bed, in this hotel, to-night."

Hubert felt a trifle wild. He was capable of that feeling now and then. As they were advancing in one direction, two gentlemen, a tall and a short one, were advancing towards them in the other. They were coming to close quarters. Hubert was conscious that the manager's outspoken observations could not be altogether inaudible to the approaching strangers. So he rode as high a horse as he conveniently could.

"As for your bill, I will see it hanged first. As for your insolence, I will report it to your employers. As for myself, I shall only be too glad to go at once."

One of the approaching strangers—the tall one—suddenly standing still, placed himself in front of Hubert in such a way as to bar his progress. With the finger tips of his right hand he tapped him lightly on the chest.

"Not just at once, dear Buxton, not just at once. Not before you have said a few words to me."

"And to me," said the short man, who stood beside his taller companion. Hubert looked from one to the other.

"Nor me?" echoed the little one.

"But it does not matter. Perhaps you have a bad memory, my dear Buxton."

The big man's manner was affable. He turned to the manager. "You must excuse us for one moment, we have just a word to say to our friend Buxton. Here is our little private sitting-room most convenient — just a word."

Before Hubert had altogether realised the situation, the big man had thrust his arm through his, and drawn him into a sitting-room which opened off the corridor from the left. When they were in, the big man locked the door—he not only locked the door, but in an ostentatious manner he pocketed the key.

III.

"So, Mr. Buxton, you don't know me?"

"Nor me?"

The larger stranger stood against the door.

"And pray who may you be?" he inquired.

"You do not know me?" asked the big stranger.

The lesser one, who appeared to be acting as echo, leaned against a table. He began, with a slightly overacted air of carelessness, to roll a cigarette. There



"HE TOOK IT FROM HER HAND."

was something about this little man which Hubert did not like at all. He was a short, wiry individual, with long, straight black hair, hollow, sallow, shaven cheeks, high projecting cheek-bones, and a pair of small black eyes, which he had a trick of screwing up until only the pupils could be seen. His personal attractions were not enhanced by a huge mole which occupied a conspicuous place in the middle of his left cheek. But if he liked the appearance of the small man little, it was not because he liked the appearance of the tall man more. This was a great hulking fellow, with sandy whiskers and moustache, and a manner which, in spite of its greasy insinuation, Hubert felt was distinctly threatening.

"Is it really possible, Mr. Buxton, that I have had the misfortune to escape your memory?"

"And me?"

Hubert glanced from one to the other. That the little man was a foreigner, probably an Italian, he made up his mind at once. As to the nationality of the big man he was not so sure. He had had dealings with some strange people in his time, both at home and abroad. But he could not recollect encountering either of these gentlemen before.

"I do not remember having ever seen either of you."

"Oh, you do not remember?" The big man came a step nearer. "You do not remember that pleasant evening in that little room at Nice?"

"You do not remember slapping my face?" quickly exclaimed the little man, suddenly slapping his own right cheek with startling vigour.

"You do not remember accusing me of cheating you at cards?"

"You do not remember placing an insult on me! on me! on me!"

All at once, abandoning the process of manufacturing his cigarette, the little man came and placed himself in even uncomfortable proximity to Hubert's person.

"My friend, my cheek is burning to this very hour."

Hubert did not like the look of things at all. He was *sure* he had never seen these men before.

"I understand the position exactly. You are doing what people constantly are doing—you are mistaking me for my brother."

"Mistaking you for your brother? I am mistaking you for your brother?"

"And me!" cried the little man, again saluting his own cheek smartly. "You liar!"

The big man's manner was insulting. Hubert felt he must resent it.

"How dare you——"

But the sentiment died down into his boots as the big man came at him with a sudden ferocity which seemed to cause the beating of his heart to cease.

"How dare I! You dare to speak a word to me. Liar! I will kill you where you stand."

"As for me," remarked the short man, affably, "I have this, and this." From one recess in his clothing he took a revolver. From another, a long, glittering, and business-like, if elegant, knife.

"All these years I have not been able to make up my mind if I will shoot you like a dog, or stick you like a pig—which you are."

"Gentlemen," explained Hubert, with surprising mildness, "I assure you you are under a misapprehension. The likeness between my brother and myself is so striking that our most intimate friends mistake one for the other."

"For whom, then, did my sister mistake you this morning and to-night?"

A light flashed upon Hubert's brain. "You mean Angel?"

"You call her Angel! He calls her Angel!"

"I hear," observed the little man.

"If you will allow me to explain!"

The big man made a gesture of refusal. But the little man caught him by the arm. "Let the liar speak," he said.

The big man, acting on his friend's advice, let the—that is, he let Hubert speak. Availing himself of the courteously offered permission, Hubert did his best to make things clear.

"I am not—as I would have told you before if you would have let me—I am not Cecil, but Hubert Buxton." The big man made another gesture. Again the little man restrained him. "We are twins. All our lives it has been difficult to tell one from the other. Of recent years, I understand, the resemblance between us has grown even greater. But the likeness is only skin deep. Cecil is the elder by, I believe, about thirty seconds. He is a rich man, and I am a poor man—bitterly poor."

The big man spoke. "And you dare to tell me that you have been making love to my sister under a false name? Very good, I have killed a man for less. But I will not kill you—not yet—Is your handwriting as much like your brother's as you are?"

"My fist is like Cecil's."

"So! Sit down." Hubert sat down. "Take that pen." He took the pen. He dipped it in the ink. "Write, 'I promise to marry——'"

"What's the good of my promising to marry anyone? Don't I tell you that I'm without a sou with which to bless myself?"

"Write, my friend, what I dictate. 'I promise to marry——'" Hubert wrote it—"Marian Philipson Peters——"



"MR. BUXTON HAS DECLINED TO ACKNOWLEDGE MY ACQUAINTANCE."

"And who the—something is Marian Philipson Peters?"

"Marian Philipson Peters—Mrs. Philipson Peters, is my sister."

It seemed to be a tolerably prosaic

paraphrase of "Angel." Hubert, if the expression of his features could be trusted, appeared to think so.

"And what possible advantage does your sister propose to derive from my promising, either in black and white or in any other way, to marry her? Does the lady propose to pay my debts, or to provide me with an income?"

"Attend to me, my friend—write what I dictate." The big man laid his hand on Hubert's shoulder with an amount of pressure which might mean much—or more! Hubert looked up. The pressure increased. "Write it."

The little man was standing on the other side of the unwilling scribe. He had his revolver in one hand, his knife in the other. "Write it!" he said.

Up went Hubert's shoulders—he wrote it. The big man continued his dictation. "'Within three months after date.'"

"What on earth——"

"Write—'Within three months after date.'"

"Oh, I'll write anything. I'll promise to marry her within three minutes—to oblige you."

The big man examined what Hubert had written.

"Very like—very like indeed. So like Cecil Buxton's handwriting that I plainly perceive, my friend, that you are the prince of all the liars. Now sign it." He arrested Hubert's hand. "Sign it—'Cecil Buxton.'"

Hubert glanced up. He dropped his pen. "Now I see!"

"Pick up that pen."

"With pleasure." He picked it up.

"Sign it—'Cecil Buxton.'"

The big man spoke in a tone of voice which could not, truthfully, be described as friendly.

"In other words—commit forgery."

The tall man turned to the short one.

"Eugene, who is to use your revolver? Is it you or I? I swear to you that if this scoundrel, this contemptible villain,

does not make all the reparation to my sister that is in his miserable power, I will blow his brains out as he is sitting here."

The short man smiled—not pleasantly.

"Leave to me, my friend, that sacred duty—the sacred duty of being executioner. I have long had a little grudge of my own against Mr. Cecil Buxton. I have one of those little insults to wipe out which can only be wiped out by—blood. I have not doubted all the time that this is Mr. Cecil Buxton. I doubt it still less now that I have seen him write."

"I swear to you——"

The big man cut Hubert uncivilly short. He repeated his command. "Sign it—'Cecil Buxton.'"

Hubert looked from one face to the other. He was conscious—painfully conscious!—that his was not a pleasant situation. He saw murder on the short man's face. He did not like the look of his revolver. He held it far too carelessly. That he was the sort of man who would entertain no kind of conscientious scruple against shooting him, to use his own words, like a dog, he felt quite certain.

"Let me say one word?" he pleaded.

The big man refused him even that grace. "Not one!"

While Hubert hesitated, the pen between his fingers, there came a rapping at the door.

IV.

THE cause of that rapping at the door was this.

Cecil Buxton arrived by the train by which he had informed Miss Danvers, by letter, that he would arrive. Hastily seeing his luggage on to a cab, he drove off to the hotel. In the hall he encountered a porter.

The porter greeted him in rather a singular manner, scarcely as hotel porters are wont to greet arriving guests.

"What! Back again!" Cecil stared, as, under the circumstances, any man would stare. "This won't do, you know.

I know all about it—you've been chucked. My orders is, not to let you into the place again."

"My good man," said Cecil, fully

"Remove your hand!" he cried.

There was a moment's pause, and during that moment's pause another lady came down the stairs. The bewildered

Cecil rushed to her.

"Mrs. Danvers, has everybody gone mad? What is the matter with Hetty?" There was no mistake about it this time. The lady was so desirous that none of her garments should come into contact with Cecil that, the better to draw them



"HUBERT GLANCED FROM ONE TO THE OTHER."

believing that what he said was true, "you're drunk."

Just then a lady came down the staircase. He recognised her—recognised her well. He rushed towards her.

"Hetty!" he cried.

The lady gave a start, but not the sort of start he had reason, and good reason, to expect. She turned, she looked at him—with scornful eyes. She drew back, seeming to remove her very gown from any risk of personal contact.

"I half expected to see you at the station. Hetty, what—what's the matter?"

The lady said nothing, but she looked at him—and she walked away, her head held very high in the air.

"Now you've got to come out of this!" The porter who had followed him across the hall laid his hand upon his shoulder. Cecil swung round. And he not only swung round, but he swung the porter off, and that with a degree of vigour which possibly took that official by surprise.

away from him, she clutched her skirts with both her hands. *She* spoke—

"How dare you, sir, address yourself to me?" She turned to the porter with an air of command. "Desire this person to stand out of my way."

And she swept off, Cecil staring at her like a man in a dream.

"Well, sir?" Cecil turned. A decently-attired, and even gentlemanly, individual was standing at his side. "Have you returned to pay your bill?"

Cecil looked him up and down. In his appearance he noted no signs of insanity, nor of intoxication either.

"Are you the manager of this establishment?"

"You know very well that I am. Pray don't let's have any nonsense."

"Allow me to give you my card." Cecil handed him his "pasteboard." "I left Paris last night. I have been travelling all day. I arrived five minutes ago in your hotel. What is the meaning of the treatment which has been accorded me?"

The manager regarded him with a smile which scarcely came within the definition of a "courteous smile."

"You are certainly a character."

"Explain yourself."

"Surely not much explanation is required. It is only a few minutes ago since I informed you that your presence in this establishment could no longer be permitted, and now you favour me with this amazing story."

Cecil started forward. A new light came into his eyes.

"Has anyone been staying here resembling me?"

"So much resembling you that we shall be obliged if you will pay his bill, which lies, unpaid, on the cashier's desk."

Cecil gave an exclamation—not of pleasure.

"By Jove! It's Hubert! I see it all! He has been up to some of his infernal tricks with Hetty and her mother! If he has!" He turned upon the manager, "Where is he?"

The manager hesitated.

"Where is who? *You* are standing here. When I last saw you, you were entering a private sitting-room with two gentlemen who happened to have a particular desire for your society."

"Where is this sitting-room?"

"I will show you if you really don't know." The manager led the way—still smiling. Cecil went after him. As they moved along a corridor, into which the manager turned, they came upon a lady who was standing outside one of the sitting-rooms, and who, not to put too fine a point on it, seemed listening at the door. Her back was turned towards them as they advanced. It was only when they were quite close to her that she seemed to become conscious of their approach. When she arrived at such a state of consciousness she sprang up—she had been stooping a good deal forward before—and sprang round. She

was in evening dress. A fine, tall, generously proportioned woman, with



"LAID HIS HAND
ON HUBERT'S
SHOULDER."

big bright eyes, and red-gold hair, she was Hubert's "oner"—"Angel." As her glance fell upon Cecil she gave a start—a most melodramatic start—so melodramatic a start that she bumped herself, quite unintentionally, but with considerable force, against the wall.

"You!" she exclaimed.

Cecil, on his part, appeared to recognise the lady.

"You!" he said—without any appearance of undue deference in his manner.

His arrival on the scene seemed to have thrown the lady into a state of really curious agitation. She stood with her back against the wall, staring at him as if he were a ghost. She positively trembled.

"How—how did you get out?" she asked—speaking in a sort of gasp.

"I was never in." Cecil turned to the manager. "It's a little complicated, but I think that I begin to understand the situation." He turned to the lady. He pointed to the sitting-room, outside

which she was standing. "Who is in there?"

Angel did not answer. Leaning forward, she rapped with her knuckles against the panel of the door.

The big man still retained his grasp on Hubert's shoulder. He tightened it.

"Never mind who it is. Sign that paper."

There was a voice without. "Open the door!"

Hubert slipped from the man's grasp. He sprang to his feet. He threw the pen from him on to the floor. "It's Cecil!"

The two men looked at him. He looked at them. Again there was the voice without. "Open the door!"

"It's Cecil! It's my brother! Now you will see if I lied."

In Hubert's manner there was positively something approaching an air of triumph. The associates exchanged glances. The big man addressed himself again to Hubert.

"Look here, my friend, you will sign that paper."

He moved a step forward. Hubert grasped the back of a chair.

"You touch me! By George! I'll smash you!"



"A LADY CAME DOWN THE STAIRCASE."

V.

WHEN there came that rapping at the door, Hubert started back.

"Who's that?" he cried.

The big man hesitated. Hubert seemed to have gained a sudden access of energy. He continued to address his companions in a strain which was distinctly not pacific. "You couple of cowardly curs! You get



"LISTENING AT THE DOOR."

me into a room, you lock the door, you come at me, the pair of you, with a revolver and a knife, when you know that I haven't got so much as a toothpick in my pocket! Why, you miserable brutes, I'll smash you both!"

Hubert brandished the chair about his head. The big man still hesitated. The shorter gentleman addressed this inquiry to his friend, "Shall I shoot him? Shall I put six shots into his carcass—shall I?"

Hubert did not wait to hear the other's answer. He turned to the door. "Cecil! Cecil! break down the door. The brutes will murder me! Break down the door!"

These words, uttered with the full force of Hubert's lungs, seemed to create, as was not unnatural, some sensation with-

out. Several voices were heard speaking together. There was a loud knocking at the door. Someone said, evidently not Cecil, "Open the door immediately! I am the manager of the hotel! Open at once!"

The associates looked at each other. The clamour without seemed to mean business. Hubert had slipped from their control. If they were not careful their friendly little interview might be disagreeably interrupted. The shorter man shrugged his shoulders right up to his ears.

"What is the use? You had better open the door. What is the use of playing a losing game too far?" Then, to Hubert, "With you, my friend, I will settle some other time."

"And I," chimed in the big man, playing the part of echo for once.

"I don't care that," Hubert snapped



"HUBERT
BRANDISHED
THE CHAIR."

his fingers in the air, "for either, or both of you, you curs!"

The comrades still hesitated—they probably resented the alteration in the young gentleman's demeanour. But the clamour at the door continued. The big

man, doubtless perceiving that the position was becoming desperate, took the key out of his pocket. He unlocked the door. As he did so, his companion's weapons disappeared into the hidden recess of his apparel. The moment the door was opened Hubert advanced.

"Cecil! so it is you. Now, gentlemen, you will be able to see if I lied. These gentlemen, Cecil, are friends of yours, not of mine. I have never seen them before to-night. You appear to have offended them. They have been endeavouring to visit your offence on me. I cannot congratulate you on your acquaintance. That little scoundrel there, who appears to be an Italian bravo, has a knife in one pocket, and a revolver in the other. He would have murdered me if you had delayed your appearance on the scene."

"Bah!" Again the little man's shoulders went up to his ears. "It was but a little game."

"And was this a little game?"

Hubert snatched up the paper, the

unsigned promise of marriage, from the table on which it was lying; he held it out in front of him. The big man, in his turn, snatched it from his grasp. He tore it into minute shreds. While Hubert still was staring, a lady advanced. It was Angel.

"So, all the time you were amusing yourself at my expense. You are a charming person. Where are my thirty pounds?"

Hubert was not at all embarrassed. He twirled his moustache.

"Cecil, this lady appears to be a friend of yours. Where are her thirty pounds?"

Cecil stepped up to him. "What confounded tricks have you been up to?"

Hubert's air of injured innocence was, in its way, superb.

"Cecil, this is too much; too much! In mistake for you I have been insulted, all but murdered, and all—" he turned to the assembled company—"and all, upon my word of honour, because I was so unfortunate as to have been born a twin."





EIGHT BELLS.

ARCADES AMBO

THE BEGGARSTAFF BROTHERS AT HOME.

"YES," said Pryde, the elder of the two collaborators, "people are rather prone to imagine that, because a thing looks easy when finished, it must have been easy to do, but I can assure you that, although our posters have been criticised by purchasers in an off-handed manner, as 'simple as a child's drawing,' it has taken all the artistic knowledge which Nicholson and I have been able to gain to produce the results which you see."

Pryde had just ushered my friend X. and myself into a big double room, in which the artists design and construct their wonderful posters, and we were now pleasantly conversing on their past career, and learning how they became literally brothers of the brush.

"We are not brothers by blood, don't you know," said Nicholson to X., "but Pryde is my brother-in-law, and as we decided to work together, and did not care to sign our work with our two names, we hit upon the idea of calling ourselves the brothers Beggarstaff."

"Why Beggarstaff?" I asked. "It is a good name, and in the form of a signature it certainly adds to the beauty of your posters, but how did you get hold of it?"

"Pryde and I came across it one day in an old stable, on a sack of fodder. It is a good, hearty, old English name, and it appealed to us; so we adopted it immediately."

At this point, X., who has a keen legal

intellect, made some pertinent inquiries on the question of copyright. He did not wish to frighten them, but trusted they had registered the name in the usual manner; and he began to tell a story about a man who —; but I have had some experience of X.'s stories, and I lightly pressed my heel upon his toes, whereat he conveniently choked over some tea. With considerable skill, I turned the conversation with an amiable demand for more cake.

At the end of the room, lighted by an



MR. JAMES PRYDE.

intelligent arrangement of "floats," as they are called on the stage, was exhibited

the large poster which the Beggarstaffs had just completed for Sir Augustus Harris's Christmas pantomime, in which is depicted a yellow-haired Cinderella, turning her head and casting longing eyes on a red chariot, disappearing down a road lined with tall black columns.

"How did you first come to work together?" inquired X.

They seemed to find it difficult to answer this question.

"I suppose," I suggested, "that your views in art coincided greatly—to commence with?"

"I don't know," said Pryde, with some hesitation. "It is very hard to relate, or even to trace the steps by which we grew together into our present style; as a matter of fact, our opinions on artistic matters differed widely when we first became acquainted. Isn't that so, kid?" he added, looking towards Nicholson, the younger of the two, but the married man, and father. Pryde always addresses Nicholson affectionately as "kid."

"Indeed it is," said his friend, adding frankly and amiably, "I am afraid I had very much to learn at that time."

"Well, how do you manage to work together, then?" asked X. "It would be interesting to know that. Does one of you supply the substance, and the other the form? I have known that method to work excellently in collaboration," he said, looking me steadily in the face, so that I could not avoid his gaze.

But no, their methods seem to be so dovetailed in from beginning to finish,

from the conception of an idea to its final expression, that we could learn nothing more exact as to their differences of feeling, than that Pryde generally uses a penknife to cut out the masses of coloured paper which form their original designs, while Nicholson employs a pair of scissors. Living intimately together in the same house for some years, and working daily together on the same pictures, they are in such thorough accord that, an idea once started, it seems to travel backwards and forwards, from one brain to the other, gradually picking up its character, until it reaches its final and perfect form. Neither would confess to having a greater power of imagination than the other, nor to possessing any quality, in a marked degree, which in the other was not equally noticeable.

"One of us gets an idea," said Pryde. "We talk it over, the other suggests an addition, the matter is reconsidered, perhaps shelved away for months. Finally, we draw the design very roughly with charcoal, on big sheets of paper, and then place the lines and masses in their places on the ground-work, which is generally of ordinary brown paper."

We were much struck with this ingenious method of obtaining absolutely flat masses of strong colour, without the trouble of going through the frequent paintings necessary to obtain the requisite fineness and density.

"And how did you manage to select

poster work," said X., "as a medium for expressing your artistic tendencies?"



MR. W. N. P. NICHOLSON.

The Beggarstaff Brothers looked at one another and smiled.

"At any rate," said Pryde, "we have a very satisfactory answer to that question. We are both intensely fond of painting, but one cannot always sell one's pictures; consequently, finding poster work remunerative, and seeing very great chances in it in England, we decided to adopt that."

"It is a stony-hearted world," mused X. "I remember when I was in Paris, some years ago, I painted a Madonna and child—a beautiful picture—it was quite original, I assure you; but when it was



PASTEL ON BROWN PAPER BY MR JAMES PRYDE.

finished I had the humiliation of seeing it on sale as a 'genuine coloured print,' price, with frame, ten francs."

"Why did you not adopt black-and-white work," I suggested, "as most painters do, when the mare doesn't go fast enough?"

"We had thought of that; but, as you know, we have our own methods, and we can't work in the more or less conventional style which the publishers demand."

"Then you did wisely," I said, "in turning to the advertisers, who are always on the look out for something original and striking, and do not object to a

design being artistic, if it has the two other necessary qualities."

"But they didn't all receive us with open arms," said Nicholson; "some of them expressed their unfavourable opinions with extreme frankness. One gentleman, an editor, on whom we called one day, just after he had lunched somewhat heartily, kindly went into details with us, and proceeded to measure from point to point on one of our designs with a yard rule, criticising freely as he went about his work. He warmed to his task, and his spirit chortled within him as he gaily and innocently pointed out the innumerable defects of our designs; that



STUDY IN BLACK AND RED BY MR. W. N. P. NICHOLSON.

P 4

is to say, all the things in which they differed from other posters. By nature, to which you can bear witness, we are of an extremely amiable and forgiving constitution, but when he finally looked over his shoulder and glanced on our irritated faces — ”

“Of course, I know nothing whatever about art,” he said.

“No,” we agreed, grimly.

“Nothing whatever,” he added.

“No, no ; certainly not ! ” we hastened to admit, whereat he desisted from his endeavours to explain his views, and invited us to shake hands, which invitation we were not constrained to accept.

“Name ? ” I queried, briefly.

But the Beggarstaff Brothers have bad memories.

“Nor, I presume,” said X., lighting one of his excellent cigars, “was that a unique case ? The artistic temperament is not best suited to the advertising of its own productions.”

“Quite so. Naturally, as we are extremely careful in our compositions, we pay particular attention to their reproduction. One of our earliest things, this design of a Chinaman, was mutilated by some idiotic imitation Chinese lettering, placed all round it to form a border ; of course, it threw the design completely out, and spoiled the poster altogether.”

“That reminds me,” said I. “I have heard especial comment made on your lettering. In the ‘Harper’ poster it is half the design.”

“Yes,” said Nicholson. “We have made a great study of it, and we draw and place it as carefully as any part of the design.”

“Perhaps you will tell me,” I suggested, “what you think of French poster designers ? ”

“One man we admire,” Pryde replied, quickly, “and that is Lautrec. He is one of the few artists who understand what a poster is and should be.”

“And as to English and other designers ! ” said X.

“We can hardly criticise them in a conversation like this,” they said.

Above our heads was a huge collection of finished and unfinished designs, in large rolls, many of which they took down and opened up for our inspection ; among them the Becket design, the original of the *Hour* poster, and an odd, powerful thing representing a galloping Roundhead. Some of their designs are here reproduced from original drawings, which they were good enough to make, to illustrate this interview.

“There is one thing you mustn’t forget to mention ? ” they said, “and that is the great help we have received from dear old Phil May, one of the kindest and best friends we have had throughout.”

They then showed us a book-plate designed for Mr. May, and engraved on wood by Mr. Nicholson. It is worthy of note that in everything that these two artists touch, they are extremely original ; in their black-and-white work, their methods are either quite new or are novel applications of methods formerly in vogue. I have shown some of Nicholson’s work to artist after artist, without coming across one who could tell the exact method of its drawing or reproduction.

“In our paintings, as you can see,” said Pryde, “we work on quite dissimilar lines. This was very obvious in the joint show which we held not long since. I don’t think either of us belongs to any particular school ; Nicholson certainly does not ; but if I claimed any at all, it would be the Glasgow school, as Guthrie, Walton, and a few others, were the first to notice and appreciate my work ; and while I was staying at Edinburgh I received visits from many of them, who called to compliment me on the work which I was then exhibiting in the Royal Scottish Academy.”

To return to posters. The Beggarstaffs showed us the original of the fine poster they did for Wills's play, "Don Quixote." This was purchased by Sir Henry Irving; but it has not yet been reproduced. It has not been Sir Henry Irving's custom to advertise his plays by means of posters, but certainly if he were inclined to depart from his practice, he could have no better excuse than this powerful poster, representing a bare-

headed knight on horseback. It is as striking to the eye as any theatrical design I have seen; and it is as refined and artistic as it is powerful.

"Here," said the brothers, "is a portrait of Her Gracious Majesty; and they exhibited a fine design, in a quiet subdued style, of Her Majesty dressed in street costume, and wearing a quiet little bonnet.

"Ah," said X., "that is something quite apart from the usual style of portrait—



GIRL ON SOFA. POSTER—DESIGNED BY THE BROS. BEGGARSTAFF.



POSTER (THE PROPERTY OF SIR HENRY IRVING) DESIGNED BY THE BROS. BEGGARSTAFF.

to which one ever loyal magazine has accustomed us—of the Queen fondling a royal baby, or sitting in uncomely splendour on a gorgeous archiepiscopal throne, studded with huge rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds.”

“How do you like this?” asked Pryde, producing another formidable brown paper roll, and displaying an excellent design of a girl on a sofa. Like all their work, it was sheer suggestion; a young lady of a singularly graceful and delicate type of beauty, sits reading a book, on a couch powerfully striped in red and white. This design, which to the editor of the

“Studio” is the Beggartstaffs’ best work, has been unjustly condemned as representing a morbid, French type. As a matter of fact, the type and character are as thoroughly English as the Beggartstaffs themselves.

Strange as their treatment of subjects is to British eyes, even the man in the street—resentful as he may be of the fact that they paint their characters flat, and not round, as he sees them—is held to stop, to throw back his head, and to admit there is something wonderfully striking about the posters which are now becoming the rage.

**DRURY
LANE**



CINDERELLA

POSTER FOR DRURY LANE PANTOMIME, 1895-6. DESIGNED BY THE BROS. BEGGARSTAFF.

Tempora mutantur ! Picta et mu—&c., &c.

What more can we say of two young designers ? A man who elects to devote his life to an art, unless he be as mendacious and rascally as our ever-interesting and admirable Benvenuto Cellini, or as quarrelsome and eccentric as Burrows, must be resolved to cause no strong excitement in the heart of the sensational interviewer, nor to impart that prickly, but not unpleasant feeling, to the scalp of the adventure-loving public. There is as much romance in an artist's life as there is in that of a man of business. To make a good artist, provided the original character and tendency are present, as in very many they are, the hardest work and most careful study are necessary. When the Beggarstuffs are labouring on a design, they make no ado about working night after night until the morning looks in at their windows, across the frozen fields. And so it must be with nearly all good artists. Though a man may not work unless he have the fit upon him, when the inspiration comes he must work till he drops.

It was hard to discover, from their own admissions, the individual tastes and characters of the two artists ; but it is easy to describe their personal temperaments and appearances. Pryde, tall,

good-natured, stoical ; Nicholson, nervous, anxious, and intensely sensitive. They form an excellently-sorted couple ; like a tall Taffy (but one more able), and a little Billee (but one not priggish), they live and work together in as good comradeship, and with as close an affection, as Du Maurier's lovable painters in their Paris studio.

I have hardly found time to describe their charming Uxbridge cottage, with its quaint, out-of-the-way staircases, impending beams, and unsuspected foot-falls for the unwary. Let it be said that most artists' studios are not as artistic as the outsider would expect ; but the Beggarstuffs do not fail us here, the whole house is an artist's home from the top to the bottom, and nothing else.

On one of the walls, by-the-bye, Nicholson showed us a most quaint and charming picture, which an affectionate father alone could devise ; a print of his little boy's pretty foot in lampblack on white paper, and hung in an honourable place.

Before the rumbling old cab dragged us down long, dark, winding lanes back to the station, the four of us stood by the window, and raised our glasses in the air.

"To the Brothers Beggarstuffs," said I, "life and success."

"Here's to you," said they.

"And here's to you," said X.

MARJORIE AND I.

BY MISS BULAU.

MEADOWS reddened with blossoming clover,
A blue, enchanted sky—
A girl in her bloom, and her mate and lover,
Marjorie and I.
I was her playfellow, dear as a brother,
Love led us both unawares ;
At nights our dreams were all of each other,
And her name hallowed my prayers.
We were both too young to know much of passion.
Too simple for feint or lie ;
We loved in a tender and childish fashion,
Marjorie and I.
We shared all things : the trifling sorrow,
The momentary bliss—
Each night in our hearts we longed for the morrow
And parted with a kiss.
My little sweetheart was a child all over—
Whenever I came she smiled.
(I hardly think you would know your lover,
Now if we met, dear child !)
Kisses in youth may bloom in plenty,
The sweetest I've laid by—
Taken by me, in love and twenty,
From you, fifteen and shy.
We parted, she in the bushland's glory,
I in the city's noise,
Turned back a leaf of the simple story,
Dreamt o'er its childish joys.
Well, times have changed, and it costs us little
To bid the past goodbye.
Those early bonds, after all, were brittle,
Marjorie's changed, and I.
Children's simple and sweet existence
Is less than nothing to you ;
It lies, like a dream, in twilight distance,
And melts into the blue.
You have soared away, my bird, above me,
You sing on a higher bough ;
You have grown much wiser, and ceased to love me,
For we are not children now.
You never dream of the surging heather,—
O'er which the sunlight played—
Of the paths o'ergrown we paced together,
Of our long talks in the shade ;

THE IDLER.

And how, when tired, against my shoulder
You used to lean your head—
New Marjorie's wiser—they say—and colder,
But *my* little friend is dead.

I have grown older, too, and dejected,
Joy never comes my way.
Life never gives what we expected—
Dreams are not for the day.
Work leaves me little time for sorrow,
Yet when the day has died,
I sit and dream she may come to-morrow,
Marjorie, velvet-eyed,

Till she threads the bye-ways of the city,
To bring the songs of brooks,
The sunshine of love, the solace of pity,
To me—among my books.
Her touch awakens slumbering pleasure,
Low lights and leafy ways,
Her voice recalls I hear the measure
And march of younger days.

Anew they bloom, the snow-white flowers,
We gathered, she and I,
Ere we had knowledge of sleepless hours,
Or the meaning of a sigh.
She leans on my heart the golden glimmer,
Is on her loosened hair—
She talks with me till the room grows dimmer,
And the lamps are lit in the square.

She learns my life : the melancholy
In which my song is set.
The interludes of reckless folly
Whose echo is : regret.
And she, who has grown too wise to miss me,
Who am not worth a sigh
She kisses me, as she used to kiss me,
In the sweet years gone by.

Dreams !—she never peeps in to cheer me,
Troubles people my room ;
Only in sleep her head droops near me,
And my life bursts into bloom.
I wish—God help me !—that all were over,
And Heaven seemed as nigh
As when we were children—deep in clover,
Marjorie and I.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. HIRAM ALLDRIDGE.

BY LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD.

FIVE days had passed, and Mr. Hiram Alldridge was still missing. The utter absence of possible motive for a voluntary exile from his familiar resorts had at first rendered it difficult for his friends and associates to regard his disappearance in a serious light. His brother members of Lloyd's, who had long acknowledged him to be one of the shrewdest underwriters connected with the shipping world, were so late in realising that the situation occasioned any element of real apprehension, that two days after his absence had first been canvassed, they were humorously underwriting the little underwriter, and speculating upon

further matter for merriment in the mystery.

Gradually, that very absence of conceivable motive for Mr. Alldridge's disappearance upon his own volition, which had proved so reassuring until it became established that he had indubitably vanished, became the most disturbing element in the affair. It shut the door to the more comforting alternatives, and opened wide the entrance to those theories which were based either upon some forcible detention of Mr. Alldridge, or upon some calamity which had claimed him as its victim.

The mystery became the talk of London. The newspapers devoted to the concoction of accountable theories all the ingenuity that the efforts of their respective staffs and the various suggestions of innumerable correspondents could bring to bear upon the problem. Although Mr. Alldridge was a man of considerable wealth, and had, only a few months earlier, added to his store the handsome profits he had amassed by the daring business he had done in the insuring of the overdue Crescent liner *Patagonia*, there were yet people who wrote to the



"INTERVIEWED BY THE DISTRACTED WIFE."

his safety. But when, on the third day, one of the wits of the exchange announced, with a smiling assumption of a business air, that the rate on the overdue Hampstead line, the Hiram Alldridge, had gone up a couple of guineas, the joke fell very flatly. Those members who had been interviewed by the distracted wife of the missing man, and those who had heard of the agony of her alarm, somehow failed to find any

papers to suggest that pecuniary troubles had driven him to suicide; and, although he had been married only a few months, there were those who darkly hinted "*cherchez la femme*." That Mr. Alldridge had been kidnapped in order that he might be held to ransom; that he had been robbed and thrown lifeless into one of the Hampstead ponds; and that he had fallen into the Thames while waiting in the dusk for a penny steamboat—

these were a few of the other suggestions which found their way into the papers under the heading "Letters to the Editor." There was evidence forthcoming, too, in support of all of these theories, evidence which was all so contradictory that it confounded the confusion. A number of cabmen came forward to say that they were able, by the description of Mr. Alldridge which the police had circulated, to identify him as the gentleman they had driven on the day of his disappearance. But when New Scotland Yard compared the respective narratives of this cloud of witnesses, it was found that at times which more or less synchronised, Mr. Alldridge was driving to Euston with a fair lady, to Waterloo with a dark lady, to the Docks with a gentleman, to London Bridge alone, and to half a dozen other places, under circumstances which could not be made to coincide, and in divergent directions. Then there were other people equally confident it was Mr. Alldridge whom they had seen jumping off Hungerford Bridge and the pier at Pimlico; while others had heard screams on Hampstead Heath, in Hyde Park, and on the Albert Embankment, the voice being unmistakably recognised in each case as that of Mr. Hiram Alldridge. Presuming that, among all this inconsistent information, the true individual who had last seen Mr. Alldridge had contributed his statement, the police had failed to obtain any assistance therefrom, for it was utterly impossible to sift the genuine clue from the misleading stories. By the time that the extensive dragging operations which were put in hand had been completed, each piece of water being drawn blank, and when each possible clue had been hunted until it ended in a *cul-de-sac*, practically the only fact which had been rescued from the ocean of surmise was this, that Mr. Hiram Alldridge left home the preceding Saturday to go to Lloyd's as usual, that he spent the morning on

'Change in the customary way, and that from two o'clock on that day until the present Thursday afternoon he had not been seen by family, friends, associates, or anybody else in the world who was ready to acknowledge the fact. He had dropped out of existence, without leaving any more trace than does the light of a match blown out by the wind.

"Hallo! back at last!" said the editor of the *Herald*, as Alec Yorke entered his room. "Didn't you get my telegram?"

"Not till two days late, because I had gone on to Amsterdam. I took the first boat, upon finding your message at the hotel when I got back to Antwerp."



"CHERCHER LA FEMME."

"Well, have you read about the Alldridge mystery?"

"I saw a reference to it in to-day's paper," rejoined Yorke, "while coming



“EXTENSIVE DRAGGING OPERATIONS”

up in the train, and I was personally interested in it, because Alldridge was an acquaintance of my own."

"Indeed! Well, you had better read the case up in the files, and see if you can do anything in the matter, eh?"



"MR. WOLVERTON WOULD SEE MR. YORKE."

Yorke was occupied with the files for a quarter of an hour, and then returned with some notes jotted upon a few loose slips of copy-paper. "I've got an idea," he remarked, "but it's little more than guess-work. I must make several calls

in the City, and then it is just possible I shall be in a position to drive direct to the man who has caused Alldridge to vanish. But I'm afraid it is playing up my good fortune too recklessly to really hope to bring it off."

There was nothing, at all events, in the City calls which damped Yorke's ardour. It was in cheery tones that he told his cabman to drive to Dulwich. Pulling up at one of the large houses in the College Road, Yorke sent in his card to Mr. Freeland, and was shown into that gentleman's presence. Five minutes later, looking flushed and sheepish, poor Yorke hurried back down the path. He had endeavoured to "bluff" Mr. Freeland into an admission of knowledge concerning Mr. Alldridge's whereabouts, and had convinced himself that Mr. Freeland had never heard of the man until he read in the papers of his disappearance.

Referring for a moment to his notes, Yorke next gave his cabman an address on Brixton Hill.

Yes, Mr. Wolverton would see Mr. Yorke if he would walk in, said the maid, who had taken his card in.

"I represent the *Herald*, Mr. Wolverton," said Yorke, "and I have come to interview you about Mr. Hiram Alldridge."

"Come, that's kind of you," replied Mr. Wolverton, "but why should you want to interview me?"

Yorke noticed that there was banter in his tone, and an absence from his voice of any such agitation as might have been expected from a guilty man suddenly confronted with contingent exposure. But there was also in his manner a marked absence of anything like adequate surprise upon the hypothesis of the man's ignorance of any private knowledge concerning this Alldridge mystery.

"Come, why should you wish to interview me of all men?" repeated Mr. Wolverton.

"Well, sir," answered Yorke, "if you

suggest an exchange of confidences, I shall be pleased to tell you how I came to know what I know, but as I started interviewing you before you commenced to examine me, I would suggest that you should talk first."

Mr. Wolverton pulled his moustache meditatively for a few moments, laughed a little sardonically, and then said: "Sit down, Mr. Yorke. I'll tell you my story. You are a few hours in advance of the time at which I had arranged with myself to bring Mr. Alldridge back to life, but I'll resurrect him for your benefit. I don't mind making that little concession. I am not a revengeful man, and I won't keep him immured quite as long as he deserves. I doubt that I'm too relenting, too tender-hearted. But I always was a fool in that way."

Yorke scrutinised the face of his *vis-à-vis* for any trace of that magnanimity which Mr. Wolverton reproached himself for harbouring, but rapidly came to the conclusion that the man was upbraiding himself unjustly. There was no more mercy in his hard features than there is in the appearance of a great machine dripping with the blood of an attendant it has caught and crushed.

"Between four and five months ago," resumed Mr. Wolverton, "I had occasion to go over to New York, and I went by the Crescent line—what the deuce was the name of her—pish—the—the——"

"The *Patagonia*?" prompted Yorke.

"Yes, the *Patagonia*. The entire story centres round that vessel, and I go and forget her name. But how did you know?"

"I promised, if you remember, that I would not interrupt you or force my confidences upon you until you had finished."

"Oh, yes. I agreed to talk first. Well, we had been four days at sea when the chief engineer, Mr. Charlton, informed the captain that he suspected that all was not right with the propeller shaft.

There were several stoppages of the engines for testing, and at last we stopped altogether. The vessel drifted before a north north-westerly gale, rolling unpleasantly all the time in the trough of a heavy sea. There was some alarm among the passengers at first, but Captain



"ROLLING UNPLEASANTLY."

Palmer posted at the head of the main companion way a notice that there was a flaw in the shaft which the engineer and his staff were engaged in repairing. It would take, perhaps, a couple of days, but there was no sort of occasion for uneasi-

ness. The boat was steadied with her head to the wind, by means of sea anchors and the stay-sails, the three black balls which had been run up were replaced by the three red lights as night fell, and we all sat up discussing the matter pretty late before turning in.

"In the morning, it gradually got about that the repairing operations would take considerably longer than the engineer had originally calculated. There had been a spice of adventure about the matter which some of the passengers had found rather exhilarating at first. It had quite reconciled them to the mishap when they found no danger attached to it; but I must say I could not share that feeling. The others, too, soon began to get terribly bored by the dreariness of the situation. It was bitterly cold, and there was a big sea running. The waves broke over the bow, flooding the fore-castle deck, and before long it was covered with a surface of ice which would have made good skating. Icicles hung from the yards, and we looked like a

vessel in an Arctic expedition. Two days passed, and instead of the repairs being finished, we were informed that not only was there a flaw between the strengthening-collars of the shaft, but that some of the stay-plates and plummer-blocks were smashed. We began to get a pretty bad-tempered lot of people on that boat. By

that time we had drifted out of the track of passing steamers, and it was depressing to contemplate the distress of friends on shore upon the non-arrival of the boat. When at last we were spoken by another vessel, some of the passengers begged the captain to signal her to tow us, and I remember how annoyed we got when the captain thought he knew better than we what should be done, and declined the suggestion. We held an indignation meeting in the smoking-room, but a sarcastic minority would



"BULLIED THE CAPTAIN."

not let us have that small consolation without ridiculing our utterances. We moved a resolution, but were promptly reminded that that would not move the boat. Towards the end of the third day, we made a fresh start. We had not gone

ten miles before one of the temporary bolts broke, and once more we were delayed while further repairs were executed. We bullied the captain to such an extent that I wondered he did not put us in irons, and we plainly suggested that he was prepared to let us all go to the bottom purely out of a desire to save involving his company in towage expenses. At last we found ourselves going again, and there were no more stoppages before we got to Sandy Hook. But the engineer, who claimed to have performed little short of a miracle in his repairs, said he would not be responsible for the consequences if we went a fraction over half speed, and we had to crawl the remaining seven hundred miles or more at a beggarly eight or nine knots an hour. We had been more than five days overdue before we landed. That is why Mr. Hiram Alldridge has been missing now for five days."

"I begin to form my own conclusions upon the causes which produced this effect, Mr. Wolverton, but should like to have the episode continued in your own words."

"When I got back to London, after a couple of months' stay in the States, I happened to hear certain remarks about the pile Mr. Hiram Alldridge had made out of the breakdown of the *Patagonia*. He had, it appeared, up to the last moment been prepared to accept insurance premiums upon scales at which no other underwriter would look at them, both as regards the volume of business and the rate of the premium. When other underwriters put up the rate to three guineas, Mr. Alldridge was well content with a lower figure; and when, the vessel having been overdue several days, the rate went up to thirty guineas, Mr. Alldridge was again modestly offering to underwrite at an easier rate. The fact that he netted, according to rumour, about £50,000, suggested that he stood to lose something like half a million of

money if the vessel were lost. The man was either mad in the recklessness of his speculation, or was not speculating at all, but betting upon a certainty. Exactly how or when my suspicions arose I cannot remember; but I got myself introduced to this underwriting gentleman, and cultivated him assiduously. By degrees his business caution broke down



"I LURED HIM TO MY WINE VAULTS."

before the pride he feels over his villainy, and in return for reminiscences of sharp practices of my own, which I invented by the volume, he confided to me that, which I had long suspected, that he had bribed the engineer to break down the machinery and make the boat overdue, while he gambled on its safety. Whether the captain was in the plot I could not

gather, but he left no doubt in my mind that the manipulation of the whole affair was managed by the industrious Charlton. It was on the morning of last Saturday that I at last extracted the information for which I had angled so patiently. The revelation, expected so long, came a little suddenly at the moment. My rage prevented me from taking time to consider my revenge. You know, perhaps, that I am a wine merchant?"



"I GAVE A TEN-POUND NOTE."

"Yes. I obtained your City address at the same time that I got this Brixton Hill address."

"Well, I had been reading overnight Edgar A. Poe's story, *The Cask of Amontillado*, and that suggested to me a means whereby I could secure my underwriter, and keep him prisoner for just exactly as long a time as he delayed me on that boat. I lured him to my

wine-vaults, and looked him in. I explained my object to him, and after a little chafing he has resigned himself to his punishment fairly well. He was a little indignant when I looked at him yesterday through the aperture I had made in the door for the purpose of passing in his food, for, confound me, if I did not forget his previous day's meals. But how did you learn of my responsibility for his disappearance?"

"Well, Mr. Wolverton, it was largely bluff. I had, months ago, half suspected, from the boasting little remarks and nods of our mutual friend, Mr. Alldridge, that there was some conspiracy of that sort about the *Patagonia*. I thought at the time that, unless he was careful, our little underwriter would let the matter get to the ears of one of the passengers, and then, I thought, there would be trouble. I recalled this reflection when I heard of Alldridge's disappearance. I wondered whether the two matters had any connection, and, having no other clue, I determined to work upon this one. I secured a list of the *Patagonia's* passengers—published in the papers at the time of the anxiety about the vessel—and got Mr. Alldridge's solicitors to give me the names of all the people who had been seen with Mr. Alldridge, or who had called at his office for a month preceding his disappearance. Checking those names against the passenger list, I found that Freeland, Wolverton, and Johnson were names which appeared in both lists—of acquaintances and passengers. Any one of the three might be the avenging passenger who had occurred to me as the god out of the machine in this mystery. There was nothing to do but to try all three. Johnson being a familiar name, and therefore not affording so striking a coincidence as the other two, I left him for my last call. I went first to Mr. Freeland, and must have firmly convinced him that I was mad, for he, I found, knew

nothing of Alldridge. Then I came up here, and must congratulate you, I suppose, at all events, upon the completeness of your revenge."

"That's where you're wrong," said Wolverton. "I shall always be miser-

able yet when I think of that villainous engineer. They got up a subscription for him on the boat, in recognition of his marvellous feat in repairing the shaft, and I gave towards it a ten-pound note!"

MY LOVE FOR THEE.

The love whose thoughts far swifter fly
Than sea birds through the spray ;
The love that craves with stifled sigh
A dear voice far away ;
Whose longing memories strive to trace
Each smile of vanished glee ;
And soars sublime through time and space—
That is my love for thee.

The wistful love that clings and clings
Like some forsaken child ;
The trustful love that sings and sings
With echoes weird and wild ;
That whispers in the lonely night
Of what can never be,
From eyes a gleam with tearful light—
That is my love for thee.

The love that hath no part of bliss
And only breathes in pain,
And yet whose pang I would not miss
For all the stars contain ;
That broke my heart in days gone by,
And wrecked my life for me,
The hopeless love that ne'er can die—
That is my love for thee.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

WHEN WE WERE IN JAPAN.

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.



NEGISHI ROOFS.

WHEN we were in Japan, in the days before the war, the Englishman, to the entire coolie or servant class, was a superior being, a giant in weight and stature, a Dives who could give what was to them a fortune without feeling it, and often did give such a fortune to some pretty little mousmee to whom he had become attached. When he was not violent (which means when he was not of the nautical persuasion and intoxicated) he was, I think, popular with the poor Japanese, who had no thought beyond how to prolong life along the lines of least resistance. They did not fear death, or value life, though they slaved to maintain it unless rendered intolerable by disgrace. They were content to redeem the long struggle against hunger, cold, and heat by an occasional holiday at a theatre or a temple fair, or a pilgrimage to see some famous garden in full blossom.

To them, crushed by ages of Samurai domination, the pride and patronising air

of the English came naturally ; but to the people of Samurai birth, whether engaged in the task of governing the country with Oriental despotism disguised under Western forms, or acquiring knowledge and a chance of starvation at the University, it was a sore subject. For the English were the rock in front of a Treaty Revision which should take the Japanese out of the position of coddled savages and recognise them as a grown-up nation capable of managing their own household, decently, and in order. What England, responsible for half the European residents and the bulk of the foreign commerce in Japan, elected to do must be followed, sooner or later, by Germany and the United States and other powers in a smaller degree concerned. The Japanese nobles, except an enlightened member here and there, kept themselves in rigorous seclusion from foreigners.

We spent, it is true, a great deal of our time in the comfortable Club Hotel at

Yokohama. When you have once crossed the Theatre Street in Yokohama, there are fascinating curio shops of the true native pattern, really not curio shops at all, but general dealers, where Europeans never go. The curio shopping scene in my *Japanese Marriage* is laid there. And just outside Yokohama there are exquisite little villages like Negishi, with wonderful steep-pitched (Fig. 1) thatched roofs, surrounded by tiny cornfields, whose harvests are carried on the backs of human beings. But we always felt that our home in Japan was at Tokyo, in the native inn called by the English the Tokyo Hotel, and by the Japanese simply Yadoya—the hotel. When we first went there, it could only take in about twenty European visitors; but while we were there they sawed off one end of the hotel from right to left and top to bottom, and added an extension twice or thrice the size. In the days before the extension we were often the only Europeans in the hotel, and desperately spoilt by the entire

staff of waiters, who loved us for our enthusiasm in learning the life of the humble Japanese. We were always wandering about the streets where one could see most of it, and buying the little articles of constant domestic use in poor households, where there were no marks of the cloven foot of Western civilisation.

Yadoya had a highly picturesque environment. It was right opposite a fine black timber specimen of a Daimio's Yashiki, the Yashiki being a kind of a barrack in which the Daimio's little army of feudal retainers had lived, with a mansion in the centre occupied by the Daimio himself. And only a few yards off, across a sunny wind-swept, much-frequented square, was one of the principal gateways of the Castle of Tokyo, within whose outer wall the hotel stood. I suppose there is nothing like the Castle of Tokyo except the royal cities in Bangkok and Peking. It has miles and miles of deep moats and gigantic ramparts dispersed in two ring walls, one a good deal inside the other, round the royal



THE CASTLE OF TOKYO.



JAPANESE NEWSPAPER BOYS.

palace, which occupies the site of the Castle of the Tokugawa Shoguns. The gateways of the outer walls are never closed nowadays, the drawbridges across the outer moat never raised; indeed, the outer moat is invaded by barges from the network of canals which make Tokyo almost another Venice. The walls are many feet high, and a good many feet thick at the bottom. They are battered, to use a technical expression, like the bow of an ironclad—that is, they slope inwards towards the top with a considerable concave. This is how fortifications, the only considerable works in masonry which have come down from the old Japan, have escaped the national calamity—earthquakes. Some idea of their age and size may be formed from the fact that large and ancient specimens of the grotesque Japanese fir tree are often to be seen growing on the tops of the Tokyo ramparts. In some of the moats, especially the wide, deep-sunk moats round the

inner rampart, there are huge swarms of wild waterfowl in winter, and tangles of lotus with white or pink blossoms in summer. The furniture and decoration of the Mikado's palace were examined and, I believe, remodelled by Mr. Liberty, when he was in Japan, and to show the secrecy maintained by the Japanese Court circles towards foreigners, I may mention that the First Secretary of the English Legation had never been allowed to go over the private portions of the palace until he accompanied Mr. Liberty.

Our food was European, of a kind, often served with funny little Japanese mistakes, and life was a perpetual indoors picnic varied by the nightly risk of a conflagration. Winter nights in Tokyo are bitterly cold, and as the Japanese themselves never attempt to get warm beyond the tips of their fingers, they have to fall



JAPANESE WRESTLERS.



THE SILVER PAVILION.

back on foreign appliances to heat rooms for foreigners. In the Tokyo hotel we had small cylindrical American stoves with thin iron chimneys, which made their escape through a hole at the top of the wall always large enough to admit daylight, and sometimes large enough to show a star or two at night. The heating capacity of these stoves was so small that after the sun went down the only way to keep the room warm was to heat the stove and half the chimney red hot, and we took particular care to call the "boys" and make them do this afresh the moment before we went to bed.

Tokyo (the capital of Japan) is, except in the vicinity of the Court and the University, absolutely Japanese. If you avoid these districts, you may walk for hours and miles without even seeing a European or a Japanese in a complete European dress, though the fashion of introducing a white bowler hat three sizes too large, or a Sairey Gamp umbrella, or yellow boots supposed to be made on the European model, into an otherwise native costume, is common enough.

The newspaper offices are very much

in evidence, and the newspaper boys a picturesque feature of Tokyo. The boys (Fig. 3) wear brilliant tunics, for the most part blue, with red and white patterns on them, and go about ringing a bell, as is often done in rural towns in France. You hardly ever see anyone going in or coming out of a Japanese newspaper office—though many of them are quite influential, and managed with great enterprise. What visits they have are domiciliary visits from the police to suppress an edition or arrest the prison-editor. In Japanese newspaper offices the person who takes the responsibility is not a man of much authority, or of great importance to the working of the paper. Such a man could ill be spared for a year in jail. It is said that the nominal editor, who takes the responsibility, and goes to prison, is only on a kind of half-pay when he is not on duty—in prison.

Outside the Castle, Tokyo consists of wide, interminable streets of small houses, which are mostly shops, or hovering on the verge of it. There are endless hog's-backed bridges, with neat balustrades; of famous temples and tea-houses



THE CAUSEWAY OF THE TOMB OF IYETASU.

Japanese wrestling has been described too often. The principal feature of the wrestlers, who are altogether taller and bigger men than the average Japanese, and still dress their hair in the ancient way, is their enormous obesity, weight being considered of the first importance. They wrestle naked, except for narrow strips of dark blue silk between their legs and round their waists, which take the place of the fig-leaf of statuary. The matches are wrestled in a sort of open-air theatre, on a raised stage, under a silken canopy. The wrestlers (Fig. 4) crouch like frogs, until the umpire, wearing the ancient ceremonial dress, gives the signal with a peculiar fan, when they spring at each other, and try to effect a decisive grip. This they do over and over again without result, till one is caught napping, or both fling caution to the winds, when there is usually a short, sharp tussle, end-

ing in one being "downed," or flung out of the ring. The audience of thousands squat on their heels, and shower money or hats at a popular winner, the hats being afterwards redeemed in coin. To a Japanese, a wrestling match is the most exciting thing in the world.

To the good Japanomaniac there is no city like Kyoto, where the mikados of Japan have lived as idols, if they can be said to have lived at all, for seven hundred years. It is the most typical of all the great cities of Japan, one admirable native inn, Yaamis, on the hill above the city — Maruyama — swallowing all the foreigners when they are not sight-seeing. There are more famous temples at Kyoto than in all the rest of Japan put together, though hardly any of them are within the city itself except the vast head temples of the two rival Hongwanji sects, which loom up like mountains out of the low



THE GATE OF THE TWO KINGS.



THE YOMEIMON GATE AT NIKKO.

compact city of three hundred thousand souls cooped into a plain surrounded by a horseshoe of hills.

When we were at Kyoto, the interest of foreigners was much diverted from the ordinary sights. They left off going to great temples and the exquisite Chinese gardens of monasteries, like that of the Silver Pavilion (Fig. 5), where the hero, Yoshimsa, and his retainer, So-Ami, and the monk, Shuko, made the solemn tea ceremony—ancestor of afternoon tea—the fashion; to its tiny ateliers where noted artists produce the world-famous silks and creamy faience of Kyoto, to the street of the wrestlers and jugglers and dioramas, and the great Lake Biwa with its underground canal. They were all at the Miyako-Dori—the cherry blossom ballet—or shooting the rapids of the Katsura-gawa, which commence in the fine glen given in Fig. 6. English

royalty preferred these to the Palace of the Mikados and the royal treasure house of a thousand years at Nara, and English royalty, of course, set the fashion. One of the boats in which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught shot these dangerous rapids is shown in the picture. They are about forty feet long, with square but very much overhanging bows made of very thin, tough, pliable planks, which give instead of breaking when they strike a rock. They are guided by three of the Japanese gondola oars (yulo), and have a poleman with a stout bamboo in the bows, and often in the stern as well, to keep the boats off the rocks. The wild swirl of the rapids and the pliable bottom, give the funniest see-saw feeling all the time you are shooting the rapids, which at intervals become regular cataracts with ugly black rocks sticking out of them as sharp as needles. Both the Duke of



17TH CENTURY JAPANESE CARVINGS. SHOWING DUTCH INFLUENCES.

Connaught, and Prince George of Wales before him, thought shooting these rapids the most enjoyable thing in Japan.

I am afraid that Nikko, of which the Japanese say that he who has not seen Nikko must not use the word beautiful, was rather a strain on the royal party. We were there directly after them and learned that, besides having to live up to old gold lacquer and traditions all day long, they had to do without bread, the worthy Japanese who runs the Nikko Hotel having his Europeanisation only skin deep. When we were at Nikko, it was like fairyland. The woods on the mountain-side round the Golden Shrines,

which represent the zenith of Buddhist art, were in all their Spring glory—wherever there was a clearing of forest there were thickets of scarlet azaleas—the woods by the river bank were almost impenetrable with the lianas of wistaria—wistaria in blossom; the camelia trees—the gay single scarlet camelias—were in blossom; and there was the excitement of swishing at brilliant snakes, any quantity of them, quite harmless. Two of the illustrations refer to these golden shrines which are on the outside mostly of a bright scarlet. Fig. 7 gives a flagged causeway with a mossy balustrade of ancient masonry leading under an avenue of crypt-

omerias to the last home of Iyeyasu, the greatest of the rulers of Japan. From the temple gates this avenue is carried thirty miles across the plains to Utsunomiya. It was planted nearly three hundred years ago, when his body was brought to Nikko. Fig. 8, the Gate of the Two Kings, is the outer gate of the mortuary shrine of his grandson Iyemitsu.

These two unhappy monarchs generally have a wire network



A GOLD LACQUER PANEL IN THE TEMPLE OF IYEFASU.

in front of them through which the Japanese spit chewed paper. If the paper hits and sticks it means great prosperity. (Fig. 9.) The gateway known as Yo-meimon is one of the masterpieces among the exteriors of the temples. It is of white and gold, adorned with priceless carvings. One of its pillars, the "evil-averting" column, was erected upside down lest the envy of the gods should be excited by such perfection in human handiwork. Round at the back of it are some finely coloured panel carvings, remarkable as showing the influence of Dutch art on Japanese (Fig. 10). In two of the faces this is very marked. In the seventeenth century, when this highly interesting carving was made, the Dutch had already established their factory (trading establishment) just outside Nagasaki. There are several of these carvings.

But, of course, the most notable thing about these inimitable temples, the finest wooden buildings the world possesses, is the glorious gold lacquer of the interiors of the temples of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu. Fig. 11 shows only how richly incrustated is the gold of the lacquer. It cannot convey the exquisite grain, which is nowhere excelled. In the two principal temples there is chamber after chamber of this lacquer.

The last illustration gives the great stone image of Jizo Sama, hewn out of the rock on the way across the mountains from Hakonè to Myanoshita. The height of the great image, carved with such an air of life, is about thirty feet. If Nikko is incomparable to anything in Japan in

art, so is the Hakonè Lake in nature. For from the very edge of this blue mountain tarn rises the world's most peerless mountain, Fujiyama, with shoulders which curve like inverted palm leaves, and wear a mantle of eternal snow.

When we were in Japan, people could still think of Fujiyama and its immortal



THE COLOSSAL JIZO AT HAKONÈ.

grace, and of the perishable monuments of art and religion preserved intact through so many centuries. Will the Japan, which has graduated in the war with China, turn its back on its gracious heritage like an Oxford man when he takes his B.A. and goes into business?

"CANINE AND SUBLIME."
A CHAT WITH MR. LOUIS WAIN.
BY ROY COMPTON.



BENDIGO LODGE, WESTGATE.

I WISH to remark, by way of preface, that this is an upside-down interview. By rights it should have begun with Mr. Louis Wain and finished at his cats' tails; but when I reached aristocratic Westgate, a few days ago, and found myself in the cosy drawing-room of Bendigo Lodge, replying to the kindly welcome of Mr. Wain's mother and bright-eyed sisters, I learned that Mr. Wain himself was still in London, and the hour of his return was a matter of conjecture.

"I think, most probably, he will come down by the last train, go on to Margate, and run in from there."

"Run in," I remarked, surprisedly.

Mrs. Wain smiled. "Yes, he generally does so when he has had a laborious week; he finds the exercise does him

good. So you must make yourself quite at home till he comes."

It would be difficult, indeed, to single out a more pleasant method of passing a couple of days than in Mr. Wain's cheery household at Bendigo Lodge. All the circle are so talented that, as Mrs. Wain naively remarks, "They have no time to be fashionable." She herself is the embodiment of kindness, with which is mingled a knowledge (practical) of the world, which has formed the nucleus of her son's success; it is to her he owes his artistic genius. Few churches or cathedrals in England but have some beautiful specimen of her work as a designer, for in that art she excels, and some of the finest Turkey carpets are woven from designs executed in the little triangular room through the windows of

which you catch a splendid glimpse of blue sea.

Whilst Mrs. Wain has been chatting, she has drawn a basket-chair up to the



fire, and it is in the ruddy glow of the blazing logs that I am introduced to "Peter the Great," or "Good old Peter," as his master affectionately calls him. He is a black and white cat, once distinctly handsome, but the wear and tear of a public life have left their mark. He is of most amiable disposition and undoubted sagacity, and during his thirteen years of life has slowly, but surely, built up a name for the popular artist, who is willing to admit that it was the study of "Peter," and the portrayal of his antics, that first brought him public success and favour. Now the old cat dozes over the fire in peace—his every want attended to, his every wish gratified.—a king amongst

cats. I wonder as I gaze at him, with his eyes half-closed and his two fore-paws extended for warmth through the bars of the fender, if he realises that he has done more good than most human beings



who are endowed not only with sense but brains; if in the firelight he sees the faces

of many a suffering little child whose hours of pain have been shortened by the recital of his tricks and the pictures of himself arranged in white cravat, dancing at a cat's tea-party, or gaily disporting himself upon a "see-saw." I feel inclined to wake him up and whisper how, one cold winter's night, I met a party of five little children, hatless and bootless, hurrying along from an East-end slum, and encouragingly saying to the youngest, who was crying from cold and hunger, "Come along, we'll get there soon." I followed them some distance down the lighted street, till they paused in front of a barber's shop, and I heard their voices change into a shout of merriment, for in the window was a crumpled Christmas



CATS' GHOSTS.

supplement, and Peter, in a frolicsome mood, was represented entertaining at a large cat's tea party. Hunger, cold, and misery were all dispelled. Who would not be a cat of Louis Wain's, capable of creating ten minutes' sunshine in a childish heart?

By the side of Peter sat "Bigit," a sleek, orange-coloured Siamese cat, with a strong penchant for poaching, which is

gradually being eradicated under Peter's judicial eye.

A beautiful long-haired tabby, Leo, condescended to walk round me with stately grace, and it struck me how curiously dignified all the versatile artist's models were. They impressed you personally with the fact that they were not common cats. You might admire them, but any attempt at familiarity on your part would be instantly resented. Minna, another model, is a little French cat, a veritable La Parisienne, not only



in appearance but in morals. And the circle closes with Rag-tag and Bob-tail, two dogs who have already won favourable criticism from the public.

The lunch-bell is ringing on the following day when Mr. Louis Wain himself appears. Agile and erect in figure, he is too true an artist to have professional affectations or conceits, and his manner is singularly unassuming and simple. It is over the walnuts I ask him to tell me a little about his career.

"I seriously started my artistic life at nineteen, after some years' training at the West London schools. Before that time

I worked spasmodically at music, authorship, and chemistry. Finally art prevailed. My mother tells me that from my childhood I had always a great appreciation for colouring, and used to amuse myself for hours grouping shaded leaves. My school life was dilatory; sometimes I would play truant for three months at a time, and my father would be unaware of the fact, till he received a long letter from the schoolmaster on the duty of parents, at which he would be greatly surprised, until half-way through the letter he learnt:—

'Your son has not been near school for three months!'

"And your object in staying away?"

"A curious one. I was intensely fond of reading American Indian stories. The sagacity of the race, and their wonderful sight and keenness in following trails, all appealed strongly to my imagination. I used to wander in the parks study-



ing nature, and visited all the docks and museums. I consider that my boyish



fancy did much towards my future artistic life, for it taught me to use my powers of observation, and to concentrate my mind on the details of nature which I should otherwise never have noticed."

"But at first cats were not your forte!"

"No; but I have always been intensely fond of dumb animals. At first, like most men, I found it uphill work, and I had difficulty in obtaining a footing. I started by making sketches for *The Sporting and Dramatic News* at agricultural shows all over the country, and got a keen insight into rural life. It was Peter who first suggested to my mind my fanciful cat creations.

I sat watching his antics one evening, and I did a small study of kittens, which was accepted by the *Lady's Pictorial*. Then I trained Peter like a child, and he became my principal model, and the pioneer of my success. He has helped to wipe out, once and for all, the contempt in which the cat has been held in this country, and raised

its status from the questionable care and affection of the old maid to a real and permanent place in the home. I have myself found, as the result of many years of inquiry and study, that all people who keep cats, and are in the habit of nursing them, do not suffer from those petty little ailments which all flesh is heir to, viz., nervous complaints of a minor sort. Hysteria and rheumatism, too, are un-

known, and all lovers of 'pussy' are of the sweetest temperament. When a student at home, I have often myself felt the benefit, after a long spell of mental effort, of my cats sitting across my shoulders, or of half-an-hour's chat with my pet, 'Peter.' Our English cats are slowly but surely developing into stronger types, which

have very little affinity with the uncertain and unstable creature of the tiles and chimney-pots. With careful breeding the lank body and the long nose disappear, the face becomes condensed, as it were, into a series of circles, the expression develops artlessness, and the general temperament of the animal





"PETER."



MR. LOUIS WAIN.

is one of loving conceit. A marvellous change has also come about in the quality of both long and short-haired varieties, since the National Cat Club has taken such a strong hold on the public fancy."

"And your first big success, I remember, was the double-page of 'Cats' in the *Illustrated London News*?"

"Yes. I suggested the idea to Sir William Ingram, to whose kindly interest I owe the foundation of my success. He, in the first instance, had encouraged me greatly by taking some of my sketches which showed promise but were not sufficiently good to reproduce. I worked upon the 'Cats' picture eleven days, and it contained one hundred and fifty cats with varying expressions."

"And then the tide turned?"

"Yes. It caught the public fancy, and I have since had orders from all parts of the world."



"And your average work?"

"Is fourteen hours a day, but the moment I feel I am not doing justice to my subject, I lay aside my brush, and write a humorous story, or study chemistry."

"And how do you manage to accumulate so many humorous ideas?"

"I am always taking notes when engaged upon one sketch. I am also planning my next subject. Cats are not my only speci-

ality; birds afford really a greater scope for expression and variety of ideas. Here is an owl," Mr. Wain remarks, handing me a sketch. "He was one of my models, and

a most jealous individual. There was a stuffed owl in the room he lived in for which he entertained a desperate hatred, and one day he attacked and scratched it to pieces. The result was that he died suddenly from arsenical poisoning. I will fetch you some of my note-books and you can judge for yourself of the variety of black-and-white work that I undertake."

Mr. Wain reappears with an armful of note-books, and a block and a pencil on which he promises to make me a special sketch of a cat for the benefit of "THE IDLER." It is marvellous to note with what rapidity and ease he works.

"And do you think there is any future for the black-and-white man?" I ask, as I watch him work.

"Yes, a brilliant one. At the present moment he is his own enemy, for his tendency is to work in a groove instead of entering into the spirit of the age, and

being sensitive to all its crazes, advancements, prejudices, and teachings. Personally, I work for every paper in turn, for I find from experience that if you work for one editor you get one class of ideas, and if you constantly change, you avoid degeneracy. A man should never allow his fancy to run away with his judgment. His sketches should be the result of accurate insight into and appreciation of the variety of characters he has to please; he should be a very mirror held up to the nature amongst which he moves.

"The prices given for black-and-white to-day compare very favourably with that of the last ten years, for then a drawing had to be accurately finished in every detail before being accepted."

Whilst Mr. Wain is talking, the cats' ghosts have appeared, and I leave in their good company.



MR. LOUIS WAIN.

A GHOST TRAIN.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

"DO you mean to tell me," I asked the Station-master, "that you really believe that a train has a ghost, and that ghostly trains run over actual railways at night?"

"If you were a railroad man," replied my friend, "you'd see the foolishness of asking such a question? Do I believe in ghost trains? You might as well ask me if I believed in Pullman cars. Why, man! every railroad man knows that ghost trains are liable to be met with almost any night. I don't say that they are common, but I do say that there are lots of men who have seen 'em, and have just as much reason for believing in 'em as they have for believing in any regular train."

"Have you yourself ever seen a ghost train?" I asked.

The Station-master chewed his cigar for a moment in silence, and then said: "Seeing as it's you that asks me, I'll tell you something that I haven't told any man for more than ten years, unless he happened to be an experienced railroad man. You see, I got tired of having people doubt my word, and insinuate that I was a lunatic, or had been drinking too much whisky. You'll perhaps think the same, but what I'm going to tell you is a cold fact, and there ain't a bit of lying, or poetry, or political argufying, or any of those sort of imaginative things about it.

"You know the road from here to Tiberius Centre? It's pretty near a straight line, but when I first came into these parts, the trains used to run from here to Tiberius Centre by a mighty roundabout way. The line, as it was originally laid out, ran in a sort of semi-circle, taking in half-a-dozen small towns lying north-west of this place. After a while the company surveyed the new line,

and bored the big tunnel through the Blue Eagle mountain. The old line wasn't entirely abandoned until about two years ago, but after the tunnel was finished, there was only one passenger train each way daily on the old line, and a freight train three times a week.

"I had a brother who lived up at Manlius, a town on the old line, about seventy miles from here. That is to say, Manlius was his post-office address, but he lived in a house that was three miles from the station, and there wasn't any town of Manlius, except the station-house, and a little shanty that was used as a post-office. I was a kind of general assistant at thisyer station where we are now, and there not being very much work on hand, I got two days' leave, and took the train up to see my brother. It was just about a year after the new line had been opened, and as the company meant to abandon the old line, they hadn't put any repairs on it worth speaking of, and it was about the roughest road you ever travelled over.

"I was a little scared myself, though, as a rule, I never trouble myself about railroad accidents, knowing that they're bound to come, and you can't help yourself. There had been a terrible bad accident on that very road just before the expresses quit running over it. A train, with a Pullman car full of passengers, went off the track just as she had struck the bridge over the Muskahoot river, and as the bridge was over sixty feet high, and the river was over twenty feet deep, nobody ever saw hide or hair of that train, or of anybody connected with it, from that day to this.

"Well, I got up to my brother's along about eight or mebbe half-past eight o'clock in the evening, and found him gone

away, and the house locked up. I hammered on the doors and tried the windows till I had settled that there wasn't any one at home, and that I couldn't break in, and then I meandered back to the station, calculating to pass the night in the



"I COULD SEE IT STANDING CLOSE TO THE WATER-BUTT."

wood-shed, and take the train back to Jericho the next day. It had been snowing hard, and there was near a foot of snow on a level, let alone the big drifts that were here and there. I was pretty well fagged out when I got to the station, which, of course, was shut up for the night, and if it hadn't been that I had a quart flask of whisky in my pocket, I should have come near freezing to death.

"I went into the wood-shed, and got round behind the wood, where the wind couldn't reach me, and after cussin' my brother for a spell, on account of his having gone off and shut up his house,

I made my preparations for taking a nap. Just then I heard the rumble of a train. This naturally astonished me, knowing as I did exactly what trains were running on that road, and that there wasn't any sort of train due at that station for the next fifteen hours. However, the train kept coming nearer and nearer, and pretty soon I heard the grinding of the brakes, and understood that the train was coming to a stop. I didn't lose any time in getting out of that wood-shed, and going for that train. I could see it standing close to the water-butt, about fifty yards down the road, and knew, of course, that the engineer was taking in water. When I reached her I saw that the train consisted only of a baggage car and a Pullman sleeper. I swung myself up on the rear platform of the sleeper, and pushed the door open with a good deal of trouble, for the woodwork seemed to have swelled, and there wasn't anybody to help me from the inside of the car.

"When I got inside I looked around for the passengers, but there wasn't a single one. Neither was there any sign of the nigger porter, who ought to have been there to ask me for my ticket, and to pretend that I was making him a lot of trouble by asking for a bed. You know the ways of nigger porters, and how they always make you feel that if you don't give them a pretty big tip, you are a good deal worse than a slave-driver. The car was lit up after a fashion by a single oil lamp, and all the berths looked as if the passengers had just jumped out of them, and the porter hadn't been round to make up the beds. I couldn't think what had become of the passengers, seeing as they couldn't have gone into the baggage car, and it didn't seem probable that a whole carfull could have distributed themselves at way stations. However, that wasn't any affair of mine. I opened both doors of the car to let a little air blow through, for it was

as musty as a bar-room when you open it the first time in the morning ; and then I picked out a good berth, and calculated to turn in for the night. I soon found that those berths weren't fit for any Christian to sleep in, for the bed-clothes were as damp as if they had been left out in a rain-storm. Where the water had come from that had soaked them I couldn't imagine, for it hadn't rained any for a week, and it stood to reason that the snow couldn't have drifted into the car, shut up as tight as it was. Then it puzzled me to imagine why the porter hadn't taken the wet clothes away, and what had become of the nigger anyhow. The whole business was enough to throw a man off his balance, and I gave up thinking about it, and, going into the wash-room, I sat down in the wash-basin, which was the only dry seat in the car, and, leaning up against the corner, tried to get a nap.

"By this time the train had left the station several miles behind, and was running at a rate that I knew would have been risky on any road, let alone as rough a road as the one we were on. At first I didn't mind this, the running of the train not being my business, but pretty soon I found that I could not keep in my seat without holding on with both hands. I've been in cars that have done some pretty tall running, and over some mighty rough roads, but I never before or since knew a car to jump, and roll, and shake herself generally as that car did. I began to think that the engineer was either drunk or crazy, and that the passengers had got so scared that they had all left the train. To tell the truth, I would have been glad to have left the train myself, but I never was fond of jumping, and if there is any man who says that he likes to jump from a train that is doing forty or fifty miles an hour, why I just don't believe him.

"All of a sudden I thought of the bell-cord, and I decided that I would pull it and stop the train. Then if any conduc-

tor appeared I would tell him who I was, and inform him that if he didn't make his engineer run the train in a decent way, I would take good care that the Division Superintendent should know all about the thing. So I got hold of the bell-cord and gave it a fairish sort of pull—not the very hardest sort of a pull, you understand, but just a moderate pull. The cord broke in my hand as easy as if it had been a piece of thread, and all chance of stopping the train that way disappeared. I looked at the bell-cord and saw that it was as rotten as a politician's conscience, so I just broke off a piece of it, about two or three yards long, and put it in my pocket, intending to show it to the Division Superintendent as a specimen of the way in which the



"I SAT DOWN IN THE WASH BASIN."

Pullman car conductors attended to their business.

"All the time the train was rushing ahead at a speed that would have been counted worth noticing even on the New York Central. When she struck a curve

—and there were lots of them—she just left the track entirely, and swung round that curve with her wheels in the air. And when she did strike the track again you can bet that things shook. Of course I don't mean that the train actually did leave the track, but that was the way it would have seemed to you if you had been aboard that car. I went to the forward door to see if there was any chance of getting into or over the baggage car and so reaching the engineer, but it would have taken a monkey in first-rate training to have climbed over that baggage car without breaking his neck at the rate at which we were running. I went back into the sleeper again, and, holding on to a berth, tried to light up a cigar, but somehow the match didn't seem to take much interest in the thing. I felt confident that in a few minutes more the car would leave the track and go to everlasting smash, and I remember feeling thankful that I had gone over my accounts just before leaving Jericho, and that nobody could fail to understand them. Just then I thought of the brake. If I should go out on the platform and put the brake on, the engineer would feel the drag on the car and would stop the train, unless he was stark mad. At anyrate, the thing was worth trying.

"I got out on the platform, hanging on for all I was worth to the hand rail, until I got hold of the brake wheel. It was as rusty as if it had been soaking in water for a week, but I didn't mind that. I jammed that brake down good and hard, but the brake-chain snapped almost as easy as the bell-cord, and there was an end of that plan for stopping the train. Of course, I knew that a brake-chain sometimes snaps, and you can't prevent it, but it was curious that both the bell-cord and the brake-chain on that car should have been good for nothing.

"Well, I got back into the car again, and I took a middling good drink of the whisky, and it sort of warmed up my

courage. I never was a drinking man even in my young days, for I despise a drunkard, especially if he is a railroad man. But I hadn't had above six or seven drinks that day, and I knew that another moderate one wouldn't do me any harm.



"I GOT HOLD OF THE BRAKE-WHEEL."

I was beginning to feel a little better, when I remembered that I had never heard the whistle of the locomotive since we had started from Manlius station. That showed me that the engineer wasn't either drunk or mad, for in either case he would have blown his whistle about two-thirds of the time; there being nothing that a crazy man or a drunken engineer finds as soothing as a steam whistle. I couldn't explain our flying around curves and over level crossings without sounding the whistle, except on the theory that the

engineer had dropped dead in his cab. But then there would have been the fireman. Both of the men couldn't very well have died at the same minute, and if there

with water, and the bell cord almost too rotten to bear its own weight.

"There wasn't a thing to be seen through the car windows, for they were thick with dirt. So, wanting to get some idea of the locality that we had got to, I went out on the rear platform again, and getting down on the lower step I leaned out to have a look all around. Just then we started around another curve, and what with my fingers being a little numb, and what with the swaying of the car, I lost my hold, and was shot off that train like a mail-bag that is chucked on to our platform when the Pacific express goes booming by.

"Luckily I fell into a snow-bank and wasn't seriously hurt. However, the shock stunned me for a while, and when I came to, and found that I had no bones broken, and that my skull was all right, I picked myself up and started to walk down the track till I should come to a house. After walking, as I should judge, about half a mile, I came to East Fabiusville, where there is a little tavern, and mighty glad I was to see it. I knocked the landlord up and got a bed, and it was noon the next day before I woke up.

"There wasn't any train to Jericho until after three o'clock, so not having anything to do, I looked up the landlord, and found he was an old acquaintance of mine, by the name of Hank Simmons. When I told him that I had come to Fabiusville by a night train, he sort of smiled, and I could see he didn't believe me. 'I don't say that the train stopped here,' I said, 'for the last I saw of it was a mile or so up the road, where I fell off the



"I FELL INTO A SNOW BANK."

was anything the matter with the engineer, the fireman would naturally either have stopped the train and tried to get help, or he would have run it very cautiously, that not being his usual business, and would have been very particular about whistling at the proper places. Not hearing the whistle was, on the whole, more astonishing to me than finding a Pullman car without a passenger, or without a nigger porter; and with the bed-clothes soaked

rear platform into a snow-bank. But all the same, I did come most of the way from Manlius last night in a Pullman sleeper.'

"Then you must have come on what the boys call the ghost train,' says Hank.

"What train's that?' says I.

"Why, it's the ghost of the train that went off the bridge on the Muskahoot river. The boys do say that every once in a while there is a train made up of a locomotive, a baggage-car, and a Pullman sleeper that comes down the road a hustlin', and goes off the Muskahoot bridge into the river. I never saw no such train myself, but there's lots of folks living along this road that have seen it, and you'd have hard work to convince 'em that it isn't the ghost of the wrecked train. Come to think of it, that there train was wrecked just a year ago last night, and it's probable that her ghost was out for an airing, as you might say.'

"Well, when I came to think the thing over, I came to the conclusion that Hank was right, and that the Pullman with the wet bedclothes, and the rotten bell-cord, was nothing, more or less, than the ghost of a car. However, I didn't say much more to Hank about it at the time, for the less a man talks about seeing ghosts the better it is for him, if he wants to be considered a reliable man. But as soon as I got back to Jericho I went to see the Division Superintendent and told him the whole story.

"See here,' he said, when I had got through, 'I suppose I ought to report you, but considering that you were not on duty last night, and that you're not a drinking man as a general thing, I shan't say anything about it. But if you'll take my advice, you'll not tell that ridiculous story to anybody else.'

"Then you think I was drunk and dreamed the whole thing, do you?' I asked.

"I don't think so," says he, 'I'm sure of it. I've just been over the division reports, and no such train as you describe

has been seen at any station. Besides, I know where every Pullman car in the company's service is just at this identical time, and it's impossible that a Pullman should have been on the Manlius branch last night. No train of any kind went over that branch between eight o'clock last night, and seven o'clock this morning.'

"Then I wish you'd explain how I travelled from Manlius station to East Fabiusville last night between nine and twelve. I can prove by the conductor of the up train that he let me off at Manlius after eight o'clock last night, and I can prove by the landlord of the Fabiusville Tavern that I put up at his house just before twelve o'clock. A man, whether he is drunk or sober, can't travel seventy miles in three hours, unless he does it on a railroad train.'

"The Superintendent was a mighty smart man, but this conundrum of mine was more than he could answer. So he only smiled, in an aggravating sort of way, and said, 'You'd better take my advice and keep quiet. You know how down the Directors are on any man that drinks too much whisky. If you go about talking of this adventure of yours the chances are you'll lose your place.'

"Just then I happened to think of the piece of bell-cord that I had taken from the car. I put my hand in my pocket, and there it was, sure enough. I held it up, and said to the Superintendent: 'There's a piece of the rotten bell-cord that I told you about. Perhaps you'll say I dreamed six feet of cord into my pocket.'

"The Superintendent took it, and I could see that he was some considerable staggered. 'You say you got this out of the Pullman sleeper that you dreamed about?' he asked.

"That's just exactly and precisely the identical place where I got that cord aforesaid,' says I, as solemn as if I was on my oath.

"'Well!' says he, 'I take back what I said about you're having been drunk. That there cord hasn't been in use in any car on this road for more than a year. The last car that had a cord like that was the one that went into the Muskahoot river. That's a cotton cord, and we don't use anything but hemp nowadays.'

"'Then you think that I was on a ghost train after all,' says I.

"'I think,' says he, 'that the less you say about it the better—that is, if you care to follow my advice. If you keep on talking about it you'll have half the trainmen on the division watching for ghosts and neglecting their regular duties.'

"Of course, I promised to do as the

Superintendent said, and I never mentioned the ghost train until this particular Superintendent had skipped to Canada with over a hundred thousand dollars. He was a most amazing smart man, and if I had gone against his wishes, I wouldn't have stayed in the company's service very long. However, when I did begin to tell the story, nobody believed me, except now and then an old train hand who had seen ghost trains himself, and knew all about 'em. I've told you the story as straight as a die, and you can take it or leave it just as you choose. As Horace says, 'There's more things in heaven and the other place than any philosopher ever dared to dream about.'



A WOMAN INTERVENES.*

BY ROBERT BARR.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AFTER the business of transferring the mine to its new owner was completed, John Kenyon went to the telegraph office, and sent a short cable message to Wentworth. Then he turned his steps to the hotel, an utterly exhausted man. The excitement and tension of the day had been too much for him, and he felt that, if he did not get out of the city of Ottawa and into the country, where there were fewer people and more air, he was going to be ill. He resolved to leave for the mine as soon as possible. There he would get affairs in as good order as might be, and keep things going until he heard from the owner. When he reached his hotel, he wrote a letter to Wentworth, telling, rather briefly, the circumstances under which he had secured the mine and dealing with other more personal matters. Having posted this, he began to pack his portmanteau, preparatory to leaving early next morning. While thus occupied, the bell boy came into his room, and said, "There is a gentleman wishes to see you."

He imagined at once that it was Von Brent, who wished to see him with regard to some formality relating to the transfer, and he was, therefore, very much astonished—in fact, for the moment speechless—to see Mr. William Longworth enter and calmly gaze round the rather shabby room with his critical eyeglass.

"Ah," he said, "these are your diggings, are they? This is what they call a dollar hotel, I suppose, over here. Well, some people may like it, but, I confess, I don't care much about it myself. Their three or four dollars a day hotels are bad enough for me. By the

way, you look rather surprised to see me, being strangers together in a strange country, I expected a warmer greeting. You said last night, in front of the Russell House, that it would please you very much to give me a warm greeting; perhaps you would like to do so to-night."

"Have you come up here to provoke a quarrel with me?" asked Kenyon.

"Oh, bless you, no. Quarrel! Nothing of the sort. What should I want to quarrel about?"

"Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me why you come here, then?"

"A very reasonable request. Very reasonable, indeed, and perfectly natural, but still quite unnecessary. It is not likely that a man would climb up here into your rooms, and then not be prepared to tell you why he came. I came, in the first place, to congratulate you on the beautiful and dramatic way in which you secured the mine at the last moment, or apparently at the last moment. I suppose you had the money all the time?"

"No, I had not."

"Then you came in to Von Brent just as soon as you received it?"

"Well, now, I don't see that it is the business of anyone else but myself. Still, if you want to know, I may say that I came to Mr. Von Brent's room at the moment he received the money."

"Really! Then it was sent over by cable, I presume?"

"Your presumption is entirely correct."

"My dear Kenyon," said the young man, seating himself without being asked, and gazing at John in a benevolent kind of way, "you really show some temper



JOHN TUCKED HER IN BESIDE HIMSELF.

over this little affair of yours. Now, here is the whole thing in a nutshell——”

“My dear sir, I don’t wish to hear the whole thing in a nutshell. I know all about it; all I wish to know.”

“Ah, precisely; of course you do; certainly; but, nevertheless, let me have my say. Here is the whole thing. I tried to—well, to cheat you. I thought I could make a little money by doing so, and my scheme failed. Now, if anybody should be in a bad temper, it is I, not you. Don’t you see that? You are not acting your part well at all. I’m astonished at you!”

“Mr. Longworth, I wish to have nothing whatever to say to you. If you have anything to ask, I wish you would ask it as quickly as possible, and then leave me alone.”

“The chief fault I find with you, Kenyon,” said Longworth, throwing one leg over the other, and clasping his hands round his knee, “the chief fault I have to find, is your painful lack of a sense of humour. Now, you remember last night I offered you the managership of the mine. I thought, certainly, that by this time to-day I should be owner of it, or, at least, one of the owners. Now, you don’t appear to appreciate the funniness of the situation. Here you are, the owner of the mine, and I am out in the cold—‘left,’ as they say here in America. I am the man who is left——”

“If that is all you have to talk about,” said Kenyon, gravely, “I must ask you to allow me to go on with my packing. I am going to the mine to-morrow.”

“Certainly, my dear fellow, go at once and never mind me. Can I be of any assistance to you? It requires a special genius, you know, to pack a portmanteau properly. But what I wanted to say was this—why didn’t you turn round, when you had got the mine, and offer me the managership of it? Then you would have had your revenge. The more I

think of that episode in Von Brent’s office, the more I think you utterly failed to realise the dramatic possibilities of the situation.”

Kenyon was silent.

“Now all this time you are wondering why I came here. Doubtless you wish to know what I want.”

“I have not the slightest interest in the matter,” said Kenyon.

“That is ungracious, but nevertheless I will continue. It is better, I see, to be honest with you, if a man wants to get anything out of you. Now I want to get a bit of information out of you. I want to know where you got the money with which you bought the mine?”

“I got it from the bank.”

“Ah, yes, but I want to know who sent it over to you?”

“It was sent to me by George Wentworth.”

“Quite so, but *now* I want to know who gave Wentworth the money?”

“You will have a chance of finding that out when you go to England, by asking him.”

“Then you won’t tell me?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“You mean by that, of course, that you won’t.”

“I always mean, Mr. Longworth, exactly what I say. I mean that I can’t tell you. I don’t know myself.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. You seem to have some difficulty in believing that anybody can speak the truth.”

“Well, it isn’t a common vice, speaking the truth. You must forgive a little surprise.” He nursed his knee for a moment and looked meditatively up at the ceiling. “Now would you like to know who furnished that money?”

“I have no curiosity in the matter whatever.”

“Have you not? You are a singular man. It seems to me that a person into whose lap twenty thousand pounds

drops from the skies would have some little curiosity to know from whom the money came."

"I haven't the slightest."

"Nevertheless, I will tell you who gave the money to Wentworth. It was my dear friend Melville. I didn't tell you in New York, of course, that Melville and I had a little quarrel about this matter, and he went home decidedly huffy. I had no idea he would take this method of revenge, but I see it quite clearly now. He knew I had received the option of the mine. There was a little trouble as to what each of our respective shares was to be, and I thought, as I had secured the option, I had the right to dictate terms. He thought differently. He was going to Von Brent to explain the whole matter, but I pointed out that such a course would do no good, the option being legally made out in my name, so that the moment your claim expired, mine began. When this dawned upon him, he took the steamer and went to England. Now I can see his hand in this artistic finish to the affair. It was a pretty sharp trick of Melville's, and I give him credit for it. He is a very much shrewder and cleverer man than I thought he was."

"It seems to me, Mr. Longworth, that your inordinate conceit makes you always under-estimate your friends, or your enemies either, for that matter."

"There is something in that, Kenyon; I think you are more than half right, but I thought, perhaps, I could make it advantageous to you to do me a favour in this matter. I thought you might have no objection to writing a little document to the effect that the money did not come in time, and, consequently, I had secured the mine. Then, if you would sign that, I would take it over to Melville and make terms with him. Of course, if he knows that he has the mine, there will not be much chance of coming to any arrangement with him."

"You can make no arrangements with

me, Mr. Longworth, that involve a sacrifice of the truth."

"Ah, well, I suspected as much, but I thought it was worth trying. However, my dear sir, I may make terms with Melville yet, and then I imagine you won't have much to do with the mine."

"I shall not have anything to do with it if you and Melville have a share in it; and if, as you suspect, Melville has the mine, I consider you are in a bad way. My opinion is that when one rascal gets advantage over another rascal, the other rascal will be, as you say, 'left'."

Longworth mused over this for a moment, and said:

"Yes, I fear you are right—in fact, I am certain of it. Well, that is all I wanted to know. I will bid you good bye. I shan't see you again in Ottawa, as I shall sail very shortly for England. Have you any messages you would like given to your friends over there?"

"None, thank you."

"Well, ta-ta." And the young man left John to his packing.

When that necessary operation was concluded, Kenyon sat down and thought over what young Longworth had told him. His triumph, after all, had been short-lived. The choice between the two scoundrels was so small that he felt he didn't care which of them owned the mine. Meditating on this disagreeable subject, he suddenly remembered a request he had asked Wentworth to make to the new owner of the mine. He wanted no favour from Melville, so he wrote a second letter contradicting the request made in the first, and, after posting it, returned to his hotel, and went to bed, probably the most tired man in the city of Ottawa.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THIS chapter consists largely of letters. As a general rule, letters are of little concern to anyone except the writers and the receivers, but they are inserted here

in the hope that the reader is already well enough acquainted with the correspondents to feel some interest in what they have written.

It was nearly a fortnight after the receipt of the cablegram from Kenyon that George Wentworth found, one morning, on his desk two letters, each bearing a Canadian postage stamp. One was somewhat bulky and one was thin, but they were both from the same writer. He tore open the thin one first, without looking at the date that was stamped upon it. He was a little bewildered by its contents, which ran as follows :—

“My dear George,—I have just heard that Melville is the man who has bought the mine. The circumstances of the case leave no doubt in my mind that such is the fact; therefore please disregard the request I made as to employment in the letter I posted to you a short time ago. I feel a certain sense of disappointment in the fact that Melville is the owner of the mine. It seems I have only kept one rascal from buying it in order to put it in the hands of another rascal.—Your friend, JOHN KENYON.”

“Melville the owner!” cried Wentworth to himself. “Whatever could have put that into John’s head? This letter is evidently the one posted a few hours before, so it will contain whatever request he has to make”; and, without delay, George Wentworth tore open the envelope of the second letter, which was obviously the one written first. It contained a number of documents relating to the transfer of the mine. The letter from John himself went on to give particulars of the buying of the property. Then it continued, “I wish you would do me a favour, George. Will you kindly ask the owner of the mine if he will give me charge of it. I am, of course, anxious to make it turn out as well as possible, and I believe I can more than earn my salary, whatever it is. You know I am not grasping in the

matter of money, but get me as large a salary as you think I deserve. I desire to make money for reasons that are not entirely selfish, as you know. To tell you the truth, George, I am tired of cities and of people. I want to live here in the woods where there is not so much deceit and treachery as there seems to be in the big towns. When I reached London last time, I felt like a boy getting home. My feelings have undergone a complete change, and I think, if it were not for you and a certain young lady, I should never care to see the big city again. What is the use of my affecting mystery, and writing the words ‘a certain young lady’? Of course, you know whom I mean—Miss Edith Longworth. You know, also, that I am, and have long been, in love with her. If I had succeeded in making the money I thought I should by selling the mine, I might have had some hopes of making more, and of, ultimately, being in a position to ask her to be my wife; but that, and very many other hopes, have disappeared with my recent London experiences. I want to get into the forest and recover some of my lost tone, and my lost faith in human nature. If you can arrange matters with the owner of the mine so that I may stay here for a year or two, you will do me a great favour.”

George Wentworth read over the latter part of this letter two or three times. Then he rose, paced the floor, and pondered on the matter. “It isn’t a thing upon which I can ask anyone’s advice,” he muttered to himself. “The trouble with Kenyon is, he is entirely too modest; a little useful self-esteem would be just the thing for him.” At last he stopped suddenly in his walk. “By Jove,” he said to himself, slapping his thigh, “I shall do it, let the consequences be what they may.” Then he sat down at his desk and wrote a letter.

“Dear Miss Longworth,” it began, “You told me when you were here last that you wanted all the documents in the

case of the mine, in every instance. A document has come this morning that is rather important. John Kenyon, as you will learn by reading the letter, desires the managership of the mine. I need not say that I think he is the best man in the world for the position, and that everything will be safe in his hands. I, therefore, enclose you his letter. I had some thought of cutting out a part of it, but knowing your desire, as you said, to have all the documents in the case, I take the liberty of sending this one exactly as it reached me, and if anyone is to blame, I am the person.—I remain, your agent, GEORGE WENTWORTH."

He sent this letter out at once, so that he would not have a chance to change his mind. "It will reach her this afternoon, and doubtless she will call and see me."

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say she did *not* call, and she did not see him for many days afterwards; but next morning, when he came to his office, he found a letter from her. It ran:

"Dear Mr. Wentworth,—The sending of Mr. Kenyon's letter to me is a somewhat dangerous precedent, which you must, on no account, follow by sending any letters you may receive from any other person to Mr. Kenyon. However, as you were probably aware when you sent the letter, no blame will rest on your shoulders, or on those of anyone else, in this instance. Still, be very careful in future, because letter-sending, unabridged, is sometimes a risky thing to do. Still, you are to remember that I always want all the documents in the case, and I want them with nothing eliminated. I am very much obliged to you for forwarding the letter."

"As to the managership of the mine, of course, I thought Mr Kenyon would desire to come back to London. If he is content to stay abroad, and really wants to stay there, I wish you would tell him that Mr. Smith is exceedingly pleased to

know he is willing to take charge of the mine. It would not look businesslike on the part of Mr. Smith to say he is to name his own salary, but, unfortunately, Mr. Smith is very ignorant as to what a proper salary should be, so will you kindly settle that question? You know the usual salary for such an occupation. Please write down that figure, and add two hundred a year to it. Tell Mr. Kenyon the amount named is the salary Mr. Smith assigns to him.

"Pray be very careful in the wording of the letters, so that Mr. Kenyon will not have any idea who Mr. Smith is.—Yours truly, EDITH LONGWORTH."

When Wentworth received this letter, being a man, he did not know whether Miss Longworth was pleased or not. However, he speedily wrote to John, telling him that he was appointed manager of the mine, and that Mr. Smith was very much pleased to have him in that capacity. He named the salary, but said if it was not enough, no doubt Mr. Smith was so anxious for his services that the amount would be increased.

John, when he got the letter, was more than satisfied.

At the time Wentworth was reading his letters, John had received those which had been sent when the mine was bought. He was relieved to find that Melville was not, after all, the owner, and he went to work with a will, intending to put in two or three years of his life, with hard labour, in developing the resources of the property. The first fortnight, before he received any letters, he did nothing but make himself acquainted with the way work was being carried on there. He found many things to improve. The machinery had been allowed to run down, and the men worked in the listless way men do when they are under no particular supervision. The manager of the mine was very anxious about his position. John told him the property had changed hands; but, until he

had further news from England, he could not tell just what would be done. When the letters came, John took hold with a will, and there was soon a decided improvement in the way affairs were going. He allowed the old manager to remain as a sort of sub-manager, but that individual soon found out the easy times of the Austrian Mining Company were for ever gone.

Kenyon had to take one or two long trips in Canada and the United States, to arrange for the disposal of the products of the mine, but, as a general rule, his time was spent entirely in the log village near the river. When a year had passed, he was able to write a very jubilant letter to Wentworth. "You see," he said, "after all, the mine was worth the two hundred thousand pounds we asked for it. It pays, even the first year, ten per cent. on that amount. This will give back all the mine has cost, and, I think, George, the honest thing for us to do would be to let the whole proceeds go to Mr. Smith this year, who advanced the money at a critical time. This will recoup him for his outlay, because the working capital has not been touched. The mica has more than paid the working of the mine, and all the rest is clear profit. Therefore, if you are willing, we will let our third go this year, and then we can take our large dividend next year with a clear conscience. I enclose the balance-sheet."

To this letter there came an answer in due time from Wentworth, who said that he had placed John's proposal before Mr. Smith, but, it seemed, the gentleman was so pleased with the profitable investment he had made that he would hear of no other division of the profits but that of share and share alike. He appeared to be very much touched by the offer John had made, and respected him for making it, but the proposed rescinding on his part and Wentworth's was a thing not to be thought of. This being the case, John sent a letter and a very large cheque to

his father. The moment of posting that letter was, doubtless, one of the happiest of his life, and this ends the formidable array of letters which appears in this chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

KENYON'S luck, as he said to himself, had turned. The second year was even more prosperous than the first, and the third as successful as the second. He had a steady market for his mineral, and, besides, he had the great advantage of knowing the rogues to avoid. Some new swindles he had encountered during his first year's experience, had taught him lessons that he profited by in the second and third. He liked his home in the wilderness, and he liked the rough people amongst whom he found himself.

Notwithstanding his renunciation of London, however, there would, now and then, come up a yearning for the big city, and he promised himself a trip there at the end of the third year. Wentworth had been threatening month after month to come out and see him, but something had always interfered.

Taking it all in all, John liked it better in the winter than in the summer, in spite of the extreme cold. The cold was steady and could be depended upon; moreover, it was healthful and invigorating. In summer, John never quite became accustomed to the ravages of the black fly, the mosquito, and other insect pests of that region. His first interview with the black fly left his face in such a condition that he was glad he lived in a wilderness!

At the beginning of the second winter, John treated himself to a luxury. He bought a natty little French Canadian horse that was very quick and accustomed to the ice, because the ice of the river formed the highway by which he reached Burntpine from the mine. To supplement the horse, he also got a comfortable little cutter, and with this turn-out he made his

frequent journeys between the mine and Burntpine with comfort and speed, wrapped snugly in buffalo robes.

If London often reverted to his mind, there was another subject that obtruded itself even more frequently. His increased prosperity had something to do with this. He saw that, if he was to have a third of the receipts of the mine, he was not to remain a poor man for very long, and this fact gave him a certain courage which had been lacking before. He wondered if she remembered him. Wentworth had said very little about her in his letters, and Kenyon, in spite of the confession he had made when his case seemed hopeless, was loth to write and ask his friend anything about her.

One day, on a clear sharp frosty winter morning, Kenyon had his little pony harnessed for his weekly journey to Burntpine. After the rougher part of the road between the mine and the river had been left behind, and the pony got down to her work on the ice, with the two white banks of snow on either side of the smooth track, John gave himself up to thinking about the subject which now so often engrossed his mind. Wrapped closely in his furs, with the cutter skimming along the ice, these thoughts found a pleasant accompaniment in the silvery tinkle of the bells which jingled around his horse's neck. As a general thing, he met no one on the icy road from the mine to the village. Sometimes there was a procession of sleighs bearing supplies for his own mine and those beyond, and when this procession was seen, Kenyon had to look out for some place by the side of the track where he could pull up his horse and cutter and allow the teams to pass. The snow on each side of the cutting was so deep that these bays were shovelled out here and there to permit teams to get past each other. He had gone half way to the village, when he saw ahead of him a pair of horses which he, at once, recognised as those belonging to the hotel-keeper. He

drew up in the first bay and awaited the approach of the sleigh. He saw that it contained visitors for himself, because the driver, on recognising him, had turned round and spoken to the occupants of the vehicle. As it came along, the man drew up and nodded to Kenyon, who, although ordinarily the most polite of men, did not return the salutation. He was stricken dumb with astonishment at seeing who was in the sleigh. One woman was so bundled up that not even her nose appeared out in the cold, but the smiling rosy face of the other needed no introduction to John Kenyon.

"Well, Mr. Kenyon," cried a laughing voice, "you did not expect to see me this morning, did you?"

"I confess I did not," said John, "and yet——" here he paused; he was going to say, "and yet I was thinking of you," but he checked himself.

Miss Longworth, who had a talent for reading the unspoken thoughts of John Kenyon, probably did not need to be told the end of the sentence. "Are you going to the village?" she asked.

"I *was* going; I am not going now."

"That's right. I was just about to invite you to turn round with us. You see, we are on our way to look at the mine, and, I suppose, we shall have to obtain the consent of the manager before we can do so." Miss Longworth's companion had emerged for a moment from her wraps and looked at John, but instantly retired among the furs again with a shiver. She was not so young as her companion, and she considered this the most frightful climate she had ever encountered.

"Now," said John, "although your sleigh is very comfortable, I think this cutter of mine is even more so. It is intended for two, won't you step out of the sleigh into the cutter? Then, if the driver will move on, I can turn and we will follow the sleigh."

"I shall be delighted to do so," said the

young woman, shaking herself free from the buffalo robe, and stepping lightly from the sleigh into the cutter, pausing, however, for a moment before she did so, to put her own wraps over her companion. John tucked her in beside himself and, as the sleigh jingled on, he slowly turned his pony round into the road again. "I have got a pretty fast pony," he said, "but I think we will let them drive on ahead. It irritates this little horse to see anything in front of her."

"Then we can make up speed," said Edith, "and catch them before they get to the mine. Is it far from here?"

"No, not very far; at least, it doesn't take long to get there with a smart horse."

"I have enjoyed this experience ever so much," she said. "You see, my father had to come to Montreal on business, so I came with him, as usual, and, being there, I thought I would run up here and see the mine. I wanted," she continued, looking at the other side of the cutter and trailing her well-gloved fingers in the snow, "I wanted to know personally whether my manager was conducting my property in the way it ought to be conducted, notwithstanding the very satisfactory balance-sheets he sends."

"Your property!" exclaimed John, in amazement.

"Certainly. You didn't know that, did you?" she replied, looking for a

moment at him, and then away from him. "I call myself the Mistress of the Mine."

"Then, you are—you are——"

"Mr. Smith," said the girl coming to his rescue.

There was a moment's pause, and the next words John said were not at all what she expected. "Take your hand out of the snow," he commanded, "and put it in under the buffalo robe; you have no idea how cold it is here, and your hand will be frozen in a moment."

"Really," said the girl, "an employé must not talk to his employer in that tone! My hand is my own, is it not?"

"I hope it is," said John, "because I want to ask you for it." For answer, Miss Edith Longworth placed her hand in his.

Actions speak louder than words. The sleigh was far in advance, and there were no witnesses on the white-topped hills.

"Were you astonished?" she said, "when I told you that I owned the mine?"

"Very much so, indeed. Were you astonished when I told you I wished to own the owner of the mine?"

"Not in the slightest."

"Why?"

"Because your treacherous friend, Wentworth, sent me your letter applying for a situation. You got the situation, didn't you—John?"

[THE END.]

LONDON IN 1930.

A FORECAST.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY.



THE next few decades may be expected to be prolific in improvements, and as many of them will deal with the details of daily life, we may, for our cold comfort, be permitted to indulge occasionally in a small day-dream of the wonders that will be, as did Tennyson, some half century since, in *Locksley Hall*. Before long, will not some happy inventor have discovered the secret of a smoke-consuming stove, and thus deliver London and Londoners from the fogs that rob us of our precious share of wintry sunshine, and from the blacks and smuts that add such a special virulence to the dirt and dust that are always with us. Not only millions of money, but the gratitude of generations of human beings await the man who will solve this problem. Clear as country air will be that of the great city in the happy days to follow. Is not cleanliness an integral part of beauty? And with plenty of sunshine and pure air, there will be every encouragement for the development of the growing sense of beauty that already begins to sprout and show itself in our streets.

Has not a wonderful transformation already taken place in the shop windows of London since a system of prize-giving for successful decorative effects was initiated? And in the years that lie immediately before us, a similar system will be applied to private houses, with great results. Houses are, for the most part, ugly—hopelessly ugly. This is a radical defect that is, to use a graphic Hibernicism, quite past praying for. There are possible palliations, however, and wonders can be done with a background of even the most hideous architecture. There will be small difficulty,

for instance, in inducing the inhabitants of squares, terraces, streets, and roads, to subscribe to a common fund for painting the whole row at the same time, and thus avoiding the patchy effect that is only too common at the present moment. To do so would save the pockets of householders, a consideration that is quite as likely to be in force in the next century as it is in this. Painters would charge much less for working off several houses at one time than they would for painting each of them separately. Schemes of colour suitable to such house decoration would form the subject of special competition.

How good, for instance, would be the effect of a crescent-shaped row of houses, of which there are many in London, if the two ends were tinted to a deep tone of yellow, which should gradually become lighter towards the centre, where the houses would be pure white. With a unanimity of citron-tinted window-drapes, yellow-tiled flower-boxes, and dead-leaf-green hall-doors, fitted with wrought-iron furnishings in light and beautiful designs, such a chromatic scale of colour might induce imitation. Encouragement of window gardening and kindred decoration might be on a large scale. There are great possibilities, even in the ordinary house; but the subject has never been sufficiently encouraged. Did not Rosa Bonheur once, when a girl, turn a dark and ugly passage in a friend's house into a windowed recess so cleverly devised and so beautifully fitted with receptacles for growing ivy and ferns that it became the favourite resting-place of the owner?

Suppose rewards were offered for the best and most graceful arrangement of palms, ferns, and growing plants, not only outside the windows, but within the

rooms; would not the results be likely to be agreeable? A summer fireplace might be the subject of one such competition. An American paper describes one in which ivy and smilax were grown behind a mirror and so trained that the leafage hung over from the top, while ferns and roses looked up to the greenery from the floor in front. How the devisor induced his ivy and smilax to grow in a dark and draughty grate does not appear; but the hope of a reward would encourage ingenuity in the direction of making such difficulties disappear.

Another matter to which a Committee of Good Taste would certainly direct their efforts would be the colour and form of window draperies. Can anything be more inane and utterly commonplace, not to say dispirited and dejected, than the ordinary white lace curtains to which this generation clings with a conservatism that is wholly misplaced? The art shops are filled with beauty in the form of exquisite muslins, soft of texture and glowing of tint; but though they pipe most musically but few will dance. The great bulk of us prefer the chilly monotone of white "Nottingham lace" to the warmth and tenderness of tint that invites the colourist. In 1930 there will, at least, be no such survivals of an uncultivated age, save in dreary lodgings where poor landladies are prevented by their poverty from making any change.

Hoardings, posters, and railway-stations! What a vision of squalor, jarring crudity of tint, and leaden, uniform greyneess, do not the three words conjure up! In 1930 all will be changed. London, which is longing to be beautiful, will have made her waste places to blossom as the rose. The work done by the Brabazon Society in many a nook and corner will be carried out on an immense scale. The hoardings of the future will be embellished with placards and posters of such pre-eminent attractiveness that crowds will pause to gaze upon them, for

the mere delight they will afford the eye. A poster should conciliate; not annoy. A placard should invite; not repel. Why should the most murderous moment of a melodrama be selected for illustration in the announcements of a stage play? Because it suits the public taste? All the more strongly, then, appears the need for education of the eye in a form that all who run may read. Our present barbarity in colour must before long give place to a humanising change.

The florists of 1930 will not dream of using such a crude and hideous blue as that of the paper in which the flower dealers of to-day envelop the blossoms they sell. Look how the glorious tone-music of the fruiterers' windows is defaced and mutilated by the frightful brick-dust pink of the paper wrappings. Even oranges are encircled with it, the effect on the colourist being so discordantly clamorous that, if translated into sound, it would go far to deafen. These terrible blues and pinks appear, too, in the omnibus and tramway tickets, that jar so upon some of us that we straightway hide them away directly we receive them. In 1930 they will be replaced by splendid yellows; tender lucid green, as of a chrysoprase; soft greys and mauves, that answer the light responsively; pale sea-blues, such as one sees in ancient tapestries; and mellow, autumn tints, that are never inharmonious. Much to be envied is the generation that sees the rampantly hideous posters and placards of our own time for ever banished, the tints of which are often so aggressively afflicting, so luridly threatening, so convulsively angry, that involuntarily the distressed vision turns away from what was intended to engagingly invite the eye.

With regard to our railway-stations, those bleak and joy-barren penitential places, what a marvellous change will here be apparent in 1930! The value of cleanliness will then be understood,

actively pursued, captured, and retained in the service of beauty. Those mud-tinted walls will shine with radiant whiteness. Their frown will be banished by a brilliant smile, reflecting back the sunshine, and forming a splendid background for the improved advertisements, in which there will be much to please, and little to annoy, the reverse of their present characteristics. No longer will special prominence be given to the disagreeable word "accident," which is now the very first to catch the eye when one is starting on a journey. Nor are the praises of patent pills calculated to enhance the gaiety of nations, reminding us only too forcibly of the mysterious intricacy of the inner economy of the human system; of the fatal ease with which the various organs slip out of gear; and of the elusive manner in which they occasionally manage to keep out of reach of remedies.

So much for the eye. As to the ear, it will be eased, indeed, of many a trial in the days of 1930. We hardly realise how often it is now assailed, or by what a complexity of disagreeable noises. Science will be called in to attune them to some glorious melody. Here is a chance for practical musicians. What a splendid achievement it will be to harmonize the strident discords that disfigure the simple melody of life! The railway whistle, robbed of its shrillness and invested with a flute-like sweetness, will be just as useful as a warning as it is at present. The "syren" signal, which summons railway workers to their task with a hideous yell, may be transformed into a glorious trumpet-call to duty. It is now known as "the 'ooter" by those whose movements it directs, and hooting of the most derisive sort would, indeed, seem to be its special characteristic. With some melodious note to which whistle and syren could be tuned, it should not be difficult to arrange the lesser sounds in consonance. Noise can be

rendered enlivening by the aid of music. Even the crashing and grinding of street traffic might, by the aid of science, be converted from the rasping, nerve-distressing thing it is. Why should not tram-rails be so constructed as to emit a deep and musical note to which itinerant vendors, newsboys, and omnibus conductors could attune their various cries? Why should not overhead wires be treated like the strings of an Æolian harp and drawn tight to the notes of some musical chord? With these for ever quivering in the air, in harmony with the deep diapason of melodized street traffic, how easy it would be for the sweep to attune to it his unearthly falsetto! A musical minor note would be equally telling. Trilby shows us what can be done with the cry of "Milk oh!" The sellers of flowers, with a little training, could soon be made to see what abundant possibilities of metric charm lie in their already picturesque call, "All a-blowing and a-growing." The butchers' entreaties to their customers to "Buy, buy, buy, buy," afford suggestions for a splendid glee or round or merry madrigal. Could not Sir Arthur Sullivan convert to rhythmic beauty the cries of "Cauliflower," and "Plaice all alive oh," that in their present form fill suburban streets with mere unruly noise? Such calls as "Sweet lavender," "Fresh violets," "Roses a penny a bunch," "Primroses," and "Daffodils and Wallflowers," are a direct invitation to the musician. And in the matter of itinerant musicians, a qualifying examination before a council of taste will have to be passed before any may venture upon such a trade; and with all these changes, such a flood of light and sweetness, such a glory of colour and mellifluity of sound, will be poured upon our great metropolis as will make it the wonder and the joy of nations, the favourite dwelling-place of artists, the inspiration of poets, and the happiest hunting-ground of the essayist and novelist.

* * * *

Is it impossible ?

Would not our great-grandfathers have considered the London of to-day equally improbable ? Think of the transformation it has undergone in the present century alone ! It was only in 1812 that gas began to supersede the wretched oil lamps that had previously been the sole illuminant. Prior to Sir Robert Peel's "Act for Improving the Police in and near the Metropolis," passed in 1829, the only guardians of the night were 803 men, most of whom were old and infirm, the payment of 8½d. to 1s. 6d. per night being insufficient to induce able-bodied men to fill the office. The water supply, until 1828, when a commission was appointed to inquire into it, was delivered direct to consumers from the rivers, polluted by sewage, without any settling reservoirs or filtering beds.

The sanitary arrangements were of the most primitive description, gutters being provided at each side of the street for a system of open drainage. The streets were paved with cobblestones instead of the smooth wood and asphalt of to-day ; and the wheels of vehicles, guiltless of rubber tyres, made a desperate noise upon them. Narrow streets have given place to wide and imposing thoroughfares. And as what has once been again may be, is it romantic or Utopian to dream of changes that are to come ? No ! It is simply a sum in proportion. If this immense improvement has taken place in the London of 1895 as compared with that of 1800, what may be expected of the London of 1930, given the tremendous *accelerando* in progress that has marked the last ten years ?



A PUBLIC MISFORTUNE.

BY ALEXANDER STUART.

JOHNNY GOUK was a carter, and cracked a whip. But louder and more constant than the crack of his whip was the sound of his tongue. Failing better company, he would talk to himself every foot of a five-mile trudge with his cart, spluttering out the words in a see-saw voice, but with such rapidity that they were seldom articulate. After the first mile his lips were wreathed in foam,

master's voice that he had not the heart to continue his journey in silence.

Johnny was inordinately proud of his voice, and always carried a tuning-fork in his waistcoat pocket. Sometimes, as he trudged along by the side of his cart, he would break loudly into a psalm-tune; but not before he had smitten the tuning-fork on his knee, and applied the end to his teeth to give himself the note. As he



"HAD SMITTEN THE TUNING-FORK ON HIS KNEE."

a fact apparent to everyone he spoke to, but of which he himself apparently remained ignorant. Watty Whyte, who had an everlasting contempt for him, called him a "haverin' idiot." "His mouth's never dacent from mornin' to night," said Watty, "and he has nae sense enough to draw the back o' his hand across it." Every now and again, as Johnny paused to take breath, preparatory to starting a new train of thought, the cart also came to a standstill. It seemed as if the old horse had grown so accustomed to the accompaniment of his

returned to his pocket the only musical instrument he possessed, he ran his voice feelingly up and down the scale, as if to test its quality and strength, before trusting it with the sacred tune. For Johnny believed that all the tunes in the Scottish Psalmody had been originally composed by King David himself.

On one memorable Sabbath morning, Johnny led the praise of the congregation, and by not a few of the critical members his variations and flourishes at the end of each verse, particularly the last, were considered superior to those of the regular

occupant of the precentor's chair. How Johnny, for the first and last time in his life, came to occupy that proud position happened in this wise. He was hanging about the church porch, with his hands in his pockets, waiting till everyone should have entered the church before he took his seat, when he became aware of a hurried consultation of three elders round the church plate.



"SANK DOWN HEAVILY UPON HIS SEAT."

"Has onything gaen wrang, Mr. Murray?" asked Johnny, approaching the leading elder with due reverence, for he knew it was a bold thing for him to do.

"The precentor's taken ill at the last minute," said the sombre-looking individual thus addressed. "And there's no' a man in this village can take his place. I maun away round to the minister, and see what's to be done."

"I'll tak' his place," said Johnny, excitedly. "I'm no' blate like what a younger chiel might be, and I hae as guid a voice as ony man in the Parish. Ye've heard me sing 'Maggie Lauder' in yer ain kitchen, Mr. Murray; and ye ken whether I'm speaking the truth or no."

"Man, man, haud your lang tongue," said the elder, sternly. "Remember the place yer standin' in, and that ye're practically before the session. It's a sair pity," he continued, turning his back on Johnny, and addressing his brother elders, "that we're forced to make use of the like of him; but there's nae help for it that I can see."

Thus it was that Johnny, a few minutes later, walked in before the minister and took his seat in the place of honour. By some strange coincidence the chair upon which the precentor usually sat had been sent away to be repaired, and a wooden form had temporarily taken its place. There was no desk, nothing to hide behind, and Johnny began to feel his position a little trying. But now the first psalm had been given out, and Johnny was on his feet. His voice shook a little at the first line, but long before he had come to the last verse he was thoroughly enjoying himself, and singing with supreme gusto. When the end came, he stood for a moment enjoying his triumph, then slowly retreated backwards with his face still turned towards the congregation, and sank down heavily upon his seat. Instantly there was a dull crash, and for a moment nothing was seen of the precentor but the soles of his feet. When the silence had been restored with double intensity, it was seen that the form had given way beneath him, and he now lay

prostrate on his back, his feet wide apart, his hands spread out as if in a vain attempt to support himself, and a look of innocent consternation on his generally vacant face. With evident pain and reluctance he scrambled to his feet, and after a moment's scrutiny of the broken form, slunk away to the side of the pulpit, and sat down on one of the steps. But his nerve was broken, and for the rest of the service the singing was of the feeblest description. For almost a week Johnny kept silent about his mishap, until he thought the memory of it was becoming faint. Then he broached the subject himself, and gave his own version of it in a belated self-defence.

"It wasnae the look o' the thing," he havered, "but the fricht. Mercy on us, ses I to mysel', is the kirk comin' doun? that's what I said. Ses I, Is the kirk comin' doun on the tap o' me, and me at the ither end frae the door? I never thocht o' what I wad look like, it was a' the ither way. Thinks I, what's garrin' everybody look frichted like? Dae they think I'm killed, or that my rumple bane's broken? Losh! thinks I, if my rumple bane's broken, I'll no' be able tae get up, and the minister'll hae tae come doun and carry me intae the vestry. I never thought what I was looking like for a

moment. Ses I to mysel', ses I, and the thocht made the sweet rin down my back, if I've lost the paper wi' the psalm tunes what'll come ower us a'. It was nae like as if I had been an ordinar' man like yersel' that had had a coup. Folks wad jist hae lauched at ye. But they couldnae lauch at me, there was that muckle depending on me. Ses the minister tae me in the vestry when it was a' ower, 'Johnny,' ses he, 'I was feared that we wad hae tae stop the service till I saw ye pick yersel' up jist as if naething had happened.' That's what the minister said to me. Ses he, 'If it had been any ither man than yersel', Johnny,' ses he, 'I wad hae spoken tae him ower the pulpit. But when I saw it was yersel', I knew it was a' richt. Man,' ses he, 'ye lifted a wecht aff my mind when I saw ye get up and look round at the congregation wi' great solemnity, as much as to sae, "What are ye a glowering at; attend tae the minister."' But I could nae sit doun on my seat for a week after without fin'in' my way as if it was fu' o' needles. That's the effect it had on me. It wasnae the look o' the thing, but the fricht."

And once more Johnny would begin at the beginning and gallantly fight his battle over again.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.

IS HONESTY THE BEST POLICY?

IF you stop the man in the street, and ask him whether honesty is the best policy, he will probably (on recovering from his surprise) answer, Yes. What is more, he will believe that he has told you the truth. Follow him in his daily avocations, however, and you will find that at almost every turn he is doing something which is not strictly honest according to any reasonable interpretation either in word or deed, but which he, nevertheless, calculates in his heart of hearts will turn out to his advantage. Moreover, his calculation cannot be so far out, because every day he verifies it, and every day, if experience were against him, he could turn over a new leaf, which he does not.

It would be easy to multiply examples of this kind. "A bird in the hand," they say, "is worth two in the bush." Is this really so? As a generalisation, it seems open to doubt. Obviously, a great deal must depend upon the nature of the birds, and the appliances you have for snaring them. With a first-rate bird-catching equipment it might be quite a good speculation, as many a company promoter could attest, to risk the bird you hold for the two you hope to catch. When money is plentiful, thousands will be found acting upon this principle, which, the proverb notwithstanding, really underlies all commercial and financial life. After a "slump" on the Stock Exchange, it is true, many will ruefully recall the proverb, and regret they did not think of it sooner; but, on the other hand, out of every financial crash somebody, who went for the two birds, and caught them, will be found emerging with a fortune. Here, again, if I mistake not, honesty fails to prove itself the best policy.

The stickler for the wisdom of all proverbial lore may, at this point, be disposed

to quibble by arguing that we do not see the whole scheme of things, and that the honesty account runs from time into eternity, where alone we can expect it to be finally balanced. This betrays a familiarity with the designs of Providence which I do not profess to enjoy; because, as a matter of fact, in the only book where the intentions of Providence are understood to be recorded, the word "policy" never occurs, being in fact, so modern and so obscure in origin, that the etymologists can only suggest its derivation from "police."

Undeniably, however, there is something Scriptural in that turn of phrase, "Honesty is the best policy," just as there is in that other questionable saying which so shrewd a worldling as Sir Edward Watkin once quoted to a meeting of South Eastern Railway shareholders, as from the Bible, but which, as a statement of fact, is palpably wrong, even in a figurative sense, namely, that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." If this were true of the shorn lamb, or anything like true, there would be an end of Darwinism. And if honesty could be proved to be the best policy, I am not sure that the whole system of philosophy standing in the revered name of Mr. Herbert Spencer, would not have to go by the board. Clearly the matter of a proverb is of much less account than its manner. Sterne's now famous saying existed in germ long before he launched it upon a reverential world, no less pious an authority than George Herbert having expressed it thus: "To a close shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure." In this form, of course, the sentiment was too transparently false to take the public in. The shorn sheep has to take its chance with the woolliest member of the flock, and the shorn lamb likewise, though such is the magic of words that the latter seems to be enveloped

in a sort of protecting atmosphere of sympathy. Sterne availed himself of the poetic glamour of the phrase without pausing to inquire whether, as a matter of fact, lambs are shorn at all.

So with the saying honesty is the best policy. It has an axiomatic form well-calculated to deceive the unwary, who would probably not be surprised if they had the assurance of their local clergyman that it was lifted from the Sermon on the Mount. Of course, if the pursuit of honesty under all circumstances is to be taken as anything more than a purely worldly counsel, this discussion falls to the ground, or, at least, ought to be left in the hands of the theological experts. But, I do not look upon it in that light. It has no Scriptural authority, and must have been invented by worldlings for worldlings, in whose mouths, indeed, it is part of the small change of conversation. On reflection you will find that the word policy is out of harmony with every theological system in the world, denoting as it does, a certain freedom of choice between advisable and inadvisable courses. If, then, it may be urged the proverb has no authority, why dwell upon it? Why not pass it by on the other side? Excellent advice, no doubt. But the thing fascinates me. I cannot tear myself away from it. It has caught my eye as a current imposture, and I am obliged to nail it like a bad coin to the counter, because it is the nucleus of a whole system of sham philosophy.

STINKING FISH.

Honesty is in its way such a good word, and such a desirable thing, that my venturing to attack it in this connection may savour of flippancy or worse. But I will ask the reader to ponder the argument a little, and give me the benefit of his second thoughts. What is honesty? Is it doing unto others as you would be done by? Not exactly. I should have nothing to say against it if it were. There are so many kinds of honesty! As generally

applied, the proverb seems to cover two kinds—commercial honesty, and social honesty, that is to say, absolute frankness in the ordinary relations of life. On its commercial side the proverb is counteracted by another of equal authority to the effect that “it is not well to cry stinking fish in the market place.” If, however, your fish is stinking, as it may well be, and if honesty is the best policy, why not cry stinking fish? To this length I apprehend that nobody in the commercial world is prepared to go. Nor does the contention fail if the fish is taken in an allegorical sense.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

There remains the question of social frankness, and here the proverb under discussion seems to be fortified by another, equally familiar, which counsels us to “tell the truth and shame the devil.” This looks sound, but it still does not bring us down to the bad-rock of the matter, because the illusive problem has to be faced, What is truth? On this point the sacred chronicler seems to have done some injustice to jesting Pilate, who is represented as a very poor humorist, whereas he was probably a profound philosopher. When jesting Pilate asked, What is Truth? he was on the judicial bench, and very poor jokes, as we know, are made in that quarter. Still, there is the germ of a whole philosophy in the question, and the proper answer I take to be is that truth is just what the fallible observer thinks it is, no more and no less. In other words, truth is not an unassailable set of facts, but a shifting, uncertain, and personal interpretation of apparent facts. So long as the Ptolemaic theory of the universe lasted, and it had a run of something like one thousand five hundred years, the sun went round the earth. That was the fact, the disputing of which brought the hapless Galileo into conflict with the only acknowledged repositories of truth in his time. Since the establishment of the Copernican

system, on the other hand, as everybody knows, the earth has been comfortably going round the sun.

Now, obviously, as truth (in the last resort) is nothing but a molecular action in the brain of the individual observer, and as there are all varieties of brains, and, consequently, all varieties of interpretation, it would be an intolerable state of things if every person conceived himself to be at liberty to speak the truth as he understood it, at all times and under all circumstances. As a matter of fact, a convenient *modus vivendi* has been arrived at on the basis of what I may call the average intelligence of mankind, regard being had, of course, to place and period—since what is truth, in the meridian of Greenwich and in Mrs. Grundy's domestic circle, is not truth in the meridian of Teheran or Pekin, and was not truth even on the banks of the Thames two thousand years ago.

In a very primitive society, honesty might, in the popular sense assigned to it, be the best policy, if only on the ground that it was the easiest one; for it must always be easier to express your real sentiments than to disguise them. But, in a highly civilised community, with its infinite complexity of interests, the individual is bound to subordinate his predilections to the general convenience of the community of which he is a member; he replaces honesty by expediency, and he is the more justified in doing this, that the one course is probably as near the abstract verities as the other.

THE MORAL PROVERB.

Proverbs are of many kinds. For the most part they are shrewd and terse expressions of worldly experience, and I have nothing to say against them. My *bête noire* is the moral proverb, which, at the best, expresses the canting aspiration of the masses towards an ideal which is unworkable in the market place. In sanitation, architecture, clothing, and other concrete affairs of life, the individual is schooled into harmony with the action of the majority; he is made to toe the line of expediency. So in the domain of morals he is no more allowed to give rein to his individual caprice than he is free to erect a house that is displeasing to the surveyor of the County Council. One

man may think it well to speak the truth about his neighbours, and another to obstruct the public thoroughfare, but society as the final arbiter sits heavily upon both. Socially and journalistically there has been small room for honesty since the law of libel was established.

The moral proverb will, however, (although so easily demolished by analysis) continue to live, seeing that in the language of the trade circular, it meets a wide felt want. It is a neat and compendious criticism upon other people's doings which gives you the comfortable feeling of looking down upon poor humanity from a moral altitude. Moreover, it is an almost indispensable aid to conversation.

If the moral proverb did not exist it would have to be invented in order to supply commonplace minds with a harmless form of comment, adapted to all the relations of life. It is said that England, France, and Germany boast, each, several thousands of proverbs. But in the illiterate countries where thought is less flexible, there are naturally a far greater number. The East teems with proverbs, and in Spain they are estimated at from thirty to forty thousand. The popular speech of the Spaniards consists largely of proverbs strung end to end, no sentiment being thought too small to be unworthy of expression in the proverbial form; "Mas vale algo que nada" ("something is better than nothing") your *hidalgo* will sententiously remark, just as Sancho Panza did before him. If the moral proverb were abolished, I believe it would enormously clear our minds of cant. But cant, perhaps, after all, is as good an imitation of virtue as we can hope to get in a mixed community of what M. Alphonse Daudet calls, "strugforlifeurs." And I doubt whether the strictly honest man in London could keep out of the hands of the police for a week.

MONEY AND BRAINS.

How strangely artificial the laws of property have become is illustrated by the fact that while an outcry is raised in many quarters at the tendency of governments in this country, in America, and now in France, to take a bigger and bigger slice out of the property left by wealthy testators, the total eclipse at death of an intellect like that of M.

Alexandre Dumas, is accepted as being entirely in the natural and proper order of things.

Is it harder that a millionaire should be debarred from tying up his wealth for several generations than that a man of genius should be unable to dispose by will of his intellect as a going concern, for which he personally has no further use, but which might still be valuable to his heirs? Logic and analogy forbid us to think so. Commercially speaking, the great man's brain is the "plant" which serves to turn out his literary or artistic product, the finished article which makes his reputation in the world's market. It is to him what the brewery is to the brewer. To be sure, it comes to him in the first instance as a gift, but then so, in many cases, does the brewery to its proprietor, who, nevertheless, is allowed to will it away as he pleases.

NATURE'S LIFE INTEREST.

The difference between the two classes of property, the intellectual and the material, is this: that Nature never grants more than a life interest in her gifts, whereas man has devised primogeniture and mortmain.

By the establishment of death-duties we are reverting more or less imperfectly to Nature's lines; and though not a believer in Socialism, which aims stupidly at establishing equality where no equality exists, I am not sure that the artificial laws of property are not destined to a sweeping revision. Nature's life-interest will be found to be a very sound principle, if you take the trouble to think it out. The other day I was condoling with a French man of letters upon the loss his country had sustained in the death of the author of *La Dame aux Camélias* and *Le Demi-Monde*. "Que voulez-vous," he replied; "il nous faut de la place." And, in truth it would be a terrible state of

affairs if intellect were transmissible from father to son, and were only extinguished on the failure of the family line! What a congestion of genius there would be in the domain of literature and art!

MILLIONAIRE DYNASTIES.

Some difficulty of this kind is already being felt in regard to money or money's worth which shows a dangerous tendency to accumulate in a comparatively small number of hands. Certain safeguards there are—no doubt, against an abuse of the laws of property. The betting ring, the stock exchange, the variety theatre, blindly stigmatised as evils, are all so many agencies for the dissipation of wealth. Each generation has its sharps and its flats—the men with brains and no money and the men with money and no brains. The second or third inheritor of a family fortune usually makes ducks and drakes of it. How far such natural safeguards may be trusted to hold good, however, in face of the spread of education, and the growing sense of the power that wealth confers, it is difficult to say. Millionaire dynasties are becoming a feature of American Society—I believe there are five generations of Astors and almost as many of Vanderbilts. We, too, have our Rothschilds. Such is the force of family traditions and family opinion now brought to bear upon him that the spendthrift heir seems to have less and less chance of asserting himself.

For this reason it strikes me as a matter of the utmost social and economic importance that the State should show a growing disposition to "confiscate" wealth on the death of its owner. The French have copied our scheme of death-duties, and are going one better. Soon every State in Europe will be on the same tack. If I mistake not, these death-duties which are still in their infancy, are destined to play a large part in the social evolution of the future.



ARE INTERVIEWERS A BLESSING OR A CURSE?

BY THE INTERVIEWERS.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, MISS M. A. BELLOC, FREDERICK DOLMAN, MISS
FRIEDERICHIS, AND G. B. BURGIN.

It all depends, of course, upon the interviewer. An interviewer to be in any way whatever successful in his calling must be a well-bred man; he must possess unfailing tact and sympathy; he must be thoroughly up-to-date in every particular, politically, socially, ecclesiastically, from a literary point of view, and also, as far as possible, from an artistic and a scientific point of view. For his is a mind that is thrown into contact with many minds; he must encounter every species of the human race. One day he has to breakfast with a Cardinal of Rome, on the next to lunch with a Cabinet Minister, a caricaturist, a celebrated novelist, a successful lawyer. He may find himself confronting an eminent Nonconformist one week, and in close contact with a leading High Churchman the next

Raymond Blathwayt says that the Interviewer is a blessing.

—he must know something of the life and works, the hopes and ambitions, the successes and failures, and weaknesses of each. He

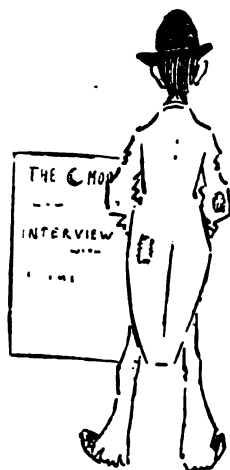


must place each in his own and proper atmosphere and environment, and, reading keenly the character of the subject of the moment, he must, as it were, albeit delicately and lightly, suggest each one's personality and marked individuality. All this appears, perhaps, at first



sight, to argue omniscience on the part of the interviewer. But it is not in the least necessary that he should be a perambulating dictionary of universal knowledge; if he were so, he would assuredly be fit for higher and better things than interviewing, than which it is scarcely possible to imagine a more detestable form of earning one's daily bread. But, nevertheless, I maintain

that the interviewer who knows his duty, who easily and intelligently "gets at" the mind of the person whom he is interviewing, and who places him as he actually is before the public—who is not a mere auctioneer's appraiser of the wretched man's belongings at so much per thousand words—such a man, I take it, is in his own small way—very small way—a benefactor to his kind. It is not only as a preserver of minor contemporary history that the necessity for him and his services exists. In many respects he is a discoverer; he brings people to the light who would otherwise remain long unknown. He must have not only insight, but foresight. He is frequently enabled to place an ordinary abstruse or dry-as-dust subject—political, scientific, or ecclesiastical—brightly, interestingly, untechnically, and in a popular manner before the man in the street, who, like Gallio, cares for none of these things; or he gets hold of a person brimful of information on a matter of general interest, but who has no gift of expression: the interviewer acts as his interpreter. And thus not only can high and



dry subjects pertaining to science, ecclesiasticism, *la haute politique* be, as it were, popularised by the aid of the interviewer, but by means of the clash of two bright minds, a greater interest is drawn out of subjects of every variety. The *question* counts for something as well as the answer. For it must be remembered that the interviewer goes with the mind of the public in him, the public whom Horace termed profane or uninitiate, whom certain shining lights of to-day regard as Philistine, but the public whose admiration none of them altogether despise; this public, I say, has a mind and an intelligence of its own, a mind fairly open to persuasive reason and an intelligence not to be ignored. It is the mean, as Herbert Spencer says, from which all genius is but a slight divergence. The interviewer, with their mind in him, comes between the public and the novelist, dramatist, or artist of the future, we will say; he endeavours, on behalf of his *clientèle*, to elucidate the mind of the writer, and the working of that mind, its trains of thought, and the conclusions at which those trains eventually arrive.

Under such circumstances does he not effect good rather than harm?

The interviewer is a curse rather than a blessing when he enters houses uninvited, when he pries into the privacy of home-life, when he disregards the confidence that has been placed in his honour and good taste, when he misrepresents what is said to him. But such cases are few and far between; in England, at all events, the interviewer does his duty as it should be done, with tact and reticence and good feeling. And above all, though his work should ever show signs of care, let him not take *himself* seriously. He is not a literary man, nor can he even call himself a journalist. He is an interviewer pure and simple. But just as he who sweeps a crossing can make that and the action fine, so even can an interviewer dignify a calling than which scarce any other on earth has been so much besmirched and bespattered with the mud of the thoughtless passer-by.

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Whether the interviewer is a blessing or a curse depends almost entirely on the good sense and discretion of his or her subject. To those engaged in any enterprise where publicity is necessary or helpful, the interviewer is a very practical blessing, for "the man in the street" and, indeed, "the woman at home," will read an interview with eager interest when nothing would induce them to even glance through an article dealing with the business, the philanthropic, or the political enterprise, which forms the matter discussed in the

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"chat" or "talk" to which they first turn instinctively on opening their paper or magazine.

When discussing the interview question it should always be remembered, especially by those who have perchance never met either an "Interviewer" or a "Celebrity" in the flesh, that on this side of the Atlantic, at least, no one is obliged to be interviewed. Almost invariably the interview takes place by appointment, and for the one who declines there are fifty who seek out rather than refuse an opportunity of delivering their minds on whatever subject or hobby happens to be engrossing them for the moment.

Even from the lowest points of view—self-interest and self-preservation—the interviewer should invariably send a proof to his or her subject. People will often say, ay, and even insist on having them recorded, things that they will ultimately regret seeing in print, and which they will feel strongly tempted to deny having said. It then becomes a question of word against word, and the interviewer as often as not gains the reputation of being if not wilfully inaccurate, at least grossly careless. Further, when a conversation deals with personal opinions and impressions, it is all essential that the person interviewed should be able to see if the sense, at least, of what he said has been correctly rendered, and this end is not always to be attained by stenographic accuracy; indeed, most of the better known interviewers have never learnt shorthand, but trust entirely to notes and a well-trained memory.

Whether an interviewer prove a blessing or a curse to those who consent to make him a medium of communication between themselves and the public also depends, to a great extent, on his general knowledge of contemporary literary, political, theatrical, and artistic matters. Interviewing is unfortunately supposed to be fairly easy work, and instead of being given to the most capable, it is often offered to the newest recruit on the staff of a paper. And yet long before this branch of journalism was known by its present name, the art of accurately recording conversations played a great part both in diplomatic and foreign press correspondences, and the work was only confided to the most level-headed and intelligent people.

Not unfrequently the interviewer is expected to make bricks out of straw. A celebrity—most often a politician or military authority—is



quite willing to obtain the advertisement given by an interview published in a leading journal, but desires to do so at the least possible cost to himself. Then it is that the rôles are reversed, and that the great man's unhappy victim has to do the best he can with scanty materials. The late General Boulanger was a signal instance of this kind; he was delighted to receive any journalist who could promise him a column interview in a London daily, but he would adopt almost any expedient in order to avoid answering even the simplest and least compromising question put to him; in this differing to an extraordinary degree from his distinguished follower, Henri Rochefort, who, frank to imprudence, gives his opinion on men and things with utter *abandon*.

It must be admitted that there is one type of celebrity to whom the interviewer must often appear in the guise of an unpleasant necessity and unwelcome guest; that is to the shy man of letters or poet, who, while he reluctantly admits the value of publicity, sees no reason why the lovers of his books should wish to know in what kind of house they were written, or to learn his opinion on purely unlitrary matters; but the matter rests in his own hands, and no one can oblige him to submit to the infliction.

Apropos of interviews and interviewers, it is strange that the public have never yet welcomed with favour a volume entirely made of interviews. The readers of periodical literature seem content to regard this branch of journalism as purely ephemeral, and yet what would not the historian of to-day and to-morrow give to have under their hands the record of a series of interviews with Warwick the King-maker, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, and Oliver Cromwell.

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In discussing the beatific or demoniacal character of the "interviewer" we incur the taunt, I am afraid, of sitting in judgment on our own cause. There might be more pertinence, perhaps, in the opinions of those whom it is still the fashion to call our "victims." It is, of course, not very long since the "interviewer" was considered fair game for everybody's scorn. He was the Paul Pry of journalism, the shameless invader of the inoffensive Englishman's castle, the ghoulish destroyer of his domestic sanctity, and so on. It mattered little that these jibes and jeremiads came from people who—good, innocent souls—were never likely to attract the attention of the interviewer—when they did not proceed from magazine editors and other superior Pharisees in the literary profession. The "interview"

Frederick Dolman declares the interviewer is a blessing.



was given over to anathema; the "interviewer" was an Ishmael in the land of letters, even though Matthew Arnold paid him a tribute of respect, and none of his more distinguished "victims" joined in the hue-and-cry against him. But in the last year or so there has been



an undeniable change in the spirit of our dream. Whether "interviewing" is a blessing or a curse, many who began by cursing have lived long enough to bless it. Magazine editors among the number, who gladly admitted the accursed thing into their pages, as soon as they discovered that even the people who denounced "interviewing" as an invention of American devilry, were eager to read the "interviews."

The rise, progress, and ultimate triumph of the "interview" forms a curious chapter in the story of British journalism. Beginning in this country, as everybody knows, in the *Pall Mall*

Gazette under the editorship of Mr. Stead, it was at first reviled simply because of the bad name it had obtained across the Atlantic. But Mr. Stead soon showed that, easily adapted to English journalistic ideas of courtesy and refinement, the innovation could be made both useful and popular, and thus induced several of his evening and other contemporaries to follow suit. The great morning papers followed more slowly, but ultimately the *Times* completed the surrender of the old journalism itself. Then came the turn of the magazines, and lastly, the half-crown reviews. I believe I was the first to publish an "interview" in an English magazine; this was at the end of 1889, but for some time later all suggestions of the kind were coldly received by magazine editors, who have since made the "interview" one of the principal features of their pages.

A thing which has made such headway against the ingrained prejudice of both reader and editor must surely have some elements of good in it, must surely satisfy some proper and legitimate want of our common nature.

As it appears to me, the question under discussion resolves itself into this—Is it a good thing that our distinguished men and women's



conduct of their lives should be made known to the undistinguished many—that, whilst still living, the men and women with the largest hearts and brains in our midst should be known to us, as, by great trouble and much research, we have been enabled to know such men and women of the past? Shade of Samuel Smiles, such a question answers itself. This is treating the subject *au grande sérieux* perhaps, but then the subject has a really serious side. Are not all moralists agreed as to the ethical value of biography?—and “interviews,” after all, are for the most part biography in a new form. As to the form, well, that is a matter of literary taste which cannot be disposed of by reference to the “interview” alone. Account must also be taken of Boswell’s Johnson, Landor’s *Imaginary Conversations*, and other things that everybody agrees to consider classical. Mr. Anthony Hope’s popularity as a writer of stories in dialogue must be regarded as an outcome of this same literary taste—this preference on the part of the average man for the colloquial and the personal. No doubt the “interview” is to be condemned as a “curse” if this curious interest of the average man in his greater fellow-men is sinful. But the sin—if sin it be—is surely akin to a virtue; and when the good comes to be impartially set against the evil the interviewer may yet be proclaimed a blessing to his generation.

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May I be allowed to say, first of all, that I must decline to speak for “the Interviewers” collectively? I dare say some of them are “a curse.” So, at least, I have seen it stated again and again in all the papers that are too stupid, too stolid, or too superior to publish interviews.

Miss Friederichs declines to speak collectively.



I can only speak for myself, and I am quite convinced that I am on the side of the angels, and come as a boon and a blessing to men when coming as an interviewer. It is true, sometimes, the sub-

jects of an interview take a little convincing, but in the end they all come round to the same view, that really the interviewer is rather

a nice person, "as newspaper people go," and those that were last in their appreciation are mostly first before we cordially take leave of each other. Example being better than precept, let me give an instance or two of the truth of my contention.

Bears, whether human or four-legged, are said to be among the most unsociable of beings, the most awkward to deal with. On the whole, perhaps the four-legged ones, from the merely human point of view, are the most difficult. And yet, such an one, a big, lumbering, yellow, Pyrenean specimen, has shown me the signs of the highest approval that can be expected from any bear whatever, at the end of an interview, even though circumstances at the beginning of our acquaintance seemed most unpropitious. He and his little brother had danced before the Queen, on the terrace at Windsor Castle, under the direction of one Jacques. The day after, I was sent down to Windsor to discover the Pyrenean party, and then to interview the bear and his Jacques, concerning the royal dance, and its impressions and effects.

There is a Windsor that is in no way royal. In it the party whom the Queen had delighted to honour had taken lodgings after the event. They had dined—as Her Majesty's guests—at a tavern, entering which you descended, by some steps, from the level of the road into a subterranean dining-room. Jacques and his boy dined, drank, and smoked therein, and all the four slept in the shed behind the house. Jacques himself patronized me joyfully at once, for did I not speak his own tongue in this land of gibberish? and did I not make myself at home in the tavern, and suggested that to-day, not the Queen, but the paper I represented would feel honoured if he and Co. would dine at its expense.

[- The bear himself was less inclined to be kind to me. The story is too long to be told here, but the discovery of those bears took me a long adventurous day, and it was evening when first we met. The creatures had danced and trotted along dusty roads all the day, and were glad to creep into their shed. And then the interviewer came, and they were fetched out into the yard again. With the infinite patience of "dumb things," which makes me, for one, look up to instead of down on all animals, the two weary, footsore beasts came out, and for once I thought this interviewer a curse. I forbade Jacques to let them perform, and turned from the pathetic sight of the big yellow bear to the little brown one, on whom his chains looked somewhat less humiliating. A moment later I felt a curious sensation, and, turning round, I looked with abject horror into the face, close to mine, of the huge bear. He stood on his hind-legs, and his "arms" were round my waist. The spectators who had gathered in the yard just

shrieked with delight; the bear gave a low grunt, and Jacques, showing all his gleaming teeth, grinned soothingly, "N'ayez donc peur, mademoiselle; il veut seulement vous embrasser." After that I went home, and next morning, when my nerves were rather steadier, I began to tell the story as a good joke, which in my prowess, I had enjoyed immensely.

But, jesting apart, in my humble opinion the interviewer has the chance of doing a world of good useful work, provided always he has the sense of decency and honour that prevents him from publishing such details as tend only to feed offensive curiosity concerning the private life or doings of an interviewee—the details that are never meant for publication. If the interviewer is a person of average tact and intelligence he will know, without being told, what he may "use" in the interview, and what he had better keep out. Any interviewer who does not know this is a curse. The rest are a blessing, and, as I said before, I belong to the rest.



An instance occurs to me where the actual words, "your coming has been a blessing," were said to me after an interview. I had been told off to go to some interesting and mysterious part of London where a foreign lady had started what has now proved a most successful and useful philanthropic institution. I stayed half the day and all the night, so interesting was the whole thing, notwithstanding the fact that the scent of many monkeys and other uncanny creatures was overwhelmingly strong, and that during the night the more objectionable side of very old London houses was discomfortingly brought home to me. Then I went home and wrote two columns about it all, pointing out that this good work, in which a wealthy lady had spent all her money, was going to ruin for lack of a little British sympathy. Some months later I happened to be near the house again, and went in to see how the monkeys were, and the dogs and cats and outlandish squirrels. Everything was the same, but the lady of the house had become a changed being. The first time I saw her she was sweetly sad, and care looked out of her kind eyes. This time she flew into the room with a beaming face, and said, in quaintest English and with very un-English *abandon*, "Oh, you very dear! How shall I thank you? Your coming has been such a blessing! You have saved everything! Lord R—, after reading your article, sent me a cheque for £1,000."

This sounds boastful, but it is nothing but the truth. And I might say to you, what Mr. Gladstone said jestingly to me a few days ago, though in a very different connection, "I *could* say much more, but I won't." On the whole, I think the best test as to whether an interviewer is a blessing or a curse (from THE IDLER's point of view), would be if the Editor of THE IDLER would let some of us interview him. He might then have a series of papers on interviewing, from the interviewee's point of view.

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G. B. Burgin thinks it all depends upon the circumstances.

It all depends upon the circumstances. Sometimes it is a curse to be an interviewer—then the public curse too ; at other times, it is an unalloyed delight. I began to interview literary lions and lionesses from sheer love for them and that desire, which every young literary aspirant has, to be in touch with the heads of his profession. But I had to know all about them, to sympathise with their work, or the interview was a failure. A successful interviewer must be either singularly sensitive or utterly callous. I can date most of my literary friendships from the time when, with heart in mouth, and shorthand book up my sleeve, I timidly knocked at the gorgeous doors of my "subjects." With the knowledge born of experience, I afterwards became aware that my fears were groundless owing to the simple fact that the interviews had been properly arranged for, and in no instance were the victims taken by surprise. That is essential. An interviewer has no more business to take his "subject" by surprise than one stranger has to pick the pocket of another stranger. It doesn't give the "subject" time to arrange either his facts or his furniture.

A good deal of nonsense is talked about the sanctity of literary life, and so on. One feels inclined to say, with Lord Arthur Pomeroy, "What rot !" A successful man has always something to say worth listening to—especially a successful literary man. His skeletons repose in their cupboards ; he doesn't drag them forth for the interviewer to batten upon ; and, very frequently, he has some pet fad of which he is dying to tell the world. In comes that beneficent angel, the interviewer, and the thing is done. The one great rule in interviewing is always to give the "subject" your "copy" to correct. With the very best intentions in the world, you may make some mistake in a matter of fact or opinion, or say something which the "subject" did not mean to slip out, and which he afterwards wished to recall. The aggravating part of submitting your interview to the "subject," is that he invariably knocks out the most interesting experience, the best anecdote, the most striking incident. That is one of the trials

to which an interviewer has to submit before he can become purged from earthly dross.

The "hack" interviewer is a curse to himself and the public, because he has long ago lost all enthusiasm, and puts the "subject" through a mere mechanical kind of barrel organ "demnitioned grind." But your receptive interviewer who has said to his chief, "I want to



interview So-and-so because I admire him," has a delightful though exhausting task. Every nerve is strained to get the right impression, to faithfully reproduce all that has been said. To write a really good interview takes every ounce out of a man, especially when he is not relying on shorthand notes. The sight of a shorthand book is apt to disconcert any but a seasoned "subject." I remember once interviewing Mr. Stead, who began by informing me that he didn't think much of a man who took notes, so I sat back in a chair, and turned myself into a human phonograph, whilst he paced up and down. He talked to me brilliantly on every conceivable subject in heaven above, or on the

earth below, for half-an-hour (the allotted time), dismissed me with a cordial shake of the hand, shot me out of a side door, and I found myself, like the infant MacStinger, sitting on a cold stone slab of the staircase trying to remember all that I had heard. I was nearly dead before I finished, but I remembered that I had interviewed an excessively busy man, and had monopolised more than my fair share of his time. My second interview was with a lady who is the *doyenne* of the literary world. At first, she refused to be interviewed. "Mrs.— is the most interesting woman in London," said my chief. "Try again." She wrote back: "As you make the matter a personal one, come and see me." I went, with fear and trembling, and she interviewed me. Then I received permission to interview her, and became her most devout lover. It was the most gracious, the tenderest consideration I ever received. Her experience helped my inexperience; she led me gently along over rough ways and craggy paths until my task was done. I rarely interview people now, and I have been interviewed myself. "Just about four anecdotes, early struggles two 'pars,' first accepted story one ditto, and we'll shove it into the paper before your story comes out," said the unabashed interviewer. "Then we can go and lunch." On another occasion a professional interviewer walked in. "I wish you'd do me a favour. Fact is, I haven't a 'subject' for next month's —. Just do me for it, will

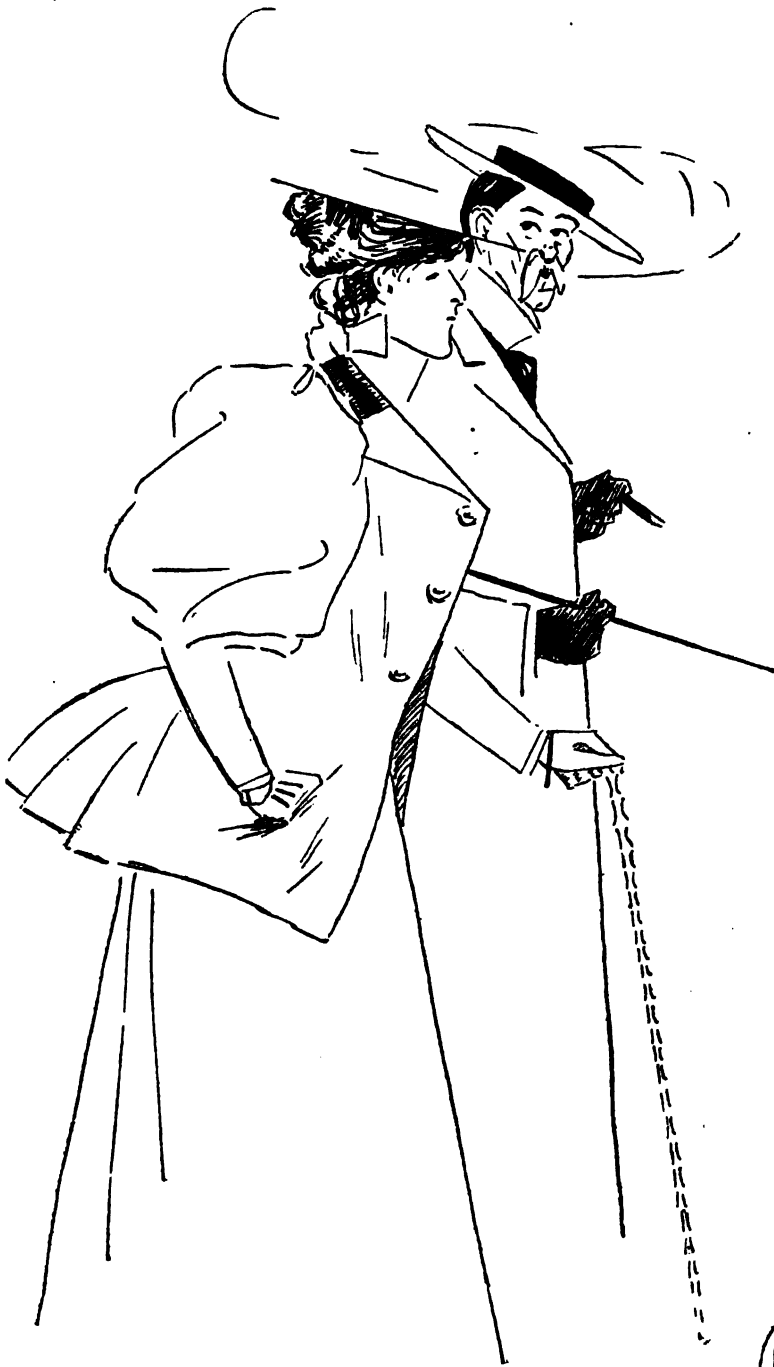
you ? and I'll dictate it." "My dear sir," once wrote a friendly stranger, "I daresay you would like to interview me, so enclose an interview already done in order to save time. Won't you come and dine with me *when it appears ?*" Somehow that interview never did appear.

But I am straying from the subject. When the interviewer loves his work, and interviews a man in whom everyone is interested, he is an undoubted blessing. I don't know much about other than literary "subjects," but when I think of the men I have met in this way, and what a soul-enlarging, horizon-widening experience it is to sit and talk with the kings of the craft, it hurts me to think that there are so many "subjects" who "have not arrived," who are equally great, yet vainly wait for the footstep on their uncarpeted stair of that herald of Fame who puts them in touch with their public, and oft secures them bread and cheese.



HE (*who has been standing for a figure in the landscape*)—"Yes, very good ; but you haven't made it much like me."

SHE—"Well, you see, I want to sell it."



SHE—"I asked Pa to buy me a bicycle, and he flatly refused."

HE—"Did you not say the most spiteful thing you could?"

SHE—"Yes. I told him I wished he had never married into our family."

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